



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XVII. No. 4.

APRIL, 1873.

{ Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

NOTHING is more pathetic than old letters. The most elaborate biographies fail to convey a correct idea of the illustrious dead, unless supplemented by letters and records; and even where the actual life was uneventful and obscure, there is always an interest in reading the words that survive of a past long gone by. There exists an old collection of letters by one whose name survives in history as an embodiment of all that was beautiful and graceful and hopeful. The memory of Princess Charlotte of Wales is still cherished, the sensation produced in England by her death has never been forgotten, and the remembrance of it has lately been revived in many quarters by the publication of the memoirs of Baron Stockmar, containing a description of her happy married life, and of the melancholy circumstances of her death. But comparatively little is known of her earlier history; all the public had learnt about her was, that she had shown spirit in breaking off an engagement she hated, that she was afterwards most hap-

pily married, and then cut off in the enjoyment of perfect happiness, and of the most brilliant prospects. Her fate is generally felt to be tragic, because her death put an end to what seemed the acme of human felicity, but few have realised how short that felicity had been, or what heavy trials and sorrows had clouded her childhood and girlhood. In her case, the ordinary experiences of a woman's life were reversed. As a child and girl she was burdened with cares, overwhelmed with responsibilities and struggles; peace and perfect careless happiness, gaiety and all that makes youth light and happy were unknown to her till she married; then she shook off cares and responsibilities, and then she first felt free to enjoy youth and life.

Princess Charlotte was born January 7th, 1796, at Carlton House. Her mother, as is well known, quitted her husband's house for ever, as soon as possible after the birth of her child. The baby remained but a short time longer under her fa-

ther's roof; a nursery in his house did not apparently suit George, Prince of Wales, and the poor little girl, not wanted by her father, and not allowed to be with her mother, was eventually established in a house of her own, with a staff of governesses and maids, under the superintendence first of Lady Elgin, and afterwards of Lady de Clifford. Warwick House, a small house adjoining the garden of Carlton House, was chosen for her; it was close to her father's, it is true, but practically he never saw her. Once a week, on Saturday afternoons, she was taken to Blackheath, to the house of her grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick (who had returned to England after the death of her husband, killed in battle in 1806), there to meet her mother for an hour or two. On rare occasions she visited her other grandmother, old Queen Charlotte and her aunts at Windsor or Frogmore; now and then she was sent to the seaside. Though her father rarely saw her, and never took any interest in her, transferring to her his hatred of her mother, he did occupy himself about her so far as to interfere in all arrangements respecting her, always with a view of preventing intercourse with her mother, and keeping her as secluded and as much in the background as possible. He especially avoided anything that might appear like a recognition of her position as heiress-presumptive to the Crown, for he probably always hoped either by the death of her mother or by a divorce to be set free to marry again and have a son who would exclude her. His mother Queen Charlotte seems to have shared both his dislike to her as connected with her mother, and his views about her.

The child was quick enough soon to find out their dislike; her mother, on the other hand, though allowed no control whatever over her own child, and only seeing her in formal occasional visits, was kind and affectionate in manner to her. With all her faults (and possibly crimes of later years), Caroline, Princess of Wales, had a warm and affectionate heart; she was naturally very fond of children, and would have been a tender and affectionate, though perhaps not a judicious mother. No wonder then that her little girl clung to her, and that her Saturday afternoon visits were the great event of her life. The probability is, that neither the Princess of Wales, on the one hand, nor the attendants of her little

girl, on the other, were very discreet; between them she very soon found out that the father, who was cold and hard to her, had ill-used the kind mother she so seldom saw, and it was but natural that she should become a violent partisan of the one against the other. Of the people about her, there were some she loved, but they all were at the mercy of the Prince, her father; the slightest indulgence to her, or even encouragement of her natural affections, would have made them liable to dismissal, and their treatment of her must therefore perforce have been constrained. She was, however, allowed a few friends of her own age; there were some children living at Blackheath at that time, whose parents' position was unexceptionable, and who were allowed to go and play with her at her mother's on Saturday afternoons. These, and a few others, children of persons about the Court, remained her friends through life, and to one of them the Letters now before us are addressed. They commence in 1813, when she was just seventeen years old, and give us an insight into as sad an existence as any young girl was ever condemned to. The handwriting is scrawling and illegible to a degree, and bears evidence of her neglected education. The grammar is often at fault, the style stilted and pompous, like that of the novels of the last century, with which she probably had a large acquaintance; but it can scarcely be called affected, because it is evident that she was pouring out her real feelings in the language most natural to her. She was very sentimental, as girls of that age, if naturally warm-hearted and imaginative, are sure to be: in the present day, the young lady of seventeen, with feelings as strong, would probably veil them in the garb of slang; but in 1813, young ladies were fed on the pompous and grandiloquent style of the literature of the day (when sensational novels and slang were alike unknown), and were proud of expressing their feelings in the warmest terms.

Princess Charlotte, in spite of her lonely education and loveless life, had retained a most warm and affectionate heart. The companion she most loved was going abroad for an indefinite time, just at the time that the Princess Charlotte had had her establishment changed, and had gone through many annoyances. The friends had exchanged keepsakes, and poor Char-

lotte thanks her friend for a ring she had sent her, thus:—

'I am all impatience till I can express my thanks for the most kind letter and *beautiful* ring which this *fortunate* evening has brought me from you. . . . I know I am a very bad person at expressing myself when I feel much, however that you must excuse me, as the impression is not the less made to be lasting for that; the *souvenir* of such kindness and such fleet but happy moments are likely to be both "*doux et douloureux*" to me, but to the last I am much accustomed. . . . Your delightful *billet* reached me whilst in the midst of composing a waltz for you, and I really believe it inspired me more than anything could have done. I enclose it, and have ventured to name it after your favorite jewel. I cannot boast of the other enclosure being in any way equal to the beautiful *cadeau*, which I shall *never cease to wear*; but as it contains the hair you wished for, and [is] a true emblem of the feelings the donor will ever entertain towards you far or near, I flatter myself it will be worn as an answer to yours, which I have turned round every way in hopes of finding a correspondent lock in vain. . . . I feel very melancholy at your leaving this country, as I cannot but reflect on the uncertainty of things, and what my fate may be before we again meet. . . . Am I asking too much in repeating again the wish of hearing often? . . .

This letter is nothing more in itself than a sentimental school-girl's effusion, but the interest of it lies in its extreme humility and general sadness. As a rule, royal children inevitably acquire from their earliest youth a condescending manner; however true and warm-hearted they may be, their every-day experience, and the habits of their lives, so entirely teach them that in their intercourse with their friends they are always conferring favors rather than receiving them, that the humble, deprecating tone of this letter can hardly come within the range of their imagination. But Princess Charlotte had had none of this experience. She had taken no part in any sort of Court life, except in her visits to her grandmother the old Queen, during which she was repelled and treated with severity. At the moment this correspondence commenced she was in some sort of disgrace with her family, owing to the effort she had made a few months before, on the resignation of her former governess Lady de Clifford, to have her schoolroom routine relaxed, and instead of a new 'Governess' to have a 'Lady' of her own. The Dowager Duchess of Leeds had, however, been appointed Governess, with Miss Knight as sub-governess. These changes had caused her to realise more and more her isolation, and made her

cling more than ever to her few friends. The one to whom these letters were addressed was unexceptionable, and belonged to a family in favor with the Prince Regent, but even this friendship was made a cause of vexation. Princess Charlotte was staying at Windsor with her grandmother, and finding the Queen was going to London, asked leave to accompany her, to say good-bye to her friend; but the stiff reply was that 'it was contrary to princely dignity to seek after any one,' but that the Queen would honor the lady in question with an invitation to Windsor. Charlotte hereupon wrote off a humble letter of apology to her friend for drawing her into what she evidently considered the dreadful ordeal of a visit to Court.

The visit was, however, paid, and soon afterwards Charlotte went with the Court to Weymouth. She was in bad health at the time, and her letters are tinged with melancholy, referring to her rides and her music (for which she seems to have had a passion) as her only interests or amusement. She occupied herself a good deal with composing and setting favorite verses to music, as well as with playing and singing, and was fond of serious occupation—happily for her, for her life was totally devoid of all outward interests or enjoyment; the dull stiff routine of old Queen Charlotte and her elderly daughters seems to have been considered quite sufficient to content this clever eager girl. As to any idea of training her for her future great position, or even of giving her an ordinarily good education, that seems never to have been thought of. What pained her most was the total ignorance in which she was kept as to the time when she was to be emancipated from the seclusion of her schoolroom; she was shrewd enough to suspect that her father, in his anxiety to rid himself of her, would be anxious to marry her off as soon as possible; but whether he had any definite plans, or whether any choice would be given to her, she had no means of knowing. Neither her father nor her grandmother, nor any of the persons about her, treated her with any kind of confidence or openness. She knew that, according to ordinary precedent, some changes should be made in her establishment when she was eighteen years old, but what those changes were to be no one could or would tell her, although the time was so close at hand, and she was living

with the grandmother whose influence in the matter was naturally great, and who, one would have thought, was the person of all others bound to show her kindness and make up to her, as far as possible, the loss of a mother's care and affection. But, instead of this, the old Queen kept her at arm's length; and the very warmth and earnestness of the girl's feelings made her resent this coldness and stiffness with a bitterly injured feeling. She writes from Windsor November 2nd (1813):—

'I am pretty satisfied that I shall not be well or in spirits till I remove from hence, which will be on the 10th of this month, to London. . . . It will perhaps be dull at first, as no one I know will be there; but I like town so very much, and intend to employ every hour of the day, so that I look to the change and the settling with great impatience. I shall have to pay a visit of a week here at Christmas; I fancy so is the present intention, as I am to be confirmed, and take the Sacrament with my "*good family*." There are, as there always will be, various reports about, some true, I presume, others false, so that I hardly know what to believe and what not. One of them is that I am to have an establishment on the 7th of January [her birthday], which is to consist of four ladies. That I am to have *one* is, I believe, true; but further I cannot say. You will easily believe it will be a subject of no small interest to me who these ladies will be, and if the nomination will be left to me. All is in uncertainty and doubt at present. . . . Is it not natural that I should wish to have my friends about me, and more particularly those who can in no way be *exceptionable* to any part of the family, for that is also a matter to be considered, and of no small importance where different interests draw different camps, and particularly as I have seen people never spoken to who may have pleased *one side* and *not another*? . . . Pray do not forget me: think sometimes of my fate.'

When the old Queen was lecturing her granddaughter on 'princely dignity,' it does not seem to have struck her that leaving her to find out the matters most nearly concerning herself only through the gossip she might get her friends or attendants to bring her was hardly the way to cultivate that dignity. From the same source, and from her own observation, this girl of seventeen was allowed to know all the squabbles and family jars which she had better have been ignorant of; these were not kept from her, but all counsel, all kind advice, all knowledge that might have been really useful to her just as she was entering on life, seem to have been denied her by the cruel and short-sighted policy of those who governed her education. Her Confirmation had been delayed unusually late, but there is no trace in

her letters of her thinking of it, or looking forward to it, with the least sense of its importance, or with any of the solemnity and awe with which even much younger girls usually regard this moment. Yet she was neither frivolous nor empty-headed; she was good, thoughtful, generous, and unselfish, and, as we shall see later, both anxious to do her own duty and to help others to do theirs; always ready to sacrifice inclination to duty and self to others. That such a disposition should have seemed so little affected by one of the most solemn religious acts of life can only be accounted for by the fact that it had never been brought before her except in a cold official way; no glimpse of love, no real earnestness had pervaded the formal 'religious instruction' she had received. The age was one of much coldness and deadness in forms, and to that prevailing coldness was added, in her case, utter lovelessness. Queen Charlotte, we all know, was a 'good' woman, but there must have been something thoroughly unamiable in one who could visit on her innocent grandchild the sins of the poor child's mother; probably she saw in the girl's enthusiastic temperament and outspoken frankness and warm-heartedness merely signs of her mother's flighty disposition; and the very good qualities of a fine and loving nature were those that most alienated the stiff old Queen. However that may be, she showed the poor child no tenderness. Princess Charlotte was undutiful, no doubt, both to her and to the Prince Regent, but, in her wretched situation, the keeping of the Fifth Commandment does seem to have been well-nigh impossible to her. We will follow her to London at this time to await in her solitary home the unknown fate her eighteenth birthday was, as she thought, to bring her. On November 29th she writes from Warwick House,—

'You will see by the date I am in town again. You will be glad, I flatter myself, to hear that I have been settled here three weeks for good, except a week, the 1st of January, when I am to go to Windsor to be confirmed, &c. &c. In every sense of the word it is *for good*, as I am quite well again, and indeed feel quite comfortable, as I have been *left quiet*. Nobody has been in town of my friends, but I have filled up my day with masters. I draw a great deal, also; and have composed some more things for the piano. . . . I am both delighted and satisfied with my two masters, and they both give me great encouragement to proceed. . . . I am delighted to say C—s [some girls she had known from childhood] are to be in town to-day, so that I hope to enjoy them nearly three weeks

quietly, though they are, I am very sorry to say, far from being favorites at Windsor; and though no prohibition was given to my seeing them, yet there was an expression of not too much intimacy; and the Queen said, "she never could *laste* those young ladies." I will do her justice in saying nothing has passed of that sort since I came to town. There were several abominable lies set about before I came away, and had been believed; it was very uncomfortable for the time; nothing since, however. As to an establishment, I know nothing more of it than when I wrote last.

The Queen's severity and objections to her granddaughter's most innocent friendships with the few companions of her childhood were not likely to increase the Princess's taste or respect for the etiquette which the Queen considered so necessary, but of which the Princess was intensely impatient. She complains of the 'formality' of her friend's letters to her, saying:—

'You need not be afraid of tiring me with your long letters, which are always too short a great deal, and are *made more so by the space you leave at the top*, which can then only allow of very few lines to one who so eagerly devours them; perhaps you are thinking of *etiquette*, that odious word, which is well for great people on great occasions, but which ought not and need never surely obtrude itself beyond what is absolutely necessary between two friends. Am I not taking a great liberty with you in saying this? do I stand very guilty in your sight? or am I to be forgiven?'

The month of December had now arrived; Charlotte was to 'come out' for the first time in a very limited way, and her anticipations of a marriage being arranged for her were soon to be realised. In a letter of December 15th (1813) she thus describes the great event which had broken in upon, and apparently put an end to, her schoolgirl life:—

'Since my last letter to you, the Queen has been in town for a great party at Carlton House to all the foreigners. On Thursday it was, and I must confess it was the only very good party I have ever been at as yet; as there was very little form, and one could walk about and talk to everybody. The night before, too, there was a small party, but that went off well too, as it did not flag at all, and the Prince [her father] was in very great good-humor with everything and everybody—*myself not excepted*.'

This was so rare an event that she could not help dashing the words strongly. The Prince had a very strong motive for conciliating her just then; there can be no doubt he was anxious to get rid of her by concluding, as quickly as possible, the marriage he had in view for her. She may have suspected his intentions beforehand,

but certainly had had no idea that her fate was to be so rapidly sealed. She goes on to say:—

'I go to Windsor on Wednesday, the 20th, for ten days; I shall return for certain the 2nd January (it will be Sunday) after church; 24th I am to be confirmed, and 25th to take the Sacrament. The Prince wishes I should be with the Queen both Christmas and New Year's Days. You know, I hate Windsor, so that ten days is *too much*. However, as it is not a residence, and to get me a little more out of the schoolroom, I submit.'

This seems a sad state of mind for a girl who was looking forward to her Confirmation and her Christmas family party. Now, at the end of her letter, she passes on to tell her friend of the great event to which all the unwonted graciousness of her family had been the prelude:—

'I cannot, after all your kindness to me, avoid or prevail on myself not to tell you *what has*, and *what is to happen*. . . . On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House to meet him with a small party—the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favor or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, *and in his favor*; we are *fiancé*, or *promis*, therefore, on his return from Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has quite appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he *expected* and *wished* me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness, I must say; at the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his *anxious wish*, I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so. I have only to add that this latter plan must, as you will see, remain in perfect uncertainty, as it must depend upon a Peace and that all is safe, and no Frenchmen remaining anywhere, or else I could not certainly go; besides which, this is a step which cannot be taken without consent of Parliament. I should not, I think, be abroad more than six weeks, or perhaps three months at a time; and considering this is an advantage which hereafter I could not have, I feel more reconciled. Spring is the earliest time when he could possibly

return. When he does, he is to go to Berlin and bring his family over for a little time, and when they arrive I suppose the marriage will take place. I believe I have now told you everything. I assure you all has passed so quickly, I often cannot help thinking it is a dream.

The poor girl, thus hurried into an engagement, must have been glad at a prospect of escape from her solitary life, but, in spite of the subjection in which she had been kept, she had independence of character and an obstinate will which made themselves felt the moment she was called upon to act. Her generous nature impelled her to make the most of the Prince of Orange's attentions and of his kind manners to her; but she had no real respect or liking for him, or she would not have expressed so much uneasiness at the prospect of having to live in his own country. Her reluctance to leave England was, however, mixed up with other feelings; with all her humility and self-forgetfulness toward her friends, she had a very strong feeling about her own position as eventual heiress to the Crown of England. She resented the neglect which had allowed her to grow up with none of the training requisite for her station, and now she resented still more any idea of alienating her from her country. In Baron Stockmar's memoirs a supposition is hinted at that one of the objects of the Prince Regent and his friends in urging on the Orange marriage was the hope that, once settled abroad, Princess Charlotte would lose all affection for England, become identified with her husband's country, and so be easily induced to abdicate her own rights in favor of any son she might have who would be educated in England. If such a scheme ever existed, its authors can have had but a very false conception of her character. They probably reckoned on her impulsiveness and power of attaching herself to those about her for effacing her early impressions, but they knew nothing of the real strength of character and lofty idea of the duties to which she might be called, which all the faults of her education had been unable to stifle.

When the Prince of Orange was gone, and the influence of his kind and considerate manners was no longer present to bias Princess Charlotte and win her over to his wishes, her mind dwelt more and more on the hints which had been thrown out of weaning her from England, and she came to the conclusion to frustrate by every

means in her power such a design. At the same time she seems to have wished to face all the duties of her new situation in a thoroughly honest spirit; there is no trace of frivolity in the tone of her letters at this period; they express a great wish to prepare herself for the future, some dread of it, generally sad impressions of life, and a nervous anxiety to keep about her the few friends she really loved. She does not seem to have flattered herself with the idea of any real attachment between herself and her future husband, but simply to have hoped for a quiet life with him; at eighteen years old she had already gone through so much vexation and so many trials that peace alone was all she longed for. Happiness, or the possibility of anything beyond the absence of positive annoyance, she seems to have had no faith in as regarded herself. Her own affairs did not, however, entirely engross her, even in this great crisis of her life. She had been very anxious that a lady whom she had known from childhood should consent to be one of her attendants, in case any choice was left her in forming her establishment. She believed the lady to be well qualified to be a comfort and a help to her in a situation 'which' (as she writes) 'may be a very painful and difficult one, with few about me I could trust or like.' The lady in question, however, had refused to entertain the idea, alleging as a reason that her own home duties claimed her whole time. Charlotte, far from being offended, as she might have been, describes the whole transaction in the most generous terms to her friend and correspondent, dwelling principally on her own remorse at having placed the lady in the embarrassing position of refusing, and throwing herself entirely into the lady's view of the matter, much as it pained her. She tells her friend of the affair, and writes thus:—

'Perhaps I was doubly selfish in having so fixed my eyes. This I cannot but say, that —'s reasons are too good, too sensible, and too urgent not at once to strike conviction. Had I at first allowed myself to think of them, the truth might have flashed across my mind, and prevented the proposal ever reaching her ears. I do not regret it, as it may be one of the few proofs I can give of the worth of the admiration I have ever expressed. . . . Her ever leaving her husband would be wholly out of the question and impossible, and I sincerely applaud her the more for following out the line of conduct she has marked out for herself. I wish not and will not urge more to distress her, or make another refusal painful.'

She goes on, however, to enter into various plans which show how much she had the appointment at heart, and how much pain the refusal gave her, but still with the same generous anxiety to defend, as it were, the person in question for the resolution she had taken. There must have been in the Princess a generosity and a sense of justice very unusual in a young person, and still more unusual in royalty, to make her take so unselfishly a disappointment which the lady who caused it had feared might alienate the Princess from her for ever.

With reference to her own affairs, she writes, January 20, 1814, betraying doubt and anxiety, and yet still a wish, if she marries the Prince of Orange, loyally to do her duty to him and his family:—

'My fate, I feel, is an uncertain one . . . at least I hope I have the prospect of enjoying all the happiness of a private and domestic life for some years (until it is necessary I should be called forth to act), with the power of royal splendor attached to it, to be called forth when it is necessary or agreeable; for that view of things should ever continue. The Prince will certainly be obliged, from his situation and connections, to join and give active service; it is his own wish—and certainly in that case would be mine, that I should go with him—to Holland first, and then to different places in Germany. True, all this is in uncertainty, though, as I apprehend, it will be arranged and settled; and consent of Parliament, I fancy, must be obtained before I can leave England; however, there cannot be insurmountable difficulties.'

The idea that her permanent home was to be abroad had evidently at this time not even dawned on her. With the exception of what the Prince of Orange himself had said to her, she was entirely in the dark as to all the arrangements concerning her marriage. She had been forbidden to mention the subject to her mother; neither her father nor her grandmother deigned to give her the least idea of what was to be arranged and settled for her. In the same letter she thus describes her visit to Windsor for her Confirmation, immediately after her engagement:—

'I have now to offer you a thousand apologies for the most incoherent and scrawled epistle that ever was, some time ago, giving you an account of the sudden and unexpected turn things have taken in my future fate: I hardly knew what I wrote, I was so agitated. I went through quite an ordeal at Windsor; what with *congratulations*, ill-concealed joy, as ill-concealed *sorrow*, good humor and *bad peeping out*, my Confirmation and the Sacrament, and little jokes and witty sayings that were circulating, I was both excessively put out

and overcome; and when I returned to town, was quite ill for some days afterwards. I made a flying visit on New Year's Day, and returned the day after, when I met the Duchess of York, all kindness and as amiable as possible about it, very happy at it, as she is extremely fond of her nephew. Ever since, I have remained quietly in London. . . . My birthday I was condemned to spend alone.'

These passages about her own affairs occur in the course of very long letters, the greater part of which are devoted to her friend's concerns and the part she takes in them. Throughout the correspondence it is very remarkable how even at the most critical periods of her life she not only never forgets the interests of others, but always seems more inclined to dwell on them than on herself. It is undoubtedly part of the *métier* of Royalty to show a flattering interest in those they address, but in these letters there is something more than this: there is the evidence of a really sympathetic nature causing her always to put herself in the place of others, and to enter into the affairs of those she loved, before even thinking of her own; and the same force of imagination and power of sympathy made her always both just and generous to those she most disliked. Any act of kindness from her father—anything she could find to praise in her grandmother—she never omits to chronicle, and seems to rejoice in doing so.

The subject of the marriage began to be publicly discussed, and the propriety of sanctioning the removal from the country of the heiress to the Crown was much disputed. Though kept as much as possible in the dark by her family, and forbidden to talk on the subject, Princess Charlotte nevertheless contrived to hear many of the reports afloat. She wished to know all that was said, for the purpose of coming herself to a right conclusion regarding the conflicting duties she might owe to her foreign husband and to the country she might one day have to govern. It is surely creditable to her that, considering the life she had led and her enthusiastic nature, instead of exulting in the prospect of the freedom marriage would give her, all her thoughts on the subject were earnest and serious, influenced only by the desire conscientiously to attend to every claim made on her by her position. She writes on February 14th, in a tone that would have done credit to a far older head, and that shows how, in all the heartless

transactions of which she was the victim, her heart remained true, and warm, and upright. After thanking her friend for her 'kindness relating to a future event, which I believe to be at once the most important and most awful step in ones life,' she goes on to say:—

'I am told, God knows how truly, that when declared to the States-General, it did not please. The Dutch are naturally very jealous, and they imagined it was a trial to annex Holland and the commerce to this country for ever. I will tell you, too, that I believe the subject of my quitting this country will be made a cause of much debate as soon as Parliament meets. *My own family, and the head of it, too, is very desirous I should leave it, which I cannot say I am, as I feel naturally excessively attached to the country I was born and educated in.* You must be sensible, too, that I have been as yet so very little out, and so little known, that I am nearly a stranger, and leaving it with that impression would, I think, never do. What I am anxious for is, that, at all events, no *absolute prohibition* shall pass, so as wholly to prevent the possibility of my going even if I wished it; for if such a law was passed, you will be aware how very painful it might hereafter be to me, when I may (with truth to you) say that he *may be liked much better than he is now.* For this reason, that he is nearly a stranger to me, and, as you may suppose, naturally dying of shyness and fear predominant in all his few visits to me, though, to do him justice, he was all kindness and amiability, and endeavored all he could to make me more at my ease, and to soften down the visit abroad. This is so much the sense of all his letters, that I cannot but think of it; my wishes would be certainly not to think of moving from England for a year at least after the event. . . . As to anything certain or settled I cannot tell you a word, as I have not heard or been told anything of the arrangements. All I can therefore tell you is, that, when he was going he told me, "I shall return as soon as possible—March the soonest; I should think the end of April." It now may be sooner, as, from a letter I got yesterday, he seems to be heartily *ennuyé* in Holland, and very anxious to return to England; and if so, the moment he comes and he has been here a week, it will take place, I fancy, *as I never saw any one in such a hurry* for it to be done as the head of my family [her father]. In his letter he again refers to his wish of my choosing ladies from among my own friends. . . . I will not be fool enough to try and make you believe that it was an *unbiased* choice. The fact of the story is, that they were so anxious always, and feared so much any *entrave* to it, that when they found there was a *chance* they contrived to hurry the matter on so as to preclude the possibility of hesitation except decidedly *yes* or *no*. . . . When I reflect on it, I believe it—considering my peculiar and delicate situation—the wisest measure I could adopt. I was allowed to go to Connaught Place [her mother's house] on the 7th of last month [her birthday], but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few cadeaux, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad: since then I

have not been. The interdict as to my informing her [of her marriage] has not been taken off; but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being the *last* to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was *better* than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, *from the best authority*, that she did not like it. It was short, and very good-natured to me. That is over . . .

The Prince of Orange was one of a large and affectionate family, and Princess Charlotte's warm-hearted nature rejoiced in the prospect of being admitted amongst them. She mentions in the same letter that she is sending over dolls and cradles as presents to his youngest sister [then about four years old, afterwards Princess Albert of Prussia], 'the very little Orange child' of whom she has heard amusing accounts, and of whom she says, 'a little *vive* thing is an acquisition, I think, generally in a family; so I am not sorry to have so young a sister. Last night brought me a letter from "la Douairière" [the Dowager Princess of Orange, grandmother to the Hereditary Prince], in answer to a very *dutiful* one I wrote her. The young Princess [her intended mother-in-law, wife of the reigning Prince] I am satisfied I shall like. . . .

On the whole she seems at this time to have made up her mind to look at the bright side of things and take as cheerful a view as she could of the future. The next letter, dated February 26th, is written in a merrier mood than almost any other in the collection. She describes how she and two or three girls of her acquaintance act French proverbs, written for them by her governess, Miss Knight—the governess and maids forming the audience; she had also been allowed to see a courier, lately arrived with despatches from the seat of war in Germany, whose account of the gossip current at head-quarters had amused her. As usual, she enters warmly into all her correspondent's interests. Of her own affairs she reports:—

'The interdict [not to speak of her marriage, though it was everywhere talked about] has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool [Prime Minister] was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess [her mother] of it, as it was no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from

the moment it was talked of here so universally I could not, in delicacy of feeling, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards, in consequence of this permission, was *for form's sake*. It went off better than I expected, for I had both a kind and good-humored letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her.'

In these references to her mother, Princess Charlotte certainly never speaks as if blind to her mother's faults, or inclined to espouse her cause with anything like violent partisanship. But she did feel that whatever her mother's conduct might have been, she was subjected to wanton insult and ungenerous petty persecution; and certainly none can blame her for disregarding her father's orders as to the time of announcing her marriage to her mother. In the recently published memoirs of Baron Stockmar, a speech is attributed to her (after her marriage to Leopold) to the effect that 'her mother was bad, but she would not have been so bad if her father had not been much worse;' and this has been commented on as showing 'most unfilial impiety.' But when reading the evidence in her own letters of the treatment she experienced from both parents, we cannot wonder at it; indeed she must have been either stupid or heartless if she could have avoided coming to this conclusion. If her father wished to keep her from her mother, one would have thought he would have tried to win her affection for himself; but instead of this, whilst using her as an instrument by means of which he might insult her mother in every way, he and the old Queen in their relations with herself still continued to treat her as a child, or rather as a slave, for a child is generally treated with personal kindness, whereas in her case neither kindness nor confidence was shown. Those communications which were unavoidable were made to her, as we have seen, not even personally, but through Ministers. She goes on in the same letter to ask her friend to tell her *frankly* the impression the marriage makes on the outside world, adding:—

'Of course I am told here that it is *universally approved* of—*mais je ne me fie pas à beaucoup qu'on me raconte*. As to an establishment or anything relating to it, I am quite in the dark about it: *le bruit court* that it is all to be *left to my nomination*. What could I desire more? but it is what I never had any reason to expect.'

Confidence and kindness had never been encountered by her in her dealings with her family, and she naturally was incredulous about them now. Where she did meet with sincerity and kindness, she appreciated them all the more from being so unused to them. She appears about this time to have made another attempt to persuade the lady before alluded to (in the event of any choice being left to her) to become one of her establishment; but the lady remained firm in her previous resolution, and Princess Charlotte, writing on March 12th, after expressing her renewed disappointment, says:—

'Though it [the refusal] has destroyed all the plans I had been forming, I am left with approbation of her conduct; I implicitly believe every word she says to me. . . . I have never found her otherwise than *very sincere* with me, and an honorable and frank refusal is almost as handsome as a generous acceptance. I cannot for a moment be offended or displeased, but I much regret; for, in the difficult situation I shall be placed in, particularly at the beginning, who could have been so fit as her, or who would have so conscientiously filled the situation?'

She was beginning to have misgivings about her marriage. Probably in the course of their correspondence she had discovered some of the failings in her future husband's character; her quick perceptions had detected the real motives of her father in urging on the marriage, and her sound sense showed her many practical objections. She certainly was beginning to wish and hope for an escape from it, for she writes on March 12 in a very different tone from what she had done before:—

'As to going abroad, I believe and hope it to be quite out of the question, as I find by high and low that, naturally, it is a very unpopular measure in England, and as such of course (as my inclinations do not lead me either) I could not go against it, and besides which, I have now no manner of doubt that it is decidedly *an object and wish of more than one* to get rid of me if possible in that way. The event is not now to take place *certainly* till May; but about when I cannot really say. I shall be enchanted to see you again. . . and, as the event is far from what I could wish, it will soften that much of pain. *Après tout*, dearest —, you are far too sensible not to know that this [marriage] is only *de convenance*, and that it is as much brought about by *force* as anything, and by deceit and hurry; though I grant you that, were such a thing absolutely necessary, no one could be found so *unexceptionable* as he is. I am much more *triste* at it than I have ever chosen to write; can you be surprised?—a twenty-four hours' acquaintance, too, really, and where, and how? But I could go on to a thousand claims and reasons as much against as for. No more

on it, but that a person of high rank has arrived here with the formal letters for the Prince Regent, which I have seen and got, and have also had a formal visit from him and Fagel, with Lord Liverpool; that the picture is arrived, and the Prince of Orange allows 15,000*l.* for the jewels, including the setting of the picture, all of which I am to order and make choice of myself. Will you believe that not a single word has dropped either relative to residence, establishment, &c. &c.?’

In the latter part of this letter she mentions a report that, amongst expected foreign royalties, the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia is coming to England. This Princess had a great reputation for beauty and cleverness; Princess Charlotte had heard much gossip about her through some of her uncles who had seen her in Germany, and she was therefore naturally curious about her. In most of the memoirs and histories of the time, the Grand Duchess Catherine's influence is said to have been the chief cause of Princess Charlotte's rupture with the Prince of Orange; but this letter shows that more than a month before she ever saw the Grand Duchess she was already thinking of getting out of an engagement which she hated. We have seen her a short time before dwelling, with tolerable satisfaction, on the prospect of travelling abroad; now her mind was running on all the undoubted objections to the marriage, and she had again become feverishly anxious about arrangements for a permanent home in England. Though sore and angry with her father for so palpably wanting to get rid of her, she still at this time respected his wishes; and so far from vehemently siding with her mother out of spite to him, she says in this same letter that she has not been to see her mother from *prudence*, adding, ‘when I was there, I was told my marriage was much *abused* and *disapproved* of, but I am careful what I believe *there*.’ Her partisanship for her mother was therefore certainly not blind.

Unfortunately for us this letter closes the correspondence for some time; her friend returned to London and was with her during the subsequent events preceding her rupture with the Prince of Orange. These events have been often related, and again quite lately in the memoirs of Baron Stockmar. In all the accounts published the rupture is attributed to political reasons,—the Princess's determination not to leave England, and her partisanship for her mother being put forward as the osten-

sible reasons. But her correspondence shows clearly enough that no such causes would have weighed with her if she had really liked the Prince of Orange, as she at first tried and hoped to do. But on closer acquaintance, after his return to England, she found less and less to like in him; and her own nature was too passionate and too true to suffer her, even for the sake of escaping from the slavery in which she lived, to marry a man she absolutely disliked. It was this simple feeling which led her, unconsciously to herself perhaps, to hold out so resolutely as she did in the course of her negotiations with Lord Liverpool and her uncle the Duke of York, on the question of an establishment in England. She was no doubt very willing that the proposed treaty of marriage should be broken off on this point, but in reality the rupture came from a far more simple cause. We know from an eye-witness, that the immediate rupture followed on a common every-day squabble. Princess Charlotte wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house; he made objections, she reproached him for his want of attention; he got bored with her vehemence, and left her ‘to recover her temper.’ It was a dispute which would have been made up at once between two people who had any real liking or esteem for each other; but as it was, this quarrel trifling in itself, brought to a climax the dislike which had been growing in Princess Charlotte's mind ever since she had had opportunities of watching the temper and disposition of her future husband. She seems to have been keenly hurt at his manner, and wrote, in a fit of temper, that very evening to say she would never marry him.

The Prince of Orange was quite unprepared for her sudden resolve. His letter in reply to her, which has been published, shows he accepted it very philosophically; in fact, their dislike was mutual, for both were conscious that in tastes and ideas they were utterly unsuited to each other. Princess Charlotte had acted on impulse in taking this bold step, and she was urged to pause. It was reported that she asked the lady who was with her when she wrote the letter to light a candle for her to seal it, but the lady refused, saying, ‘she would not hold a candle to so rash a step.’ The Princess agreed to defer sending off the letter till next day; but in this case, second thoughts, if they had caused her to waver,

would not have been for the best. Her hasty resolve was, indeed, the wisest thing she could have done for the eventual happiness of both herself and the Prince of Orange. Truly the immediate consequences were very terrible to herself; she was punished more severely than she expected; but still she had done right, and her reward came at length. She certainly had not the submissive temper of a well-brought-up Princess, who should accept without questionings the husband chosen for her; but then she had both stronger feelings and more character than most girls of her age, whether Princesses or not; she had had no schooling into propriety and sweetness, no guidance but that of her own honest instincts. The whole thing resolved itself into the fact that she disliked the man, felt she could never do her duty by him, and therefore would undergo any suffering rather than marry him. It needed no intrigues of the Grand Duchess Catherine or any one else to bring about this result, and in point of fact they did not.

Another version of the history is that she broke off with the Prince of Orange because she had fallen in love with Prince Leopold of Coburg, who had come to England about that time. This notion is equally disproved in this correspondence, for at that time all she knew of the Prince of Coburg was having heard of him as a supposed admirer of a young lady of her acquaintance; as such he was pointed out to her at one of the few parties at Carlton House at which she had been allowed to appear, and she had then expressed an opinion that he was so handsome she wondered the young lady in question did not feel more flattered. No nearer acquaintance then took place; and though, after the rupture with the Prince of Orange was declared, it is certain that Prince Leopold, informed of the admiration of the Princess for him, had had the idea suggested to him of returning as a suitor for her hand in a year or two's time, when the storm was blown over, it was long before the poor Princess herself, as we shall see by her subsequent letters, had the least notion of such happiness being in store for her.

The Prince Regent was totally incapable of understanding his daughter's feelings. He looked upon her rupture with the Prince of Orange merely as an act of dis-

obedience to himself. He did not appreciate in the least her strength of character, and imagined her conduct must be the consequence of bad advice, of intrigues amongst her friends, deeming it impossible that, even if she had ideas or a will of her own, she should venture to assert them unless backed up by his enemies. After a short interval, during which he vainly tried to bring her to a reconciliation with the Prince of Orange (a hopeless endeavor, as the latter was as glad to be rid of her as she of him), the Prince Regent resorted to strong measures, suddenly dismissing her whole household, at the same time scolding her personally in unmeasured terms. The consequence was that, driven to desperation, she took the extreme step of rushing out of the house and taking shelter with her mother in Connaught Place. The circumstances are well known, and are told with great detail in Miss Knight's Memoirs. The boldness of the step is scarcely to be wondered at, when we see, by the light of these letters, the struggles she had gone through, and the treatment she had received from her father and his friends for months before, and realize the utter despair she must now have felt at the prospect of seeing herself surrounded by strangers probably instructed to coerce her in every way. The flight to her mother's took place on the 12th July, 1814; she was carried back to Carlton House the same night, and a few days afterwards removed to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, with an entirely new set of attendants, who had orders to prevent her receiving visits from any of her own friends. She was, however, permitted (though under many restrictions) still to write occasionally to her old correspondent, who had never come forward in all these matters, and against whom the interdiction was consequently less severe than against others, though even she was not allowed to pay the Princess a farewell visit before leaving London for her winter home. An express permission was given her by the Prince Regent to write, but only under condition of sending her letters under cover to Lady Ilchester, the new Lady-in-Waiting. Princess Charlotte's first letter from Cranbourne Lodge is dated August 10th; in it she says she does not know what rules and regulations there are, but that since she has been there no one has called even to write his name down,

and that she has not seen a soul. She thinks, that if her friend made a special request to the Prince Regent to be allowed to see her, it could scarcely be refused, but she is doubtful. On the 24th she writes again to urge her friend to ask his permission. She tells her she is ordered to Weymouth for the benefit of her health, and complains of pains in her chest, adding, 'I fear Time alone will be of use to cure this as well as many other evils one has to combat with in this world.' On September 6th she writes that the permission she had asked to see her friend (who was to be absent above a year) had been refused,—

'with a clause, too, of no visits being allowed till my return from Weymouth. This has made me quite hopeless and spiritless. . . . At Weymouth I hope not to remain more than a month. Going there is a *devoir* for my health; certainly I stand very much in need of being recruited in health. . . . I return here afterwards and probably remain until Christmas, or after that. If you will write to me as often as you can, I shall feel it very kind of you, and I will not fail in writing; only consider that if you do not always *get my letters* it is *not my fault*, and that I have written; and I shall think the same if I do not hear from you. . . . What may or may not happen, God only can tell: for those who are happy, looking forward is a happy reflection; for those unhappy, a sorrowful one of uncertainty. Should I have any commissions (to you I cannot call them commands) I will give them to you; but what I am to give you I know not, but that of not forgetting me, or believing *all you may hear about me*, for I am aware many stories may be in circulation, and may reach your ears.'

Alluding again to the refusal of permission to see her friend—which was the more uncalled for, as the only part her friend had taken in the late events had been an endeavor to patch up the squabble which led to the final rupture with the Prince of Orange—she repeats,—

'how bitter a mortification it is, heightened by bad spirits and presentiments of God knows what all. . . . There are pains and pangs that come sometimes, and make one think one's heart will quite break, is it not so? This is a grave letter, I fear, very grave; I have tried not to make it more so than I could help: could I write all over again, it would be still more so. . . . I wish and I pray for your health and happiness, and all that can add to it; and that when we meet, it may be under happier auspices and circumstances. I can only offer you my *best wishes*; it is little. . . . will you accept the enclosed trifle? it is only that, but all I have to offer of my own, for I have *no means of any sort to procure* what might be more worthy of your acceptance.'

In Miss Knight's Memoirs it is said that one of the Prince Regent's complaints against his daughter concerned her extra-

vagance, and it would seem, from the concluding sentence we have quoted, that, amidst all her other mortifications, she was at this time also deprived of pocket money. The number of petty restrictions under which she suffered appears inconceivable, and could only have been devised to torment and punish her. She went to Weymouth, desponding and sad, with no kind word from any one, and no apparent hope to brighten the future. Indeed, the dread of being forced into some other uncongenial marriage seems never to have been absent from her mind at this time, and, worse than this possible evil, was the ever-present sense of daily mortification and coercion, and separation from the few friends to whom from habit and congenial disposition she had become attached. It she might have been allowed only to return to the schoolroom life she had led, with those friends who had been about her before all these events, she would have been comparatively happy, but even of that amount of comfort she saw no hope. Her friend had lingered on in London in hopes of still being allowed to see her, but in vain. On October 23rd she writes from Weymouth again. After entering with her usual affectionate solicitude into all matters affecting her friend, she says of herself:—

'I have given up the warm baths, and bathe now entirely in the open sea, which braces me. . . . Mr. Kent [the doctor], who is here constantly to attend me, says that all my complaints proceed from *nerves*, and that they should be *soothed* instead of *irritated*, and everything done to *quiet them*. They are not certainly as they should be; but then, as you say, I am not in a dangerous way, and I have always to reflect there is that *would cure me* if adopted, and that, if not, I can but go on in the tedious way I am in now—sometimes better and then again worse—exactly as things are. . . . I sail a good deal and make parties to sea, *ce qui passe le temps*, and *kills thought*, which I find of great use to me. The sea-air really is of use to me, I think, and therefore it is always permitted.'

A great gap ensues now in the correspondence, and from the next letter it is evident that the kind of imprisonment in which Princess Charlotte was held was increased in severity, and that the system of tyranny pursued against her was carried now to such lengths that all her correspondence with the friends she most loved was suppressed. We learn from Miss Knight's Memoirs that when the Princess came to town, in the spring of 1815, she

was still kept secluded from all her friends, and almost from society; the only amusement allowed her being a weekly visit to the theatre. Instead of the establishment of ladies chosen by herself, which she had hoped for, she was surrounded by a new set of persons placed about her by her father, all previously strangers to her, and many of whom she disliked. It was while she was leading this life that the next letter of the series before us was written from Warwick House, July 23rd, 1815. In it she thanks her friend for a letter she has at last received, and explains how no former ones have ever reached her, any more than those she had herself written had reached her friend, 'only showing the tricks played with my letters.' After entering into many particulars concerning mutual friends, she goes on to say:—

'I am just on the point of going off to Weymouth. . . . I cannot choose for myself, I am quite dependent; *such is my hard fate*. . . . I have had a dull season in town since April; however I go to the plays and operas once or twice a-week. I like music and dancing still too well not to enjoy the latter, and the former on account of Miss O'Neil, who beats anything that *ever* has yet been seen or ever will be again, I think.'

She proceeds to explain that her departure from town is hurried to get her out of the way of the dissensions and discussions in the Royal family, on account of the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with the Princess of Solms, who had been divorced from her previous husband, in consequence of which the Queen refused to receive her. Though, as we have seen, Princess Charlotte had no love for her stern grandmother, she was yet generous enough to feel for her in her difficulties, and to praise her warmly when she could. She writes:—

'The Queen's conduct I hope you will admire as I think it deserves; indeed, the whole country is with her. The discussions in the family are *grievous*, and the terms they are on very bad; she has been nearly dead with all she has gone through. . . . As to me, nothing can be so wretchedly uncertain and uncomfortable as my situation; no changes for the better. I see nothing of *him* [her father], though *next door*, and indeed now one yard serves us both, for there is no entrance here now but through Carlton House yard. I am allowed to see but few of those I really like, though a *large list* has been given; but whom I could not like to receive I have never invited here. The same ladies continue; there are not many of them agreeable to me, some far from it, but the evil one knows is better than what one does not. . . . My family are very kind to me, as far as they can be; but you know they

can *say* and *do* nothing, but yet one likes to see and feel affection. . . . I am grown thin, sleep ill, and eat but little. Baily [the doctor] says my complaints are all nervous, and that bathing and sailing will brace me; but I say *oh no!* no good can be done whilst the mind and soul are on the rack constantly, and the spirits forced and screwed up to a certain pitch. . . . I always think six months got over of the dreadful life I lead, six months gained; but when the time comes for moving from place to place, I do it with reluctance, from never knowing my lot or what next may befall me. "*Esperance et constance*" is my motto, and alone supports me in it all.'

It is evident from these letters, as we have already said, that she entertained no idea of Prince Leopold intending to come forward as a suitor, or she would never have written in so hopeless a strain. She seems to have anticipated nothing better than another *mariage de covenance*, or the continuation of the life she was leading, separated from the friends to whom she only clung the more for the very reason that they were separated from her. Fortunately for her, her mother had gone abroad by this time, so that element of discord was removed. On September 15th, she writes again from Weymouth, thanking her friend for never having attributed her strange silence to neglect, saying:—

'There is nothing in the world I dread so much as being forgot by my friends, or their thinking they are by me in return. Could you have thought that was your fate, I must deeply have regretted it. But, like other people and things, I should have imagined my *crocodile luck* pursued me, and that, as usual, I was *misrepresented*. . . . It makes me sad to think of the time past or the time to come; I don't know which is most painful, the past or the future. . . . You hope I am more comfortable, and well you may, for I am far from it at present *in every way*. My life is quite that of uncertainty from day to day, hour to hour, and total ignorance as to what my fate is to be, where to go, and how things are to be arranged. One lady has resigned, but remains on to please me, because I think *an evil one knows* is better than what one does not know. A new one is to be appointed; I don't know who she may be. I am told one is actually fixed on, but I am not to be any wiser till I move from hence. I cannot wish to go from here while the whole of my family are in such an unfortunate divided state [They had all quarrelled on the question of receiving the new Duchess of Cumberland.] Happily for me, being here I am out of it all, for which I devoutly thank God. I wish, being so, to keep as long neutral as possible. The Queen has been quite the saving of this country by her *struggle* for its *morality*; I only fear she will sink under it, and indeed her life at this moment is beyond everything precious. The country must and do look up to her with admiration. As to myself, I assure you I cannot express all that I feel for her and towards her. All this you may easily believe affects my mind

and spirits not a little, in addition to all the other sources of unhappiness I have.'

Here the series of letters terminated for a time. The life of restraint and seclusion that the Princess had now led for a year was to be continued some months longer; but early in 1816 Prince Leopold returned to England to propose for the Princess Charlotte. Her father probably thought that by this time she had been sufficiently punished; the desire of the country to see her married may also have weighed with him; and the whole matter seems to have gone smoothly and prosperously up to the wedding itself, on the 2nd of May, 1816. We have seen that Princess Charlotte had admired Leopold's good looks when she first saw him in 1814; and, as soon as she knew more of him, his great qualities filled her with admiration. She had longed for the affection and sympathy denied her in her miserable girlhood; now she found both in the fullest measure, and her happiness was just as great as her former misery had been extreme. The troubles she had passed through had, however, not been without their uses to her; we can trace in the letters themselves how her mind and character had ripened under them, and the change in her tone of speaking of her grandmother and her other relations shows that instead of hardening her, her griefs had only made her more sensible to kindness; even where she had much to find fault with, she was ever anxious to praise all she could, and to record the few kindnesses she received.

Everybody knows that her marriage was perfectly happy, but it is only by recollecting her former misery that we can appreciate what her happiness was. In the place of constant petty coercion, indulgence; instead of isolation, loneliness, and suspicion, sympathy and confidence in their fullest measure—and the society of all the old friends she loved, as well as of many fresh ones whose talents or goodness could recommend them to her. And this happiness did not spoil her any more than adversity had hardened her; the few letters preserved after her marriage breathe the same spirit of unselfishness, humility, gratitude for kindness and generous thought for others, as the earlier ones, with a more refined and higher tone pervading all. Though their natures were very different, there could not be more perfect harmony

than existed between her and Leopold. She was impulsive, quick-tempered, eager, and impetuous; he was quiet, cautious, reserved, and grave; but those who lived with them—especially her old friends—could not help being touched and amused by the change wrought in her by the influence of this temperament so unlike her own. All her little roughnesses quieted down, her vehement expressions of likes and dislikes were restrained by a reproving look or word. Leopold at that time spoke but little English; they usually talked French together, and when her tongue and her high spirits were carrying her beyond the bounds of dignity or prudence, she would be checked by his '*Doucement, ma chère, doucement.*' She called him '*Douce-ment*;' but she took his advice, acted on it, and indeed thought of nothing but pleasing him, and showing her gratitude for the happiness he had brought her. He on his part felt the bright influence of her sunny disposition, her liveliness and warmth of heart, on his own naturally melancholy and somewhat morbid nature. For such it seems to have been even then before misfortune had clouded it. Her brightness was just what he wanted; and the peculiarities of each seem to have completed what was wanting to the other. Tennyson has said that the dearest bond of love is 'not like to like, but like in difference,' and their love realized this saying. Of their union it might truly be said that

'she set herself to man,
As perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.'

Unfortunately, we possess only a few short notes written during her married life, for her friend was near her, and their constant intercourse made letters unnecessary. Of the few she wrote there is one dated from Claremont, December 3, 1816, shortly after taking possession of this new home; she says:—

'We lead a very quiet and retired life here, but a very very happy one. I think you will be delighted with the house and place; the latter is not, of course, in its greatest beauty at this time of year, although the verdure is still great and the trees keep their leaves wonderfully. The former is not furnished as it ought and is to be; but one cannot do all and everything at once, and in

these times one must be careful—indeed, one cannot be too much so. . . . I know you have always loved me, and I know how much too, and that you were very anxious for *this marriage*, which, as it makes *my whole happiness*, I shall never forget, and always love you all the better for.’

A touch of her husband’s cautious character comes out in her reference to the necessity of prudence ‘in these times.’ She had now obtained the realization of the hope she had expressed in the early days of her first engagement ‘to be permitted to lead a quiet and domestic life, with the power of Royal splendor attached to it, to be called forth when useful or agreeable’—though in point of fact it never was. Just before her marriage she had talked of looking forward to living much in London and enjoying society; but very soon all thoughts of amusement beyond her own home faded from her mind. Her country home, her charities, her garden, and her beloved music, all shared with her husband, filled up her time and thoughts. Leopold shared her love for music; their rare visits to London were chiefly made for the sake of going to the opera to hear any very good music, or to the play to improve Leopold’s English. There are those who can still remember these visits to the theatre, in which Princess Charlotte provided herself with the book of the play, to go over it and explain it to Leopold as it went on. He learnt quickly enough under her bright, happy teaching and merry ways. Her gratitude for his kindness to her is touching in its humility: she writes to tell her friend how he has planned an excursion to London for her, to hear a particular opera, and his unselfish devotion in insisting on taking her, ‘though himself so unwell he was not fit for it, but he will not have me disappointed.’ Whilst indulging her thus, his influence on her in more serious matters soon became apparent. Her relations with her father had become more cordial: we read of visits to Brighton; of an intercourse which, if not affectionate, was at least friendly. Her father’s conduct to her, her relations with her own family, all seemed to have faded from her mind in her engrossing affection for her husband. In the sunshine of her own happiness she forgot all her old grudges and annoyances, but retained her old affectionate sympathy with those she loved. In the middle of her own joy she was full of thought and solicitude for one of her former friends,

who was at that time in sorrow for the loss of an only child, and two or three of her letters are full of the plans she is making to bring that friend to Claremont, to devote herself to her, and comfort and soothe her. She still entered into all the sorrows of others—even those she most disliked. She had been greatly prejudiced against the Duchess of Cumberland, whose marriage had been the cause of so much heartburning in the Royal family, and whom, in consequence of the Queen’s refusal to receive her, she had herself never seen. We have seen that she applauded the Queen’s resolution, and therefore could have no very good opinion of the Duchess, but nevertheless when she heard of her having had a most dangerous confinement, and of having lost her child in January, 1817, she writes:—

‘I really feel quite unhinged and unable to write after an express from the Duke of Cumberland announcing to me the melancholy termination of all his wishes and the Duchess’s, and of all her sufferings. Her fate is really a most hard and unfortunate one. I never felt more or so much for any one I did not personally know as for her.’ . . .

A day or two later she says: ‘The poor Cumberlands are in the greatest distress and affliction,’ and she ‘hopes people will write their names down to inquire, for they feel so much any little attention, or what looks like kindness.’ They were then living under a cloud in England.

In Baron Stockmar’s Memoirs there is an account of a visit of the Grand Duke (afterwards Emperor) Nicholas of Russia to Claremont. Princess Charlotte describes the same visit in the following letter:—

‘We have had two parties and a third yesterday for the Grand Duke since I wrote to you. We are now once more alone and quiet, which I confess suits me much better, and I prefer it greatly; but yet it is sometimes necessary to remember that one does not live entirely in this world for ourselves. We took the Grand Duke over Hampton Court to-day, and from there he returned to town. I think it is quite impossible not to like him—he is so natural, unaffected, and good-humored.’

This passage is curious, compared with Stockmar’s impression of the Grand Duke’s manner as ‘very affected.’

In another letter dated in January, 1817, she thanks her friend for her congratulations on her birthday, saying, ‘I have only cause to rejoice at it, as it has enabled me to make others happy,’ and then gives an

account of the little festivities on the occasion. Each letter is full of allusions to her husband's kindness, his anxiety for her pleasure, and her own admiration for him. His picture does not please her, 'but then I know I am difficult to please in anything of a likeness of him.' He is always thinking of her pleasure, and she is the happiest of the happy! So time goes on, and then come complaints of feeling unwell, and next allusions to her approaching confinement. She anticipated no evil, but she was not without her serious thoughts about it. In September she writes to urge her friend to come and see her 'once again before a certain event. I am not in bad spirits about it, or frightened, yet I think it is a very anxious and awful moment to expect, and one that one cannot feel quite unconcerned about. Thank God! I am hitherto very well, and only hope to continue so.'

The last letter of all is dated October 24th (she died November 6th). In it she says 'she continues well; the old gentleman (Sir Richard Croft) is perfectly satisfied with me, and makes himself very agreeable in every way to us,' and she ends by promising that her friend shall have 'faithful details of all things when they happen.'

Ten days afterwards the catastrophe occurred. There have been ample details of it published again lately. Humanly speaking, it might have been prevented. The pity and regret it inspires, even at this distance of time, are enhanced after seeing in this correspondence the evidences of the noble nature of her who was so suddenly cut off. With every disadvantage that a neglected childhood and a loveless youth could give her, with few good influences brought to bear on her in early youth, she yet remained, as we have seen, upright, sincere, warm-hearted, and truthful: surrounded by people whose morality was governed by expediency, she clung to

what she believed to be right; not a frivolous idea or a selfish thought ever seems to have swayed her in either happiness or misery. Her character was strengthened by adversity and sweetened by happiness, and, seeing what she was, it is no wonder that her husband, on losing her, should have felt as if *all* were at an end for him, or that, amid all the success and honor of his later life, that one great affliction should have remained ever present to him, and that one memory been dearer than all else to the day of his own death. Thirty years later, he loved to recall with the old friends who had known her, 'that warm and generous heart.' His second marriage, with the angelic Princess Louise of Orleans, was entirely happy, but could not efface the remembrance of his first great happiness. In memory of his first wife, he called his daughter Charlotte. Towards all whom she had known he retained a warm affection through life, and every recollection of her was sacred. The outburst of feeling in the nation at her death must have been a balm to his sorrow. It did more; it showed how true the heart of the nation is; how ready to appreciate good in its rulers. So very little was known of her at large, and yet the traces of her virtues had already made so deep a mark amongst the people. The promise which seemed utterly eclipsed by her death was revived and abundantly fulfilled by the present reign, and Leopold had the joy of seeing all his hopes for England realized and fulfilled by the niece who was to him as a daughter. Who can doubt that in his thoughts of later years this fulfilment, by those he loved as his own children, of all the good he had dreamed of doing himself with the beloved wife of his youth, must have been to him the truest balm of sorrow, a source of pride above all his other achievements in politics and statesmanship?—*Quarterly Review*.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI, POPE PIUS II.

PART II.

In spite of the tortuous nature of his political actions and the blots upon his private character, Æneas was in no sense a vicious man. It is true that, while he was struggling upwards, he felt it impossible to avoid many false situations in public mat-

ters, and he was determined that no false shame should prevent him in his endeavors after success. In private life he made no profession of being better than his neighbors. "Continence might suit a philosopher," he exclaimed, "but was unfit for a poet;" but his conscience had

hindered him from taking Orders till advancing years had cooled his passions, and this was in those days a rare concession to morality. The culture which Æneas had gained from his studies gave him a delicacy of mind and sensitiveness of perception, which saved him from coarse and open offences against current social decorum. He had done many things which probably he wished he had been spared the necessity of doing; but poverty sharpened his wits till they regarded strict honesty as clumsy blundering, and his ambition, which had all its own work to do, neglected, in the pressure of business, the sharp distinctions to which more grovelling minds have time to attend. His letters show a delightful *naïveté* in stating his real position and disclosing his intentions. These letters he deliberately allowed to come down to posterity, and in this he certainly is a strong instance of the great power of candor. Every man, however much he had to conceal, however much he might shrink before judgment, would still stand out better in the eyes of posterity if they could see his real motives than if they were only left to guess at them. As we read Æneas's letters we may laugh sometimes at his vanity, or feel indignant at his effrontery, or despise his self-seeking while we admire his cleverness; but, as we read on, we tend to feel a greater liking for him personally. How many men who have been so successful dare leave behind them so clear a record of their doings? How many politicians (and it is as a politician Æneas must be judged) would care that all the correspondence should descend to posterity, in which they hunted for places, or violently upheld opinions which they afterwards renounced? Yet in the case of Æneas these are the materials we possess,—materials which he took no pains to suppress or garble.

Moreover, Æneas lived in an age of tortuous policy and wonderful success. He himself was present at the siege of Milan when the condottier-general, Francesco Sforza, suddenly turned his arms against the Commonwealth, whose hireling he was, and, after subjecting the people to all the horrors of a protracted siege, still managed so well that he was finally hailed by their acclamations Duke of Milan, and ruled them securely till his death. It was a time in which the policy of which Macchiavelli is the passive analyst was unconsciously developing. In Æneas we see this policy

in its most insinuating, most graceful, most spontaneous form. He disarmed opposition by kindliness and suavity, by perfect inoffensiveness of character, just as surely as did Cæsar Borja by the assassin's dagger and the poisoned cup. Æneas and Cæsar Borja equally had success as their object; but Æneas succeeded by never making a foe, Cæsar Borja hoped to succeed by never leaving one alive.

This is the key to the character of Æneas: he represented the cultivated and enfranchised spirit of the Renaissance, as guided by a skilful hand through the mazes of politics. He began by having a perfectly open mind. The Renaissance had taught him and all his early disciples a contempt for the ideas of the Middle Ages, and an entire want of sympathy with them. Yet this contempt they dared not too openly express, so they revenged themselves by uncontrolled vagaries, in which they either pulled down or propped up parts of the old structure as their fancy or interest led them. So it was with Æneas. The man of culture, he held, must perform with ability and decorum the duties of any office to which he is called; must use as skilfully as he can the advantages, and even disadvantages of his position. In this there was no hypocrisy, no consciousness of meanness, no particle of dissimulation. His opinions in his youth were floating, because the world lay before him and he wished to keep an open mind, so as to be able to turn his talents to the best account: as life advanced, the vague possibilities which youth had held before his eyes fell away one by one and were abandoned, the future became year by year more limited and more defined; and so, side by side with the actual facts of life, his convictions formed themselves, and his opinions and life fitted themselves into one another with wondrous suppleness. From looseness of life Æneas passed to moral respectability, when the force of temptations ceased; from indifference to religious forms he passed to a priesthood of unimpeachable orthodoxy, when he saw that orthodoxy was going to prevail; from adherence to the liberal and reforming opinions of Basle he passed to a rigid ecclesiastical conservatism, and as Pope anathematized the opinions which in his youth he had skilfully advocated. He did so because his position had changed; the same opinions did not besit the young adventurer and the man of secure fame;

the conditions that surrounded him were different, how could his opinions or desires remain the same?

In this point of view Æneas was quite consistent: he had succeeded, but that was no reason why he should wish others to succeed. As Cardinal he urged upon the Pope the desirability of settling a disputed election to the bishopric of Regensburg in favor of a nephew of the Duke of Bavaria, although he had only slight claim to a capitular election and was under the canonical age; his election would be more expedient, and would give greater prestige to the Papacy, whose object must be to ally itself with Princes. No sentimental reminiscences of his own early days misled Æneas to lend a hand to a struggling brother. He is even very proud of this exploit, as indeed he was of most things in which he had a hand; but to this triumph of his principles he calls special attention, and remarks that it "marvellously increased his reputation among the Cardinals."

This capacity for making the best of circumstances, this genuine and perfectly unconscious power of self-adaptation to any condition, was quite natural in that day. The revival of the learning of the ancients disgusted the student with the notions of his own day, while antiquity gave no real ideas to enable him to reconstruct his life under the circumstances in which it had to be spent. The culture of the Renaissance was consequently merely concerned with form, and very little with contents. The facts of life were given from without; the cultivated mind was not concerned with them; the utmost it could do was to try and make them accord with ancient precedent—to rob them, if possible, of their repulsive, ungraceful, or indecorous aspect. Even in the Council of Basle the pious Cardinal of Arles stirred the assembled Fathers to take courage and depose Eugenius, by quoting the examples of self-devotion given by Curtius, Leonidas, Theramenes, Codrus, and Socrates.

The consideration of this cultivated versatility of disposition, which was the natural result of Æneas's studies and was quickened by his ambition and vanity, is necessary for the consistent understanding of his character. The majority of his biographers wish to draw a distinction between his early life and his pontificate, and are willing to imagine that his zeal for a Crusade was the means of raising him into a

nobler sphere of personal unselfishness; some even go so far as to argue, that one who was so admirable as Pope must have been equally admirable in his younger days, and so wish to read his early writings in the light of his edifying death, and refer all his slippery actions to a sincere desire for the good of Christendom. To me, Æneas Sylvius seems consistent throughout. He is a cultivated man, adapting himself gracefully to his surroundings; his opinions, both moral and religious, develop themselves spontaneously, so as to accord with the position which his talents are winning for him—a position which is day by day rising higher and higher; and so making greater demands upon his better nature, and freeing him more and more from the lower requirements of self-interest.

Æneas, then, when he was made Pope, showed a sincere desire to discharge faithfully and well the duties of that office; to discharge them, moreover, in a becoming way, and, above all things, to earn a title to the remembrance of posterity. His ambition was always saved by his vanity from degenerating into mere selfishness, and the vulgar desire to gain benefits and position for himself was always subordinate to the anxiety to make for himself a name and leave a mark upon his times. The times were, unluckily, such as it was impossible to leave a mark upon. Europe could no longer be regarded as united; it consisted of a number of States struggling to a consciousness of their nationality, and at present confused both in their separate aims and in their mutual relations. It was scarcely possible for a Pope to make any impression on Europe such as Pius found it, but it is always possible to leave a name and found a renown by an appeal to a great idea, even when its time has passed away.

This reason alone, if others had been wanting, would have led a Pope of the ambition of Pius II. to identify himself closely with the idea of a Crusade. It had been talked of by the last three Popes: Calixtus had made it his chief object: it was the only aim for which a Pope could hope to unite Europe, the only cry which had any chance of meeting with universal recognition. The Papacy was an object of suspicion to the national Churches, whose open rebellion had just been with difficulty subdued; in ecclesiastical mat-

ters it had no chance of obtaining general hearing, nor could it hope to interfere successfully in the political complications of Europe. But the fall of Constantinople had given a shock to all; the rapid advance of the Turks might well cause general alarm. Opposition to them from motives of European policy, if not from motives of religion, was the only hope for any undertaking on a large enough scale to afford Pius any chance of distinction. Moreover, his fame was already connected with the Crusade; already his eloquence had been heard in Italy and in Germany calling upon all to join the holy cause; his reputation as an orator rested on this foundation, and happily in this matter his present policy did not require a repudiation of the past.

It is in association with the crusading spirit that Pius is generally judged: he is regarded as the last enthusiast of a noble idea—as one who warred nobly, though unsuccessfully, against the selfishness of his time; and when he found the contest hopeless, died almost a martyr to his mistaken yet generous zeal. Yet if we examine the facts of Pius' pontificate we see no signs of overwhelming haste, no traces of any self-sacrifice in essential points, no abandonment even of small matters of Papal policy, to further the end which he professed to hold supreme. It is true that immediately after his accession Pius announced his intention of holding a Congress at Mantua; but when he tore himself away from Rome, amid the tears of the populace, who regretted the loss of the pecuniary advantages they derived from the presence of the Papal Court, he still made no haste to reach Mantua, but spent eight months on the way, lingering fondly in his native Siena, and adorning his birth-place, Corsignano, which changed its name to Pienza in his honor. He professed a desire to pacify Italy, that it might aim at nothing but a Crusade, but the extent of his desire may be judged by his views about the reconciliation of Sigismund Malatesta of Rimini and Piccinino: "Not sufficiently understanding whether war or peace between them would conduce more to the welfare of the Church—since it was plain that Piccinino could not rest quiet, and it was probable that, if he were relieved from war with Sigismund, he would turn his arms against the Church—the Pope judged that

it was the will of God that peace could not be concluded.

Nor did Pius endeavor to free himself from complications, that he might give himself unreservedly to the great cause he had undertaken. At his accession he found the kingdom of Naples claimed by René of Anjou, in opposition to Ferdinand, an illegitimate son of King Alfonso, who had just died. Calixtus had pronounced against Ferdinand, wishing to hand over Naples to one of the Borjas, his nephews. Pius, partly to avoid difficulties, partly with the Italian antipathy to the French, at once recognized Ferdinand. So far he had acted wisely, and had done nothing inconsistent with his great aim. The claim of Ferdinand was a good one, and the Pope might recognize whom he thought fit. But Pius did much more: he entered into a treaty with Ferdinand, and identified himself and the Papal policy with Ferdinand's party; and this he did from no higher motive than nepotism, from which all the culture which Pius possessed did not succeed in saving him. He wished to get a hold on Ferdinand, and secure a principality in the kingdom of Naples for Antonio Todeschini, son of his sister Laodamia—a young man in no way remarkable, and who in his early days had caused his uncle trouble, and wrung from him a letter of good advice:—"Everything in which you now delight—youth, health, beauty, pleasures—will pass away. Wisdom alone, if once we receive her, accompanies us to our death, and after death makes another life blessed." From the care which Pius now takes of Antonio, we are bound to conclude that he profited by these admonitions. Pius raised troops and money to help Ferdinand and to gain a principedom for Antonio as a dowry of Ferdinand's daughter. No doubt there were motives of Papal and of Italian policy also which made the idea of an Angevin King of Naples distasteful to the Pope; but the leading motive of his strong partisanship of Ferdinand seems to have been this amiable concern for his relations. From the point of view of his crusading projects it was most impolitic, for it alienated France from the Papacy, and gave an additional reason for the refusal to take part in the expedition, or to allow the Pope to collect revenues within the French territories. True, the French had another

reason to give; they were at war with England, and could not afford to detach any of their forces. Pius answered, that he was making a similar demand from the English, and if both sides sent an equal contingent the decrease of strength would be proportional, and they might continue their war with undiminished forces. Surely this *naïveté* must be ironical.

Similarly, if we look at the other European powers, we see that Pius did not take steps towards their pacification, and did not behave towards them in a way to encourage them to enter upon a crusade. In Germany he quarrels with the Archbishop Diether of Mainz, because he has not paid the enormous sum of 20,500 ducats, due to the Papal treasury as fees on installation. When Diether tried to evade the payment, the Pope set up a rival, who maintained his claims by force of arms. The dispute widened into civil war, which for four years devastated the Rhine provinces. Equally unhappy was Pius in his dealings with Eastern Germany, where, during the whole of his pontificate, he was engaged in a bitter conflict with Sigismund, Duke of Austria, for whom, as a young man, Æneas had written love-letters and some educational treatises. England, engaged in the Wars of the Roses, Pius regarded as almost beneath his notice. He mentions that Henry VI. had sent some lords of rank and dignity on an embassy to the Congress at Mantua, but they had refused to come, and only two priests appeared before him. Pius adds, with a strange ignorance of English forms, that their credentials bore the subscription of no witnesses—the King was so deserted that he had to witness his letters himself, writing “*Teste rege,*” and appending the great seal. It seems strange that the Papal Curia did not know the ordinary form of an English state paper. But Pius “despised so poor an embassy from so great a King, and did not admit them to a second audience.”

We do not see in the papal eloquence, any more than in the papal policy, any burning enthusiasm for a Crusade. His speech at Mantua is polished and labored, yet not of the kind to thrill an excited multitude with wild zeal or fill the air with shouts of “*Deos lo volt!*” Life, he says, is short after all, and troublesome; death comes from small causes, as we see in the case of the poet Anacreon: let us earn in war against the Turks a glorious immor-

talità, “where the soul, freed from the chain of the body, will not recover, as Plato thought, universal knowledge, but will rather, as Aristotle and our doctors hold, attain it.” His speech, however, was much admired; but it was followed by a long address from the Greek Cardinal Bessarion, which showed, as Pius remarked with some complacency, how inferior was Greek eloquence to Latin. The whole Congress at Mantua was a failure: no one except Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who promised to lead 6000 men, made a genuine offer of aid to the Pope.

The Crusades were looked upon by the European nations in general as means for raising money, which the Papacy spent on its own purposes; and the conduct of Pius in the war of the Neapolitan succession did not tend to allay their suspicions. The war continued for five years, in the course of which the papal revenues were almost entirely exhausted, and Pius did not even hesitate to summon to his aid the brave Scanderbeg, whose presence was so sorely needed in Greece to hinder the northward progress of the Turks. We grieve to find the Albanian hero leading for a few months 800 of his troops to help the Pope in Naples; a useless aid, because the hardy mountaineers were unused to warfare in the open field, and in the luxury of Italy degenerated into a disorderly rabble. Scanderbeg retired without having effected anything; but his presence in Italy is an instance of the mischief done by the empty talk about Crusades in which Europe at this period indulged. The gallant bands, who were inspired by strong national feeling to resist the Turks, were being deluded by false hopes, and prevented by the promise of a large expedition from carrying out, so sturdily as they would otherwise have done, their own little efforts of resistance and defence.

Europe, in fact, did not believe in a Crusade; although it had an uneasy feeling that a Crusade was both right and wise: the various nations recognized the duty and expedience of it, but deferred the performance till a more convenient season. Pope Pius talked more than any one else, as befitted a Pope, but did not show any greater desire than any other prince to sacrifice his own interests, however trifling, to the great end which he eloquently advocated. In speaking, it is true, he was not sparing of himself—miracles almost

were wrought to enable him to harangue more conveniently. On one occasion he spoke for three hours, he says, and was listened to with breathless attention; and "although he labored under a very severe cough, yet he was aided during his speech by Divine help, and never coughed at all or showed the least difficulty." Another time, though suffering from the gout, "though languid, overcome by pain, pale, and anxious, he could at first scarcely speak at all—when he warmed with eloquence his pain departed, words rushed to his lips, and he delivered a speech of three hours' length, which was listened to with the greatest attention by all." But this speaking availed little when contrasted with the acts of Pius. He spent his energies and money in the Neapolitan war, thereby openly quarrelling with France; while in Germany he fomented dissension instead of promoting peace. The glory of his death has thrown these considerations into the background, but they were present to the eyes, and influenced the judgments, of his contemporaries.

Pius was, at the same time, quite in earnest about the Crusade; but not with the earnestness of deep conviction, or self-devotion. He wished it might come about under his presidency, but he could not sacrifice his nephew's prospects to a shadowy hope. He had urged the duty on others,—till they showed signs of fulfilling it, he need not sacrifice the interests of the Holy See. So Pius sounded the note for a Crusade, and waited for six years to see what would happen. He had conducted with credit the Mantua congress, and this was some gain meanwhile.

We cannot follow Pius through all the acts of his Pontificate, but all of them were guided by the same care for scrupulous external decorum, and the same dexterous balancing of the claims and advantages of present profit and future renown. The attention which Pius pays to decorum, as befitted a man of culture, is seen in his long description of the festival which he celebrated on the occasion of receiving from Greece the head of the Apostle St. Andrew; he met the sacred relic outside the city and conducted it within the walls, amid a crowd which was edified by his behavior. "The wondrous order and dignity of the procession of priests riveted the attention of all—chanting with palms in their hands, they advanced through the throng an es-

cort to the Pope, with slow steps and serious countenance." Tears are shed at the moving discourse of Pius; a Latin hymn in Sapphic stanzas composed by Campanus is sung in honor of the Apostle and the Pope. Then the relic was deposited in the Church of St. Luca, where the Pope also spent the night; the next day it was to be carried to St. Peter's: he tells us his anxiety about the weather, lest the rain should spoil the procession; and when the sun shone out in the morning, then rushed into his grateful mind the lines—

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane;
Divisum imperium cum Jove Caesar habet."

He tells us how, to improve the spectacle, he remorselessly ordered that the Cardinals should go on foot. "It was a great sight, and full of devotion, to see these venerable men walking through the slippery streets, palms in their hands, their grey hairs covered by white mitres, clad in priestly robes, their eyes fixed on the ground in silent prayer; and many, who before could never advance more than a hundred yards without their horses, accomplished, on this day, two miles, and that in the mud and laden with their priestly garments."

Again, on the festival of Corpus Domini, celebrated at Viterbo, the Cardinals vied with one another in the grandeur of their shows, knowing that the Pope was a man of taste, and wishing to please him. One device of the Cardinal of Teano was especially praised: a great square through which the procession was to pass was covered over with blue and white drapery, and adorned with arches wreathed with ivy and flowers, and with eighteen columns, on which sat eighteen boys dressed like angels, who formed a choir to sing a greeting to the Pope. In the middle of the square was a representation of the Holy Sepulchre with the soldiers asleep around it; as the Pope drew near an angel was let down by a rope through the curtain, saluted the Pope "with heavenly voice and gesture," and sang a hymn announcing the Resurrection. Then a small cannon was fired, the soldiers awoke and rubbed their eyes; the tomb opened, a figure stepped out "carrying in his hand the Banner of the Cross adorned with a diadem, and announcing to the people, in Italian verse, the accomplishment of their salvation." Further on, in the square before the Ca-

thedral was acted the Assumption of the Virgin; heaven was represented on the housetops, where the Cardinal of Santi Quattro Coronati had not shrunk from the extremest realism: "God sitting in majesty, and bands of holy angels, and blazing stars, and the joys of the glory above, were wondrously represented." All this, to its minutest details, Pius tells us: he was pleased with a successful appearance in public. Like a man of taste, he wished that everything should be well done, and that a proper decorum should distinguish everything that surrounded him.

Sometimes, indeed, this decorum was sadly interfered with; and Pius was keenly sensitive to its breach. Much as he might wish, in the splendor of the Papacy, to forget his antecedents and behave with that propriety which only the untoward circumstances of his early days had made him ever lay aside, still there were some who were not so ready to forget; especially one Gregory Heimberg, an honest German, who had no belief in the Italian refinements of Æneas, and who had sturdily upheld the independence of the German Church against Æneas's machinations so long as he could. Gregory could not forgive his old foe, though he had become Pope; he was determined to show him that even a blunt German was not altogether defenceless, but could use his opportunity when it came. Æneas has left us an amusing account of Gregory's rude German manners in Rome, where he had gone on an embassy for the German electors to Eugenius, and Æneas had managed to get in advance of him. "Gregory used to walk after sunset, sweltering in the heat, in a manner disrespectful both to the Romans and his own office—with his boots loose about his heels, his hat in his hand, his breast uncovered, waving his arms, cursing Eugenius and the Romans and the Curia, heaping imprecations on the stifling heat." Æneas had laughed at him then, but practice had taught Gregory something better than mere rage, and he came to Mantua to pay Pope Pius off for the tricks that Æneas had played. As ambassador of Albert of Austria he made a speech before the assembly. He need not, he said, praise his master, as the renowned Æneas had frequently done so himself—Æneas, who had so often gone as ambassador, and had gained by his speeches the highest glory; he who was no

orator could only do his duty, and that with dry words and harsh speech, without any windy sentences or rhetorical finery. Pius winced, but Gregory went on, speaking no word in praise of the Pope, and quoting Terence, who was not regarded as a proper author for the Papal ear. Not long after, Gregory, in another speech which he made as Sigismund's ambassador, reminded Pius of his intimacy with Sigismund as a boy, and his kindness in writing love-letters for him, "which your Holiness was good enough to translate from Italian into German." Gregory was remorseless; and Pius was painfully aware that he was being laughed at. It must have given him some satisfaction afterwards to pronounce sentence of excommunication on both Sigismund and Gregory for their resistance to Nicolas of Cusa, bishop of Brixen.

But it was not often that Pius met with such treatment; his affability disarmed hostility, and he delighted, as Pope, to ramble about Italy and enjoy the simple homage of the rustics. He could not stay at Rome and lead an uneventful life surrounded by all the equipments of Papal etiquette; he liked to travel and see new places, and learn the history of the various towns he saw; he liked the country, and he enjoyed change of air; his life had been too adventurous, hitherto, to allow him to sink into an old age of mere ceremonial decorum. So in spite of the murmurs of the people of Rome, Pius used to wander forth attended by a few Cardinals, with whom he might transact the necessary Papal business, and would enjoy the cool breezes of the hills, or refresh his aching frame by sailing up the Tiber, or would settle at the baths of Viterbo, or draw towards the neighborhood of his native Siena. He would delight in eating a simple meal by the side of a fountain, or would rest while his servants, with much shouting and bustle, would beat the stream for fish; and great was his satisfaction when the peasants of the neighborhood, hearing of his presence, flocked to beg his blessing and bring gifts of fruit and bread; nor did he, when the rude herdsman offered him milk in the wooden bowl well dirtied by continual use, refuse the gift, but drank it with a smile of kindness, and handed it on to the nearest Cardinal.

In his delight in a holiday, and his appreciation of the picturesque in natural scenery, Pius is far in advance of the

ordinary sentiment of his time; and in fact is purely modern. He describes the view out of his bedroom window, and the places at which he used to halt for food, in the same way as a modern traveller writing to his friends at home. Here is an extract from his journal: "The Pope advanced from Fabrica to Soriano, through roads which were most delightful; for the greater part of the fields were yellow with the flowers of the broom, the rest, covered with shrubs and flowers of every kind, shone with purple, white, or a thousand other hues. It was the month of May, and everything was green; the woods were smiling and ringing with the songs of birds. . . . In Viterbo, the Pope used every day to go out before daybreak into the fields, to enjoy the pleasant air before the day grew hot, and look at the green crops and the flowering flax which, in its color, imitated the heavens." Passages like this meet us at every page, showing the keen pleasure that Pius took in change of place, his ready observation of the picturesque, and his delight in the beauties of nature.

His diligence was indeed inexhaustible; although he possessed this relish for a holiday, and although he was so broken down in health that he had always to be carried in a litter, he never neglected either the duties of his office or his devotion to literary pursuits. It is indeed wonderful how persistently he retained his freshness, how easily his mind could receive an impulse, and how laboriously he would follow out a line of study even in the midst of pressing business. The most learned of his works is a Treatise on the Geography of Asia, which shows great research, as well as accuracy of knowledge, and truthfulness of conception of the general bearings of geography, and the utility of his study. This work was commenced in 1461, in the height of his Neapolitan war; it arose from a chance conversation between Pius and his general, Frederic of Urbino, who was escorting him from Rome to Tivoli. "The Pope was pleased with the flashing of the arms and the trappings of the horses and men; for what is more beautiful than the ordered line of a camp? The sun was shining on the shields; the breast-plates and crests reflected a wondrous splendor; each band of soldiers showed like a forest of spears. Frederic, who was a man of great reading,

began to ask the Pope if the heroes of antiquity were armed like men of the present day. The Pope said that all our present arms, and many others as well, were mentioned by Homer and Virgil." The talk then turned to the Trojan war, which Frederic disparaged, while the Pope maintained its importance; then they discussed the extent and boundaries of Asia Minor, about which they could not agree. "So the Pope, finding a little leisure at Tivoli, wrote a description of Asia drawn from Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny, Quintus Curtius, Julius Solinus, Pomponius Mela, and other ancient authors, choosing such points as seemed requisite for the full understanding of the matter." Nor was this all: for in the preface to the "Asia," Pius tells us his intention (it was partially fulfilled) of writing a geography of the world, with a sketch of the previous history of every country, and a full account of the important events which had occurred in each in his own time. He knows that this literary work will not escape a malignant interpretation. "How comes it, many will say, that the Pope has so much leisure as to spend, in writing books, the time which belongs to the Christian people?" To this Pius answers, what authors since his time have not ceased to answer to their critics: "Let him who despises our writings, read them before he condemn. They contain much from which he may learn; nor is the time spent in their production taken away from public business; but we have deprived our old age of the rest which is its due, that we might record the events of our time which deserve remembrance. Our labors are carried on by night, and we consume in writing the greater part of the hours that are due to sleep. It may be urged that the time would be better spent in vigils and prayers, as it had been by many of his predecessors;" but Pius honestly owns that his culture has outlived the gloomy rites of mediæval asceticism. "We confess that others might have spent their vigils better, but we must give some indulgence to our mind, whose delight lies in midnight studies."

In all other points we are similarly struck with the capacity which Pius shows for taking an interest in everything he sees: twice in his commentaries does he describe with great relish some athletic sports, of which he had been a spectator. It is true

he feels it beneath the Papal dignity to acknowledge the interest he felt, and on both occasions, after most graphic descriptions of the races, he adds that the Pope was not present, but was engaged with the Cardinals on business at the time. He describes, however, in exactly similar language, a theological controversy held in his presence; a strife had broken out between the Minorites and the Dominicans on the tremendous question whether the Blood of Christ shed on the ground during the Passion, were worthy of reverence and worship. The strife had waxed high between the two rival Orders, till at last the question was referred to the Pope. For three days the disputants argued before the Consistory. Pius may be pardoned for looking upon the proceedings as a kind of mental and even bodily gymnastic. "It was beautiful and delightful to hear the eminent talents of these most learned men contend in argument, and to see now one and now another press to the front. They strove, as became the majesty of their judges, with moderation and eagerness; but so severe and sharp was the conflict, that, though it was the depth of winter, and everything was stiff with frost, the sweat dropped from them—such was their ardor for victory." Pius does not profess any interest for the question itself, but he details at length the arguments on each side, and watched its alternations with the same delight as he had seen the foot-races at Pienza.

Thus in his Neapolitan war, in discharging the duties of his office, and in mental relaxation by wanderings in search of new interests, Pius passed the years 1460-64. His health had at first been bad, and grew worse; he could not use his feet, and had always to be carried in a litter; he was a martyr to gout, and suffered dreadfully from stone; he was old before his years; his face showed the marks of the perpetual pains he endured, but he had learned self-control, and would contrive to talk or speak even when suffering most acute agony, and his suffering was known only by the contortion of the muscles of his face, or the twitching of his lips, "although oftentimes he suffered such agonies that there was nothing, except his voice, which could show that he remained alive." Life, he saw, could not last long, and the ques-

tion grew more pressing every year,—with what fame would his name go down to posterity?

This was a thought always present with him; he was keenly sensitive to public opinion, and showed himself always most anxious to leave a worthy remembrance of himself to after ages. But Pius was too acute to mistake the shouts of his own generation for fame, or to think that a reputation could be conferred by the literary panegyrics so common in his days; he had written too many himself, and knew their real value. Hence he never showed himself a patron of literary men: the acclamations of needy men of letters, which hailed his accession to the Papacy, very soon calmed down when their elaborate eulogiums were but coldly received, and the gifts which they expected failed to appear. Greater still was the consternation when it was rumored that the Pope actually set up for being a critic, and laughed at the bombastic productions that poured in on every side; it was known that he had said that orators and poets ought to be supreme, or they ought not exist. He pulled in pieces the epigrams which were sent him; and an impromptu of his was commonly quoted*—

"Take, poets, for your verses verse again:

My purpose stands to mend, not buy your strain."

Even Francesco Filelfo, in spite of his great reputation and his early connection with the Pope, found that his offer to be a new Homer, and write the *Odyssey* of Pius' Crusade, was not accepted with the fervor, or rewarded with the liberality, which he conceived to be his due; after begging in the most abject manner from Pius, he changed his tactics, and wrote the most scurrilous and disgusting libels against him.

Pius knew that his fame could be established only by his exploits; and so, as he saw his life wane, he recurred with greater zeal to his project of a Crusade. He wrote a remarkable letter to Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, in which he set before him the advantages of Christianity, and explained at length its doctrines; he urged the Sultan to be converted; he proved to him, historically,

* "Discite, pro numeris, numeros sperare poetæ;
Mutare est animus carmina, non emere."

* Campanus, "Vita Pii."

that he had no right to the possessions which he had lately conquered; but, if he would only be baptized, this flaw in his title might be remedied, the Pope would acknowledge him Emperor of the Greeks and of the East, and would establish him in one of the highest positions in Christendom. The letter has been often quoted, but its real significance seems to me to have been strangely overlooked; it is not mere rhetorical bombast or empty verbiage—it is a genuine, though, perhaps, not very hopeful appeal to the old Imperial principle which Pius hoped might still be lingering in the East. He had seen the Greek Emperor reconcile himself with Eugenius to gain help against the advancing Turks. Now the Turks had conquered; but by gaining a place in Europe they might become amenable to European ideas. Pius did not understand Islam and its strength; he did not appreciate—how could he?—the difference between the fiery Turks who had captured Constantinople, and the Teutons who of old had broken up the Empire of the West. He still thought there was a chance that the Papacy might repeat its bloodless triumphs of the eighth century, and that the barbarians of the East might be persuaded, or overawed, to bow before the dignity of the Roman Pontiff. The hope was vain, and perhaps was not very seriously entertained; but the hope of combining Europe against the Turks Pius soon learned to be equally vain.

The expedition so long deferred was at length undertaken. Europe heard with incredulous wonder that the Pope intended to accompany the Crusaders in person; the various powers of Europe gave answers more or less plausible to his proposals, but none of them sent any troops. Pius waited, and became more impatient and more hopeless of any help. At length he determined to allay all doubts of his good faith (for the word of the Pope was now, alas! by no means accepted as true); the princes of Europe should see that he was in earnest—"perchance when they see their master and father, the Vicar of Christ, an old man and sick, advancing to the war, they will feel shame to linger at home; they will take arms and embrace with brave hearts the defence of holy religion. If this does not arouse Christians to battle, we know not what will—this means, at all events, we will try." So the

infirm old Pope, though his sufferings were aggravated by symptoms of an approaching fever, set out from Rome, June 14, 1464, to go to Ancona and wait till Christendom gathered enthusiastically round his banner. It was a dangerous experiment, and most unwise; neither Pius himself nor his predecessors had established any hold upon the affections of Europe. This appeal to the personal influence of the Papacy was an entire failure—only a few, and they a mere disorderly rabble, assembled at Ancona to await the Pope; and they, when the Pope was delayed on his journey by the increase of his fever, began to disband; and as Pius neared Ancona, his doctors drew the curtains round his litter, that he might not have his pain increased by seeing the crowds with their faces set from the city. Pius reached Ancona on the 18th of July, and lived just long enough to realize how entirely his plan had failed. His death has shed a halo almost of martyrdom over the entire attempt. There is something very touching, to us who review the facts in an after age, in the spectacle of the Pope being carried on his death-bed to attempt an undertaking of vital importance for European civilization, and to attempt it single-handed with chivalrous zeal, because all the princes of Europe were absorbed in petty jealousies and selfish schemes, and had no thought for the common good. Yet it was fortunate for Pius that he died when he did; had he lived long enough to retire unsuccessfully, his proceedings would have been greeted with a shout of laughter, and the Papacy would have lost its prestige even more than it did under Clement VII. It was reserved for a later time, that the Papacy should make itself ridiculous in the eyes of Europe; but Pius brought it perilously near such a position.

As it was, however, the bedridden Pope lived three weeks at Ancona, sinking gradually, and preparing for his end; his last hours show us the same strange confusion of littleness and grandeur, of simplicity and affectation, of selfishness and goodness which marks his entire life. After crying like a child over the thought that when he was gone there would be no one to look after his nephews—for he knew too well the fate of Papal favorites—he died with his arm round the neck of his friend, the Cardinal of Pavia, and his last words were,

"Do good, my son, and pray God for me."

The briefest record of Pope Pius's career is the clearest summary of his character. He was, in a pre-eminent degree, a product of his times, whose excellences and whose failures he mirrors accurately, both in his life and writings. They were times when a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge was widely spread; but the knowledge of antiquity, when obtained, was remote from the common interests of daily life, and was opposed, both in its principles and conclusions, to the Christian basis on which mediæval life had been built. Hence the learning of the Renaissance could not become a source of national thought, and so of national life, but only of individual culture. This culture Pius II. possessed in a remarkable degree, and was susceptible of its slightest warnings, without being rendered by it oversensitive and unfit for the coarser struggles

of practical life. On the contrary, his culture was to him a source of strength in action, giving him a keen insight into human character, freeing him from ordinary scruples, enabling him to re-construct his plans of life, when necessary, with such promptitude that there was no waste of energy and no place for remorse; teaching him to make the best of himself, and adapt himself to circumstances as they occurred; to aim at self-gratification not merely in the lower, but in the highest sense of obtaining power, influence, position, dignity; to form opinions not from internal necessity or conviction, but as a convenient padding to lessen the wear and tear of daily life; to gratify refined literary tastes and intellectual interests by a dainty use of the actual facts and surroundings of his position; to mix refinement with morality so that self-respect was never injured, but rather grew with every new success.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

TOO SOON.

BY KATHERINE S. MACQUOID, AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XVI.—A VISIT.

BERTHA could not sleep; she conjured up tormenting doubts and fears, till when she came down next morning she had persuaded herself that Mr. Helder would so dislike this interference that he would break off an engagement altogether. "Either way I am miserable for life," she thought; "no man can love a wife who is forced on him, and if he leaves me I shall never be happy again."

"Here is a letter from Frank," says Aunt Sophy.

Bertha opens it; but her cousin's congratulations only bring a shadow across her face. She is out of tune with every one.

Aunt Sophy, too, has a letter from Frank. "He tells me he has been staying at Dover with some friends of his mother's, a Mrs. Lucas, and her daughter, Phœbe Lucas. What an unusual name Phœbe is, one so seldom hears it."

"I dislike it," Bertha speaks vehemently. "Phœbes are always vain and silly. There is the shepherdess in 'As you like it.'"

"Frank speaks highly of this Phœbe,"

says Miss Ashton; "he says she is so good."

"Very likely, the Grevilles are good, but they are undeniably silly; they have not an idea or an opinion that is not founded on what other people think and do."

She was ruffled throughout the day. She had to take a message to Mrs. Greville, and unfortunately the daughters were at home, and offered their congratulations on her engagement.

Bertha was stiff and ungracious. "And if it is broken off," she thought, and then despised herself for permitting such a thought in the presence of the great grief which might be in store for her.

Mrs. Greville went on talking in a gentle voice about the hospital letter which was the subject of Aunt Sophy's message, while her daughters discussed at a table at the other end of the room clothing and shoe-club details.

One would have thought the calm peaceful atmosphere might have soothed Bertha, but she came out of the house vexed and irritated.

"How small-minded those girls are; I don't believe they ever read anything but tracts. Their united intellect is absorbed

in the calculation of pence and the manufacture of flannel petticoats. How dreadful! I suppose it is women like this that give men a notion girls can only talk nonsense." She paused. She certainly had not heard the Grevilles talk nonsense; "but they must, they can't talk poor business to gentlemen, and they have no other conversation, so they must fall back on nonsense! Ah, I wonder if any woman ever before realised her ideal as I have. Mr. Helder will never talk nonsense to me. When I think of the subjects we shall have, it seems as if life could never be long enough for all our talks."

And then it came to her with a slight pang that they had not had one talk since their engagement. Certainly there had been little opportunity; but Mr. Helder only seemed to want her to say she loved him. "And he might know that without my saying it."

The hours went slowly by. Once Bertha thought she would try to go and meet her father, so that she might know sooner how his news had been received, but then he might not walk home, and if she missed him she would only delay his tidings.

She and her aunt had dined early, as Mr. Williams thought he might be detained, so that she could not tell exactly when to expect him.

"Do you think Mr. Helder is coming?" Aunt Sophy asked.

"No," but Bertha's heart throbbed with a hope that he would come. And after her aunt's question she went up-stairs and smoothed her soft hair into extra neatness, and put a fresh blue ribbon round it.

"It seems to me"—she looked saucily at her own reflection—"that being engaged makes one vain: but then it is not for myself I try to look nice, it is for him. Oh! he cannot, he will not, give me up when he cares so much for my love!"

Aunt Sophy was right; Mr. Williams came home, and brought Michael with him.

Bertha watched them come up the garden, and then she felt heartsick.

Mr. Helder came in alone; Bertha did not dare to look at him.

"Miss Ashton, your brother wishes to see you."

There was so much gladness in his voice that Bertha took courage. She felt rather frightened when Miss Ashton left them together, it was the first time she had

been alone with Mr. Helder since that talk under the laburnum tree.

He stood still a minute, then he went up to Bertha and put his arm round her waist. He saw how timid she still was, and he only kissed her cheeks.

"My darling," he said, so tenderly that involuntarily her shrinking ceased, the strong arm round her seemed a protection from everyone, "I want you to listen to me. I cannot let you go away; do you wish it, Bertha? If you knew what you are to me, you would not leave me—you are too kind, too good; I do not believe you really wish to go away."

"I don't want to go away," she said, timidly.

"Then why won't you come to me at once? If you love me well enough to be my wife, darling, why need there be any unnecessary delay?"

"At once!"—she looked at him with such frightened eyes that he saw her resistance was genuine.

"You mean, dearest, that you have seen so little of me, and you are right; but"—he drew her closer to him—"that is simply a question of being together. Your father says he need not start on his mission for three weeks, and if I come and see you every day, darling, you will be able to judge whether you can tolerate me as a husband."

"Oh," she looked up and laughed so happily that he believed his cause won, but his fear of scaring her made him cautious.

"To begin with," he said, smiling, "I must be called Michael; I won't believe you love me really as long as you 'Mister' me."

"But I have not given my consent." Bertha felt shy again, it seemed to her that she was being managed against her will. "Aunt Sophy thinks, too, that our engagement should not be shortened." She drew herself a little away from her lover.

Michael hesitated. He thought of Bertha only as a sweet intelligent child, he had not counted on such strength of will; but his love would not be stopped by obstacles.

Once more he poured out the story of his love in glowing, vigorous words, that set the blood coursing fast through her veins.

"Till I saw you, my child," he said, bending fondly over her, "I did not know how bright life might be. Will you take all

this joy suddenly from me and leave me in worse darkness than before?"

"But I could live at a school," said Bertha, faintly.

"No, you could not, you would be miserable, and I should be more miserable still knowing that my pet was not happy. There is only one way, darling. You have power to make me either quite happy, or to send me away in despair."

He kissed her, and whispered yet more fondly to Bertha. It seemed that if she did not consent he would not believe in her love; and yet presently when Aunt Sophy came back, and she heard Michael tell her she must hurry her preparations, Bertha could not realise that her marriage was decided. She was surely in a dream. And yet she was happier than she had ever felt before. Michael's eyes followed her wherever she went, with a look in them she had not seen before.

"I can never doubt his love again," the girl thought; "it is wonderful that he can be so fond of me."

CHAPTER XVII.—ON THE EVE.

MICHAEL HELDER went home triumphant. He had not been quite as happy since his engagement as he thought he might have been. Bertha had seemed cold, almost indifferent; but to-night as he walked home, going over and over again that short brief interview, he felt that he had not been mistaken, that there was a latent power of love in this shy child which only needed fostering to be all he could desire.

"After all," he said to himself, as he walked on, too glad to prolong his reverie to seek a quicker way of reaching home, "it is the best thing that could have happened; she will learn to trust and love me far more easily if she sees me every day than if she had time to chill again between my visits, and I must learn to be patient with her shyness, for it will not disappear all at once."

And then he went off into a rapture of plans and arrangements, of which Bertha was the object. There was only one hindrance to his satisfaction. Miss Fraser had arranged to pay a visit to Scotland, and he thought she could scarcely return for the marriage, and then it occurred to him that the new plan would hurry Miss Fraser's arrangements.

"But I don't think it need. She might

live with us the first six months or so. What a help she would be to my darling."

And yet while he said this Michael shrank from such a prospect. He wanted to have his darling all to himself, with no one to disturb the unclouded happiness which he felt so sure she would give; and in the midst of this perplexity came back a vision of those dark love-fraught eyes, for to-night Bertha had come to the gate with him, and he had had her last look all to himself, and in the rhapsody that ensued his cousin Rachel was forgotten.

It is the evening before the wedding. Aunt Sophy's preparations are completed, and she comes into the sitting-room to have a last talk with Bertha.

The days have slipped by quickly. There has been so much to do, and Aunt Sophy has no aftertime to count on, for she and Mr. Williams are to start for Rome a week hence. Bertha's father had been very generous towards her, and Miss Ashton is disappointed at the girl's indifference. Mary and Anne Greville, who are to be her bridesmaids, are far more interested about the *trousseau* than the bride herself is.

"What can it matter?" Bertha says, when her aunt ventures a gentle remonstrance; "Michael only cares about me, not about my clothes, and I only care for what he likes."

Michael is her one thought—not Michael himself, but the time he spends with her—for she has grown to live on his visits and dream away the time between them in bright imaginings of her coming life. If she has shown scanty interest, at least she has not interfered with Miss Ashton's arrangements. There has been only one cloud across this bright unreal dreaming time.

On Michael's next visit he asked her to go with him and call on his cousin Miss Fraser before she started for Scotland.

Bertha longed to refuse, but she was too timid.

Miss Fraser has been cold and formal, "a hateful mannish sort of woman" in Bertha's eyes, and she rejoiced to learn that Michael's cousin would not return in time to be present at the marriage.

Bertha was sitting doing nothing; when her aunt came in she had not even a book. And for once Aunt Sophy sat down beside her niece without even her knitting to occupy her.

Bertha sat silent. This was the end of her girl's life, to-morrow she should be free, and oh! how happy. Never should she know dulness again. The prospect of the larger, richer home which would henceforth be hers never mingled in her dreams of the future, except that it was to be the scene of her happiness.

Aunt Sophy sat silent too, but at last she gave a troubled sigh. Bertha turned quickly and looked at the delicate, tender face.

"Aunt Sophy"—there is a little choked sob in her voice—"I shall miss you sadly when we come back; there are so many things you could teach me, about house-keeping, I mean."

"I do not think you will miss me for that reason, dear; even if I were here I don't think I should advise you, Bertha; I should leave you to Miss Fraser; she has kept house for Michael so many years that she must understand his tastes far better than I could."

"Your housekeeping is good enough for anyone," says Bertha, and she squeezes her aunt's hand tightly. "I do not seem to care for Miss Fraser's advice. I fancy she will patronise, and I shall always feel awkward with her, she is so dignified and self-possessed."

The old rebellious look came into her face. Aunt Sophy saw it, and she sighed. She got up and fidgetted with Bertha's dressing-case—a present from her cousin Frank. He had written Bertha an affectionate letter, but he was not to be present at her wedding.

"Bertha"—Aunt Sophy looked up suddenly—"I believe I am going to say something foolish, and yet I can't help saying it. I want to give you some advice about your future life."

Bertha looked surprised. It was new to hear Aunt Sophy offer advice; but that she, in her single estate, should presume to judge for a married woman seemed absurd.

Aunt Sophy hesitated, and then she went on nervously—

"Bertha, my darling, you have a warm heart, and you will love your husband dearly. He deserves your love, dear; but try not to be vexed. You must watch over yourself; you are too exacting and impulsive for your own happiness." Bertha drew her hand away, but her aunt went on earnestly: "Life is made up of tiny trifles; in the least of these yield your own

will up to your husband's guidance. You must trust him, dear, even more than you love him."

"I can't do that; I love him with all my strength. Faith cannot be greater than love, Aunt Sophy."

"If it is not, love will make shipwreck."

Miss Ashton speaks very earnestly. Bertha is touched. For a moment she longs to put off to-morrow, and stay longer with this wise, gentle monitor, whose wisdom she never felt till now. What, then, has Aunt Sophy been studying her quietly all these years, while she has been thinking her aunt beneath her level? Can it be that she might have had all these years the help she has needed if she had been less contemptuous; but there is her father at the gate, it is too late for regrets.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE FIRST CLOUD.

THERE is a paradise in even human life, but it is not certainly a paradise to all who pass through it. Possibly, in some cases, it may be more akin to purgatory. Why was it called honeymoon? It is surely more a foretaste of the enduring joy of married life than a cloying satiety of it—perhaps a joy which rarely comes again in the same exquisite degree, partly because so long as man is merely human there must be a special delight in every new sensation, and also because rarely afterwards in life are man and wife able to give themselves so wholly to the companionship of each other as they can in those first few weeks of marriage. Old ties have been severed, new ones are yet to make—the pair stand for the time alone in the world, isolated even from a home, and this isolation which makes the honeymoon the perfection of joy to true lovers, must make it flat, almost unendurable, to those who have married on tepid liking. One has heard of people taking books to read during this period, when surely each ought to be to each the most sufficing book that ever was written. Together for the first time in uninterrupted security, able to talk at will, or, better still, to sit idle, dreaming away happy hours, only conscious of each other's presence; it might be well in the tepid cases to take a couple of companions on the wedding journey, so as to help the monotony of the situation.

But these two married lovers, Michael and Bertha, have been very happy—not equally so. Perhaps people are rarely

equally happy at the same time. To Michael the brief holiday has been cloudless, each day happier than its yesterday. His young wife is still shy, but he thinks this will soon wear off; meantime her bright enthusiasm and her fresh simplicity are a constant and delightful variety. He is too happy, even, to wish that her love was more demonstrative. Michael's nature is a patient one; he trusts fully where he loves, and he feels that this will come when Bertha's shyness leaves her. To the girl the time has been a delicious dream, but there is a tiny cloud, as yet only a speck on the horizon. Michael is a hero—she worships him. His love for her goes beyond all she had pictured; but when she begins a little sentimental talk, he has a way of turning it into nonsense, or interrupting it by a kiss or fond petting words, and though these are pleasures, yet it is not the pleasure she was striving for. And although Bertha's self-will has slumbered since she left Vine Cottage, from lack of provocation, her husband's fond devotion has not in any way subdued it. She feels more like a child with him than she felt at Vine Cottage, but the feeling is one of delicious happiness so far. The cloud is there, but it keeps well out of sight. They came home from Scotland two days ago, and Bertha felt doubly child-like as her husband took her over the spacious old house.

Miss Fraser has superintended all the new furnishings and preparations, and the perfect order of all makes Bertha feel helpless and uncomfortable.

Michael takes her everywhere, even into the store-room, with its labelled jars and shelves, and he points out the various arrangements Rachel has made for her special comfort. Bertha murmurs her thanks, but she feels quite unworthy to be Miss Fraser's successor.

"I must go back to work this morning," says Michael, "but I hear Rachel has come home, and I should like you to call on her to-day, my darling. We both owe her some thanks for the order she has established."

Bertha shrank away from him in sudden terror.

"Oh, no, indeed I cannot go alone; if you leave the museum an hour earlier you can go with me."

She did not look at her husband, but he kept his eyes fixed on her. She did not

know how plainly her vexation and self-will showed in her face. It was the first time her temper had been tried since her wedding-day.

Michael Helder looked surprised, then grave, but he spoke in a pleasant voice.

"I must work extra hard after such a long holiday."

Bertha's face flushed deeply; the old wild wilfulness so long lulled by her husband's devotion to her slightest wish, broke loose and overleaped her shyness at a bound.

"Then I shall stay at home. I have not been accustomed to call upon strangers by myself, and—and—I can't. I can never feel at ease with Miss Fraser; you could go with me if you chose; it is very hard and unjust."

Michael stood still, electrified; it seemed to him that he had not understood Bertha's words. There was silence for a moment, and then the girl's torrent of passion swept by; she threw herself on her knees and flung her arms impetuously round her husband.

"Can you forgive me," she sobbed; then looking up at him with streaming eyes, "Oh, Michael, you see how wicked I am. Don't leave off loving me for this wild, wayward temper." She clung to him in terror.

He stooped down and took her fondly in his arms.

"No fear of that," he said, soothingly, and then he parted her hair off her forehead, and kissed her as one kisses a refractory child. "There, there," for she was sobbing passionately, with the unstrung agony of a timid nature, which has forced itself into that which is unnatural; "but, my darling, you wrong yourself and me, too, by this impulsiveness. Why, I had scarcely taken in that you were angry with me, so I have nothing to forgive deserving such sweet humility."

She got one hand between hers and kissed it passionately; but she was not satisfied.

He went off to the museum without saying anything more about his cousin, and Bertha stayed where he left her, thinking.

Shame and sorrow had their turn, and she wept fresh tears that her resolution never to vex her husband as she had so often vexed others, had been so soon broken, but as her tears dried doubt rose.

"Michael does not love me as I love him," she thought; "he would know when I was angry even if I did not speak."

But this was more vexation than conviction. Again, she told herself she ought to be sorry for her vehemence. She would strive to atone for it by obeying Michael's wish; she would go and see Miss Fraser.

She dressed herself with extra care. "Miss Fraser is just the sort of woman to be critical," she thought, and she started.

She felt wretchedly nervous, and yet a heroine. She was doing that which was a positive pain to her solely to please her husband, and every step that took her nearer Michael's cousin diminished the loving penitence which had followed quickly on her anger. She was gradually justifying herself by proving the truth of her repugnance.

"I almost wish," she had just reached the quiet street in which Miss Fraser had taken a house, "that Michael had been angry; he was so cool. Has he deep feelings, I wonder, or are they so deep that I cannot reach them? I would like him to be angry better than so calm and indifferent, and yet would I?—it would be dreadful to make him really angry."

Here the door was opened, and she had to come out of her reverie.

Michael was far less cool on his way to the museum than he had seemed to his wife. He was not impetuous, and Bertha was not wrong when she said his feelings lay deep; but for all that she had power to reach them, and she had roused them painfully this morning. He was not angry, he was only debating seriously with himself if he knew how to guide and help his wife.

"It might have been better to leave her to reflect," he thought; "but how could any one be angry with her? Why, she was penitent before I had realised her petulance—and it is only petulance; she is a child, and she is such a modest darling she shrinks from strangers. I am sure Rachel will be charmed with her; they will get on much better alone—without me."

He resolved to tell his wife at once that he wished her to see as much as possible of his cousin Rachel.

"She is left so totally alone without aunt or mother; and I am so totally unfit to guide her in domestic matters that Rachel's advice becomes a necessity."

CHAPTER XIX.—BERTHA AND RACHEL.

THIS was how Bertha and Miss Fraser were getting on. It was the first visit Bertha had paid, and she started and flushed a little at hearing the announcement—

"Mrs. Helder!"

She had planned out the interview in her imaginative fashion. She should look so calm and collected that Miss Fraser would be quite unable to patronise, but the simple startled feeling at entering the room scattered her wits and left her shy and confused.

Miss Fraser came forward smiling; she held out both hands and kissed her visitor. Bertha saw that she was older, less handsome than she had fancied. She looked round the room, its stiffness and want of ornament repelled her; there was not anything to notice, not any of the flowers which she had so much admired in her own rooms, and which she fancied had been placed there by Miss Fraser.

Michael had not told her that the flowers had been ordered by himself with special reference to her tastes.

Bertha thought Miss Fraser very dignified. She asked about their journey, and for a time conversation went on briskly.

"You are sure Michael is quite well?"—with a look of keen inquiry; she had already asked how he was.

"Yes." Bertha felt wounded, and yet she hardly knew why. Miss Fraser again asked questions about the journey, and Bertha answered coldly.

"You were not long enough in the Highlands to appreciate the scenery," she said.

"Oh yes." A sudden remembrance brought color to Bertha's cheeks and light to her eyes, and she spoke impetuously. "I don't think one wants time or teaching to admire the beautiful—it is an innate power; and a glimpse caught in a hurried journey may stir one person's heart as strongly as a month of contemplation would move another's who has no inborn sense of beauty."

She stopped, ashamed of having thus spoken out her feelings. She stole a conscious shame-faced glance at Miss Fraser.

Miss Fraser was smiling, it seemed to Bertha half in surprise, half in contempt.

"You are very romantic, I see," she said.

In an instant the girl was calm.

"She despises me, does she! Poor thing, she could never understand me, and I feel as if I should hate her. How can Michael like her? Is it because she is clever? Yes, she is clever, and that is what makes her so repelling. She is a clever, sensible woman, and I detest sensible people."

Miss Fraser was puzzling about Bertha. "I suppose," she thought, "love blinds men. To me she is silly and wanting in manner, and certainly she is not good-tempered." A few more sentences were interchanged, and then conversation languished, as it is apt to languish when people begin to dislike one other.

Bertha rose to go away, and Miss Fraser made no offer to kiss her. She held her hand, and looked as if she had some special words to say; but she hesitated, and the girl was too shy to draw her hand away.

"Good-by," she said, quietly, "give my love to Michael. I hope we shall be good friends; if you make Michael happy, we must be." An indignant flash in Bertha's eye warned her. "You must not be angry"—Miss Fraser's voice was just a little harder, her head a little more erect—"if I say that you are singularly blessed in your husband, Bertha."

Bertha murmured something, and felt like a freed bird when her hand was at last released.

"Poor dear Michael!" The door closed on Bertha, and the woman who had seemed so chill and unsympathetic, put her handkerchief to her eyes, which were brimming over. "Ah! what a mistake he has made. His life was dull, perhaps, but it was peaceful and contented. Now it will be full of jars and misunderstandings. This girl is too young and undeveloped. At Michael's age he is much more easily worried than a younger man would be. To think of my dear cousin being vexed and made uncomfortable—poor fellow! he will soon find out his mistake."

Miss Fraser was full of virtuous indignation; she had forced herself to receive her cousin's wife kindly, and in return she had received haughty looks and cold words. Michael must be miserable with this impulsive, self-willed wife; it did not occur to her that the undisciplined nature might suffer more severely than that which had been more schooled. In her heart Miss Fraser disbelieved in Bertha's love;

she and her friends had inveigled Michael, and had hurried on the marriage lest they should lose so good an offer.

"So very extraordinary for the lady's friends to hurry matters, and then to go away abroad even before the girl comes home. People certainly do very strange things."

Bertha walked quickly home; she did not dare to think till she reached her own room, then her anger broke loose.

"Oh, that woman! And she thinks she understands Michael better than I do. As if I want teaching how to make him happy! I know I am not good enough for him—not half or a quarter good enough; but then it is enough for me to know it, and wish I was better; it is not his cousin's business to tell me. I can be humble enough if I am left to myself; no one can ever submit to reproof from a person who has no right to give it. I will do anything Michael likes, nothing for any one else. That woman is hateful; she stirs up every bad feeling in me. I never felt so angry in my life—I feel it still! Interfering old busybody! as if Michael was ever so happy with her as he has been with me!" She paused here; the remembrance of the morning came back vividly. "But that was only once, and if I am quite determined I shall never be cross to him any more. After all, I am glad he knows how wicked I can be, it makes me feel more honest."

The afternoon passed, and the time for Michael's return arrived.

Bertha wished the little scene of the morning blotted out; she realised that great truth of Love—that a wound always leaves a trace of its presence. She wished more than ever that her hasty words had been left unsaid, and yet with her usual unreality she did not believe that Michael had taken them to heart.

"The best way is to be as good as possible when he comes home."

Bertha has taken far more pride in her dress since marriage than she ever did before, and this evening she wears a white dress and blue ribbons, because Michael likes her best in white.

Michael has had the drawing-room furnished, but he has had a small room partitioned off from it, and this, which leads into Bertha's bedroom, is her special home.

She stays here waiting her husband's return, but he comes in so late to-day that

he goes off to his dressing-room after just looking in at her and giving her a kiss.

"Go down and say I am ready, darling; I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

"I have been to see Miss Fraser." Bertha was anxious to tell him, and more anxious to avoid any discussion about his cousin.

Michael came back at once; he kissed her very tenderly.

"Thank you so much, Bertha; I am very grateful to you."

He hurried off, and Bertha felt as if she were set free from the dread which had been tormenting her. She had told him, and he was pleased; and now she should hear no more of that dreadful Miss Fraser.

She looked round her room. The partition had been hung with old tapestry, and on the opposite side was a quaint Japanese screen. She had found some of her favorite books in the little ranges of dark oak shelves niched on each side of the window; there was old blue china on the high mantelshelf, a rich Indian carpet under her feet, and flowers everywhere, on the little old-fashioned black table, on Bertha's writing-table in the window-seat—everywhere that a place could be found for them. She sighed. "I wrong him—I am sure I do. He could not consider these things necessary for me if he thought I was only a child."

There was not much talk during dinner; but the days had lengthened out, and they went and sat together in the waning light in the room where Michael had told his cousin of his engagement. Michael wanted to give the advice he had planned, but he thought he had better wait until his wife began to talk about her visit. Her silence puzzled him.

The light faded. Bertha's face was turned away so that shadow fell on it.

"How quiet you are, darling," he said at last. "I want to hear how you got on with Rachel. I want you to be great friends."

Bertha had been lounging against her husband's shoulder. She sat suddenly erect.

"Friends! why, she is old enough to be my mother!"

Michael did not try to draw her nearer. He did not answer at once.

"You have had a great loss in your Aunt Hester, my darling. I am very ignorant and useless, I fear, and I think Rachel will

help you very much." His voice grew graver as he went on. Bertha turned her face yet more away, but he felt sure she was displeased. "I am not blaming you, darling," he said, very earnestly; "but housekeeping has to be learnt, like everything else; it is quite a matter of routine; and, Bertha, you will be happier all through your life if you master these little necessary difficulties at the outset."

It was so very hard to speak in this way to her that his voice stiffened; he paused for his wife's answer, but it did not come.

"She is trying to be self-controlled," he thought, and he waited.

"You don't agree," he laughed; but there was a thrill in his voice, and Bertha heard it.

Michael could not understand her, she must give up that hope; but he was fond of her, and she would never be angry with him again.

"I agree to all you wish. Probably it is good to learn housekeeping young." Then she jumped up and went to the window. "How fast it gets dark! Shall I ring for lights? I want to write to my father."

She spoke so easily and naturally that Michael was deceived; he thought she was tired of the subject, and he would not recur to it. He got up and rang for lights himself.

"I shall not let you write a long letter," he said; "I want you to sing to me."

Bertha did not answer; she either was or affected to be busy at the writing-table.

The candles came and were lighted. Michael took up a book, but his eyes often travelled to the corner where Bertha sat, her pen still moving across the paper. She ended at last.

"I am so very sleepy that I had better go to bed," she said. "Good night, dear; I shall fall asleep directly."

It seemed to Michael that his wife was not quite natural, almost that it would have been well to ask her what ailed her. But this was only a passing thought, put aside at once.

"We have had discussion enough for one day," he thought. "Most likely she is tired, and she is not much pleased with Rachel. The poor child is afraid I shall talk housekeeping again. What a timid little darling it is!"

Mr. Helder went up into his study and smoked his pipe, and thought what a lucky fellow he was in the possession of such a

wife. It is sometimes possible for a girl of eighteen to be more clear-sighted than a man of thirty-five.

Bertha walked up and down her room, as if by rapid movement to quiet the tumult of her thoughts.

Every now and then came passionate fragments of speech, but no tears to calm her passion.

"What a mockery life is. Does it not seem perfect in this house? I have all I wish for—more than I ever cared to have, and my husband loves me. No, not loves; he is fond and kind."

There was a sob in her voice, but she did not cry.

"Oh, why do I love him so passionately, with all the strength and depth I have? and he could love me differently, he has the power." She stopped in her walk, and put one hand to her forehead. "That has all been my mistake. I thought he cared for me because he appreciated me. I thought he recognised that there was something different in me from other girls"—she began to laugh at herself. "All he thinks of is to make me like others—like Miss Fraser, a mere commonplace house-keeper. Why?"—she stamped her foot with sorrowful vehemence—"a mere servant could be all he wants me to be! And how happy I have been all these weeks! I thought the dream of my life was realised. Life!"—she clasped both hands on the top of her head, and stood leaning against the wall—"all these years I have been feeling no one understood me. I was always misjudged, unappreciated. I felt in a chrysalis existence; it seemed to me there must be a life beyond so much brighter, so full of joy and sympathy, and that if I only waited I must emerge into it. Well, I have emerged; I have known this brief butterfly bliss, and I say life is a mockery; for all this joy I believed in is only delusion—gone already."

Tears at last, but they were too bitter to give relief.

"And I, who have always longed for freedom—and now I would not be free if I could! I shall never be treated harshly or unkindly, oh no! I am Michael's plaything; his little friend, but not his idol; not what I was so vain as to believe myself. Well, why should I struggle? I must try and be all he wishes—try to learn of this pattern of common-sense and domestic economy. I suppose I shall grow

used to it in time. Ah, Aunt Sophy! I used to say there was bondage at Vine Cottage, but that was freedom. I was not understood, but I was let alone. No one wanted me to be somebody else. Surely there is no slavery so close as this unappreciating affection!"

Her tears had dried; she was weary—spent with sorrow.

A sudden fear arose that her husband might come up-stairs and notice her agitation. She rang her bell, told her maid she did not want her, and made as much haste as she could.

She was still afraid that her husband might renew the subject of Miss Fraser, so she feigned to be fast asleep.

CHAPTER XX.—A VISIT FROM FRANK.

"MR. WILLIAMS, ma'am."

She was sitting in her own little room, at her desk. In the bright morning light her forebodings grew faint and untrue; but she was still so deeply moved, that she had actually begun a sketch in poetry, called, "A Heart's Trial." It was not the kind of verse usually scribbled off by love-sick girls; it was rugged and incorrect, but it sparkled with real creative power, and there was much depth of thought.

She started up at the announcement, and pushed her paper aside. Her eyes were full of glad surprise, which faded at the sight of her cousin Frank.

"Ah"—he laughed, and his pleasant, joyous face brought back so many childish memories that Bertha had to struggle against a sob—"you thought I was uncle; I ought to have said, 'Frank Williams,' but you are glad to see me, are you not?"

She was looking glad enough, holding out both her small hands by way of welcome, her dark eyes full of delight.

"Glad! I should think so; I did not know you were in town, or most likely I should have written, or Michael would, to ask you to come."

She was in a flutter of excitement, and she was anxious to show Frank how perfectly happy she was.

"You look very well," says Frank, and then he looks round him. "What a jolly room, Bertha; your husband is a man of taste, evidently; but I forget; of course, he is an admirable Crichton in every respect, or madame would not be content. Why," he looked at the slender hand near-

est him, "what a thick wedding-ring; you are chained up for life, and no mistake!"

Bertha flushed up to her forehead, the words fitted strangely with some of the lines she had been writing.

She gave a little forced laugh, which made Frank look at her earnestly.

"Where have you been?" she said, "and what have you been doing? Come, give an account of yourself."

Frank reddened this time. "I have been at the sea-side."

"At this time of year! Frank, you are hoaxing me."

"I went to Dover first on business, and there I met with some old friends of my mother's, the Lucases, and they asked me to go to them at River, so I went."

"River! I never heard of such a place. Is it pretty?"

"That is exactly what it is—charmingly pretty; a tiny stream flows through meadows just now enamelled with wild flowers; the cottages even are pretty; it seems as if poverty and squalor had been banished from the place."

Bertha looks mischievous. "Frank, what has come to you? you are talking as I used to talk." She fixed her dark eyes on him, and he again grew red. "You are in love, Frank." Frank leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"What a witch you are! That's the surprising part of you women; you take a leap in the dark, without the slightest notion you will reach firm ground at all, and yet you make wonderful discoveries."

"You dear old Frank!" She got up and shook hands with him impulsively. "Oh, I am so glad; now I can return all your good wishes. Now tell me all about it." She drew her chair nearer him, rested her elbows on her knees, clasping her face between her hands.

"She has grown very charming," Frank thought; "she seems so much more at her ease." "You seem so clever about it," he said, "that you had better go on and complete the history. Mind, I have not pleaded guilty. I have no doubt you know the lady's name and all about her."

Bertha looked very serious. She shut her eyes and paused as if she were listening to an inspiration. "I love my love with a P" (she saw Frank blush furiously) "because she is perfect. I should hate her with a P if she pouted, which she doesn't. She took me to the Parsonage

and treated me to pinks and pansies. Her name is Phœbe, and she comes from pretty river —. I have spoken."

Frank started out of his lolling attitude.

"How on earth?"

Bertha was radiant with sauciness.

"Not on earth at all. I have been talking to the spirits, of course, and they tell me everything."

Frank's utter dismay was absurd.

"What a thing love is," she said, shaking her head; "we old married people can of course afford to pity a neophyte like you. But don't you laugh at love any more. Then you have actually forgotten writing to Aunt Sophy a long history of Mrs. Lucas and her daughter Phœbe—widow and daughter to some clergyman near Dover; and I took a prejudice against the name of Phœbe because I happened to be cross. Oh! I am so glad."

"Why—that you were cross?"

"No; but I want to hear about Phœbe. There is no use in asking if she is pretty; of course she is angelically beautiful."

"Do you consider Michael Helder a handsome man?" Frank looked mischievous, and Bertha raised her head out of her hands and sat upright.

"I never discuss my husband."

Frank smiled, and yet he thought the imperious manner suited her very well, and that she was certainly very pretty.

"I am not sure that you will think Phœbe pretty," he said, slowly; "she has a fair complexion and hair, and blue eyes; she is very gentle and sweet-looking; I do not think she is very clever, but she is—oh! so good."

Bertha sighed. She kept a smiling face; but it was hard that Frank, her own cousin, should so undervalue her as to love a girl who did not seem to possess one attribute in common with herself.

"You must bring her to see us," she said. "When shall you be married?"

"Oh! you know that must depend on my briefs. But Phœbe is so good that she has consented to a long engagement, so our marriage will be a contrast in every way to yours. We shall be your poor relations, Bertha."

She smiled, but she did not feel happy. If her own engagement had been longer, Michael might have understood her better. She knew she had been and was still reserved with her husband, but perhaps if he had seen more of her beforehand she

might have begun life with him differently. There was no use in struggling now. "He is fonder of me than I deserve," she thought, "and I must resign myself to a life of mere affection."

"I am sure you will like Phoebe," Frank is saying. "Though she is so quiet and gentle, she is not shy, and she is quite ready to love you;" and then he went on talking on this delightful theme till Bertha could have laughed at the change in her matter-of-fact cousin.

When Frank went away at last, she still sat thinking.

"How he does love Phoebe! and she is, as far as I can gather, a mere goody common-place girl, just like any one else. Are these the ideal women men worship? Well, then, I wish I was not a woman—only I should not like to be a man."

CHAPTER XXI.—HOUSEKEEPING.

WHEN Mr. Helder came home he told his wife he had promised to arrange some business, and he should have to spend the evening away.

"It is your father's business, so I feel less guilty, darling. I told him I would see to it as soon as we got back from Scotland, but I did not count on the appointment being made for evening. It is hard on us both, isn't it, pet?"

Spite of her fancied wrongs, Bertha felt saddened. She had hoped that this evening would wear away the stiffness she felt with her husband. He seemed not to notice it; his manner was quite the same, but she thought he must if it went on.

"Frank has been here," she said.

"Has he?" Mr. Helder smiled so cordially that his former jealousy was evidently forgotten. "I wish you had kept him. I should like to have seen him, and you would have had a companion this evening."

Bertha's sensitiveness was touched. She thought Michael ought not to invite her cousin unless he meant to stay at home and entertain him.

"I think Frank would like best to come when you are at home."

"Well, then"—Mr. Helder felt the change in her voice, but he would not notice it—"write and ask him to come to-morrow. Suppose you ask Rachel too"—he kept his eyes off Bertha's face—"and the cousins can make acquaintance."

"Won't you write to Miss Fraser?" she

said, in a beseeching voice, "I write so badly."

"You dear little goose; why, I have never had a note from you yet; it will be a new sensation, when I get one; but give me some paper and I will write to Rachel."

He seated himself at his wife's desk. She had cleared away her manuscripts, but still she felt guilty. How little Michael guessed at the sorrowful story lying there under his hand.

There was not time for any questioning; directly dinner was over Mr. Helder went away.

"I leave you to plan and think out your first dinner," he said, laughing. "However, I believe the new cook has a reputation in that way. Still, you must show her you understand hospitality."

Think out a dinner. Bertha would much rather have puzzled out a school problem.

"What are cooks for?" she groaned.

As yet she knew little of Michael's tastes, and her utterly unobservant habits made her perplexity worse.

"The only way, of course, is to order everything that is nice, and then he can't help being pleased. I shall order soup and fish, green-pea soup and codfish, and lamb, and a ham, and some pheasants to come after, and the cook may settle the pudding. I remember Michael said he liked damson tart and cream, and of course there must be strawberries. I don't think Michael minds about expense, so there can be peaches too. It is a great trouble to have to think about such trifles, and I think we won't often have people to dinner."

She had so disliked any trouble about dress or shopping, that she was quite ignorant of the value of money. It gave her no satisfaction to find that she had married a man in easy circumstances. She liked to see her tastes gratified in having pleasant things about her, but the value of them was perfectly indifferent. She was rather sorry to find that there were three maids instead of two to see after and pay wages to, only it was pleasant that there should be some one to lay put her dresses for her and brush them and put them away, and, above all, to mend them if they got torn out of gathers; also some one who would see that her bonnet-strings were fresh, and put new ones when needed, for crumpled bonnet-strings had been a sore

point—she never noticed such trifles. Aunt Sophy had always said Bertha would never make a poor man's wife, and yet it may be that the constant discipline of such a life might have been helpful.

She did not show Michael her bill of fare next morning, but as soon as he went off to the Museum she sent for the cook.

The cook had scarcely seen her young mistress since the morning after her arrival. She was a broad-faced, heavy-browed, thick-lipped woman, good-natured, and yet with an unpleasant sarcasm in her dull grey eyes.

She scanned Bertha's face closely, and noted with satisfaction the dreamy eyes, and hesitating, timid manner. Cook felt reassured about perquisites.

"We are going to have a lady and gentleman to dinner, cook; and Mr. Helder said—at least, I mean"—Bertha made a struggle for self-assertion, she thought cook was looking too profoundly respectful—"I want to order dinner;" and then she read out her list.

Cook's face grew graver. "There's little as you can't get in London most times, ma'am; but pheasants in June can't be; green-pea soup is dear now, seeing the backwardness of peas; and cod never is seasonable in June."

Bertha felt alarmed, but she would not surrender at first beginning.

"Not that I really care, only Michael would—no, I won't give up everything. Ah, well, order salmon, then, or some other fish; but I will keep to the soup, and you can have something else like pheasants."

"Ducklings, ma'am. What else besides the lamb and the ham?"

Bertha fancied she saw a smile, and her dignity rose. She forgot Michael's allusion to the cook's gifts.

"Nothing else. You can arrange the sweets, and be sure there is a nice dessert—strawberries and peaches."

She spoke so decidedly that cook did not offer a remonstrance; only she went down-stairs and held forth to her fellow-maidens on the ignorance of the young lady.

"She's a thorough lady," said cook, "one sees that by her helpless ways; but why need a child like that give orders at all? She should leave it to them that

know. I spose it's as much as my place is worth to say another word, for she don't know the value of a good cook, no doubt; and no one can blame me if I follow out my orders. If Mr. Helder makes any observation"—cook concluded with a loftiness which greatly impressed her fellows—"I shall say I was engaged to cook—not to give advice."

Bertha sat in the drawing-room to-day. "It is better to show Miss Fraser at once that I consider her only an acquaintance. I used to dislike the old saying, 'Familiarity breeds contempt;' but in this case I believe it; I mean always to be extremely polite to Miss Fraser."

It was a great relief that Frank arrived first. Michael Helder met his cousin in the gallery, so they came in together. He took her up to Bertha, and looked surprised at the formal meeting. It seemed as if he strove by his warmth of manner towards Frank to show Bertha how he wished his cousin to be treated. It was a relief when dinner was announced and Frank took the mistress of the house down-stairs.

The first course passed off quietly. Mr. Helder had not seen his cousin since his return, and it was natural that they should talk, and Frank was glad to monopolize Bertha; but when the roast lamb and the ham were placed on the table Michael gave an uneasy glance first at his wife and then at Rachel.

Bertha saw the look and grew nervous. She saw her husband speak to the servant behind his chair, and she saw that the woman shook her head. Then, spite of herself, she stole a glance at Miss Fraser. She was smiling, not unkindly, but as if she were striving to gloss over some manifest absurdity.

For an instant Bertha felt as if she must run away. She could not sit still and be laughed at by Miss Fraser before her husband's face.

The next moment she regained the strange power she had of concealing her real feelings. She turned to Frank, and utterly ignoring the presence of any one besides him, she went off into one of her most flighty moods, teasing, quizzing, exaggerating, and drawing her cousin on into the same vein.

She never even looked towards Miss

Fraser. Even when dinner was over she still went on, till even Frank wondered when she meant to leave the table.

"Shall I ring for coffee, Bertha?" Mr. Helder said at last.

"Thank you." She smiled, without any trace of confusion, and then she bowed to Miss Fraser and rose from her chair.

Frank was mystified; Miss Fraser was amused, but shocked. Michael Helder was very much annoyed.

CHAPTER XXII.—AFTER-THOUGHTS.

MR. HELDER was puzzled and vexed too. It seemed to him that Bertha could not win his cousin's good opinion. The mistake about the dinner was a trifle, and he could take means to prevent a repetition of it; but this slighting manner was so uncourteous. Bertha was so warm-hearted that he could not have thought she would be rude, especially in her own house. But he kept his trouble from his face, and Frank thought him a capital host.

When they reached the drawing-room, they found the ladies looking over books.

Miss Fraser asked Frank if he had ever been in Scotland, and this provoked a discussion on Scottish scenery. Bertha sat silent at first, but suddenly she contradicted her husband so flippantly that Frank stared.

Michael Helder took no notice, he only turned away, and began to look for some views to show his cousin. Bertha felt pained; she longed to go at once, and say she was sorry. She glanced up in Rachel Fraser's face, and she saw a look of grave displeasure. Without even a momentary effort to check the headlong wilfulness that had seized her, she said something still more silly to her husband, and then shamed by the silence in which this outbreak was received, she began to talk in a low voice to Frank about his engagement. She felt possessed by a desire to shock and surprise Miss Fraser. She never thought that any evil construction could be put on her behavior; she was sure Michael would not mind, and so the evening passed away, the only really happy person being Frank, for Bertha sat listening to his confessions with an interest feigned beyond that which she really felt.

Miss Fraser rose at last, and said good night.

"I will see you home," Michael said,

when she came to him; then he turned to his wife, "Don't you sit up Bertha, you are very tired now."

Frank said good night, and they all went away and left Bertha to think over her evening.

It is very strange, often very painful, to look back and see how ill a programme has been executed, to place side by side the picture created in theory, and the distortion we have made by allowing impulse and impatience to mar our intention.

Bertha had determined beforehand that Miss Fraser would be cross and critical, and she had resolved to show to advantage beside her. Then Michael would see his mistake, and how impossible it was to expect them to be friends.

And what had happened? Michael had slighted her before Frank; he had gone away angry. No, he would never be angry; she began to understand him better now, he would be grave and dignified, but he would never call her to account.

"Oh, I cannot bear it—I cannot. I can't live shut up in this prison of restraint. I will tell Michael all I feel, all I want, and try and begin better. This misery will kill me!" She broke down sobbing, and hid her face in her hands.

"A pretty beginning I am making!" There was a sorrowful smile on her face. "Michael told me not to sit up; and here I am crying my eyes out. Fancy Rachel Fraser crying! I don't believe she could, and she is plainly Michael's model. Why, he scarcely spoke to me at all after she came. No! unless I want to make him quite leave off loving me I must be quiet and self-controlled; he must never know what an impulsive, unregulated creature he has married. Ah, he would not have married me if he had known."

More than once before she laid her aching head to rest, she repented her resolution. Surely if she opened all her heart to her husband, he must take her part, and he would understand this dislike which made her feel so wicked in Miss Fraser's presence, and then a dread lest she should fail—a kind of new shivering fear that she might widen the distance which seemed to have opened between herself and her husband conquered, and she fell asleep resolved to maintain her reserve.

She did not waken when her husband

came in softly, and looked at her. The tears had dried on her hot, flushed cheeks, she looked like a sleeping child, except that there was a sorrowful expression round the rosy lips, and while Michael stood gazing the long curved eyelashes quivered with a deep-drawn sob.

"Poor darling, she has a bad dream, and yet I will not waken her," he said, fondly; and then he turned away, and sighed too. He felt that he needed help to guide this fitful, wild child, and he had no one to help him.

"I could have spoken to her aunt; or if she would make a friend of Rachel she might gain much that she needs, only little trifles; but that hope is almost over. After what passed this evening, even I cannot expect Rachel to make advances towards Bertha."

In the short walk to her house Miss Fraser had not mentioned his wife's name. She had talked only of himself, his health, his interests, with a solicitude that had made his heart ache. He longed so much with that strange pertinacity with which some men cling to the impossible that this strong, capable, warm-hearted woman should include his wife too in the love she bore himself. He knew her care for his happiness too well not to be sure that if she could have found something to praise in Bertha she would not have failed to do it.

At breakfast-time he laughed about the dinner. "Cook ought to have told you," he said; "another time you must show me your bill of fare. I still wish you would take counsel with Rachel on this point; she is the best housekeeper I know."

"I wish you would teach me yourself."

She was so anxious to keep her voice steady that she spoke coldly.

"I cannot teach you what I don't understand, Bertha; I can only show you how you may learn; if I were a woman I think I should like to be a clever housekeeper."

He did not recur to the subject; but it remained like an unburied memory between them. More than once he resolved to speak to his wife and ask her what had caused the coldness which he felt, though he could not have said in what it consisted; but he shrank from the idea of giving pain. Here was this young friendless girl, deprived for the time at least

of her natural advisers; it seems to the man's tender heart that he must shield her from even the shadow of a vexation.

He never spoke of housekeeping or of his cousin Rachel; he would not recur to anything which might seem to have a link with that unfortunate evening. He tried to praise some small attempt at housewifely knowledge which he fancied his wife displayed.

His praise was received with a forced smile, and with a colder manner than ever.

"Poor fellow." Bertha went up to her own room as soon as he had started for the museum. "He is teaching me how to please him; how lowering to feel that one must bring oneself down to studying such trifles to please such a man. I read once in some book that clever men dislike clever women. I did not believe it then, but I do now. A girl may be a pretty doll so far as real intellect goes; but if she can work well at her needle and understand housekeeping, she is all that can be desired. But then Michael did not fall in love with me for those qualities. I am not pretty enough to have attracted him in that way; besides, he is too high-minded to care about looks. I thought he liked talking to me; and now he has tired of that already; why, only last night when I was talking about those Nineveh discoveries, he said it was too learned for him. I begin to think that saying means that clever men think women their inferiors. They keep real talk for men and consider that nonsense does for us. What is to become of a woman's mind if her own husband talks nonsense to her?" she exclaimed, in a feverish despair.

Days went by; Frank called, and Bertha felt half-ashamed at meeting him. She wondered if he had noticed the way in which Michael had passed by her slippancy.

"Frank would not treat Phoebe slightly before me," she thought; "but then Phoebe is so very good and proper that she could not do anything incorrect. I wonder how it feels to be born good, and to do everything that is expected of one. Oh, how smooth life must be, and how dull—but some women are born to bondage. You can see it in little girls who enter the room quietly, and always keep their hair smooth, and their white frocks clean and straight; little girls who make

dolls' clothes, and like playing with dolls better than reading, and I used to think that these were the girls who ought to keep single, or to marry men as mediocre as themselves. I see now they have all the qualities desirable in a wife. Mental companionship or sympathy is a failing, not a gift."

But this was more sarcasm than conviction—the puzzle lay beyond her ken. Rachel Fraser was no mere commonplace doll; she was a clever, hard, strong-minded woman, and from the talk to which Bertha had listened, a woman who had read, and travelled, and observed.

"But then she is not suited for a wife either, or Michael could have married her long ago. He does not find fault with me, but if he were satisfied—if he thought of me as I fancied he did, he would rejoice in having married an untrammelled different kind of creature, and would not try to clip my wings, and level me with her. He may not speak, but I know what he thinks."

Frank came to say that he was going down to Yorkshire on a visit to his mother, and on his return he hoped often to see his cousin.

Bertha fancied his manner toward her was gentler, more affectionate; the way in which he asked after her health brought tears to her eyes.

"Yes, he saw it," she said, when he went away, "and he pities me; he sees that while my husband is my all of life, I am to him a mere corner of existence."

And then she sat down to her desk, and added some vigorously-written sheets to "A Heart's Trials."

And as day by day went by, Michael Helder asked himself yet more earnestly why the cloud did not clear away, and whether it would not be better to risk giving pain—offence even, and open his whole heart in the hope of winning his wife to confidence in him.

(To be continued.)

INSTINCT.

WITH ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON YOUNG ANIMALS.

BY DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.

THE exquisite skill and accurate knowledge observable in the lives of the lower animals, which men generally have regarded as instinctive—born with them—have ever been subjects of wonder. In the hands of the natural theologian, whose armory has been steadily impoverished in proportion as mystery has given way before science, instinct is still a powerful weapon. When the divine expatiates on the innate wisdom and the marvellous untaught dexterity of beasts, birds, and insects, he is in little danger of being checked by the men of science. His learned enemies are dumb when in triumph he asks the old question:

"Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?"

The very little that our psychologists have done for instinct may be told in a few words. The only theory of instinct, of the nature of an explanation, is that put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer as part of

his philosophy of evolution; but, as a theory, it is only beginning to be understood and appreciated among scientific men; while some eminent thinkers question the reality of the phenomena to be explained. Professor Bain, our other psychologist, and his able following of trained disciples, simply discredit the alleged facts of instinct. Unfortunately, however, instead of putting the matter to the test of observation and experiment, they have contented themselves with criticising the few accidental observations that have been recorded, and with arguing against the probability of instinctive knowledge. In defending the Berkeleyian Theory of Vision, Professor Bain, in answer to the assertion that the young of the lower animals manifest an instinctive perception of distance by the eye, contends that "there does not exist a body of careful and adequate observations on the early movements of animals." Writing long ago on the same subject, Mr. Mill also, while admitting that

"the facts relating to the young of the lower animals have been long felt to be a real stumbling-block in the way of the theory," maintains that "our knowledge of the mental operations of animals is too imperfect to enable us to affirm positively that they have this instinct." Denying the facts, however, was not Mr. Mill's mode of saving the theory. He was rather of opinion that the "animals have to us an inexplicable facility both of finding and selecting the objects which their wants require." How very inexplicable, he conceives, their mental operations may possibly be, may be gathered from the fact of his suggesting an experiment to ascertain whether a blind duckling might not find the water as readily as one having sight. The position of the psychologists of the too purely analytical school, however, is not that the facts of instinct are inexplicable; but that they are incredible. This view is set out most explicitly in the article on Instinct in "Chambers's Encyclopædia." Thus: "It is likewise said that the chick recognizes grains of corn at first sight, and can so direct its movements as to pick them up at once; being thus able to know the meaning of what it sees, to measure the distance of objects instinctively, and to graduate its movements to that knowledge—all which is, in the present state of our acquaintance with the laws of mind, wholly incredible." And it is held that all the supposed examples of instinct may be—for anything that has yet been observed to the contrary—nothing more than cases of rapid learning, imitation, or instruction.

Thus it would appear that with regard to instinct we have yet to ascertain the facts. With a view to this end, I have made many observations and experiments, mostly on chickens. The question of instinct, as opposed to acquisition, has been discussed chiefly in connection with the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye and the ear. Against the instinctive character of these perceptions it is argued, that as distance means movement, locomotion, the very essence of the idea is such as cannot be taken in by the eye or ear; that what the varying sensations and feelings of sight and hearing correspond to must be got at by moving over the ground—by experience. On the other hand, it is alleged that, though as regards man the prolonged helplessness of infancy stands in the way of the observer, we have only to

look at the young of the lower animals to see that as a matter of fact they do not require to go through the process of learning the meaning of their sensations in relation to external things; that chickens, for example, run about, pick up crumbs, and follow the call of their mother *immediately* on leaving the shell. For putting this matter to the test of experiment, chickens, therefore, are most suitable and convenient subjects. I have observed and experimented on more than fifty chickens, taking them from under the hen while yet in the eggs. But of these, not one on emerging from the shell was in a condition to manifest an acquaintance with the qualities of the outer world. On leaving the shell they are wet and helpless; they struggle with their legs, wings, and necks, but are unable to stand or hold up their heads. Soon, however, they may be distinctly seen and felt pressing against and endeavoring to keep in contact with any warm object. They advance very rapidly. I have seen them hold up their heads well, peck at objects, and attempt to dress their wings when only between four and five hours old. But there is no difficulty in conceiving that, with great spontaneity and a strong power of association, much might be learned in four or five hours. Professor Bain is of opinion from observations of his own on a newly dropped lamb, that "a power that the creature did not at all possess naturally, got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours." Accordingly, in the absence of precautions, the time that must elapse before chickens have acquired enough control over their muscles to enable them to give evidence as to their instinctive power of interpreting what they see and hear, would suffice to let in the contention that the eye and the ear may have had opportunities of being educated. To obviate this objection with respect to the eye, I had recourse to the following expedient. Taking eggs just when the little prisoners had begun to break their way out, I removed a piece of the shell, and before they had opened their eyes drew over their heads little hoods, which, being furnished with an elastic thread at the lower end, fitted close round their necks. The material of these hoods was in some cases such as to keep the wearers in total darkness; in other instances it was semi-transparent. Some of them were close at the upper end, others had a small aperture bound with an

elastic thread, which held tight round the base of the bill. In this state of blindness—the blindness was very manifest—I allowed them to remain from one to three days. The conditions under which these little victims of human curiosity were first permitted to see the light were then carefully prepared. Frequently the interesting little subject was unhooded on the centre of a table covered with a large sheet of white paper, on which a few small insects, dead and alive, had been placed. From that instant every movement, with the date thereof, as shown by the watch, was put on record. Never in the columns of a Court Journal were the doings of the most royal personage noted with such faithful accuracy. This experiment was performed on twenty separate chickens at different times, with the following results. Almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behavior, however, was in every case conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of experience, of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often at the end of two minutes they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to judge, to measure distance, with something like infallible accuracy. They did not attempt to seize things beyond their reach, as babies are said to grasp at the moon; and they may be said to have invariably hit the objects at which they struck—they never missed by more than a hair's breadth, and that too, when the specks at which they aimed were no bigger, and less visible, than the smallest dot of an *i*. To seize between the points of the mandibles at the very instant of striking seemed a more difficult operation. I have seen a chicken seize and swallow an insect at the first attempt; most frequently, however, they struck five or six times, lifting once or twice before they succeeded in swallowing their first food. The unacquired power of following by sight was very plainly exemplified in the case of a chicken, that, after being unhooded, sat complaining and motionless for six

minutes, when I placed my hand on it for a few seconds. On removing my hand the chicken immediately followed it by sight backward and forward and all round the table. To take, by way of example, the observations in a single case a little in detail:—A chicken that had been made the subject of experiments on hearing, was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it, when a hive-bee coming sufficiently near was seized at a dart and thrown some distance, much disabled. For twenty minutes it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unveiled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was "no road that way." It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight.*

* Since writing this article, I see it stated in Mr. Darwin's new book, "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," that "the wonderful power which a chicken possesses only a few hours after being hatched, of picking up small particles of food, seems to be started into action through the sense of hearing; for, with chickens hatched by artificial heat, a good observer found that 'making a noise with a finger-nail against a board, in imitation of the hen mother, first taught them to peck at their meat.'" My own observations give no countenance whatever to this view:—(1) I have frequently observed chickens finally hatched in a flannel nest over a jar of hot water and left undisturbed for a few hours, begin immediately after the covering was removed, and while they still sat nestling together, to pick at each other's beaks and at specks of oatmeal when these were dropped on them, all noise being as far as possible avoided. (2) Each of the twenty chickens made subjects of the experiment described in the text, began to eat without any assistance from the sense of hearing; the greatest possible

It would be out of place here to attempt to indicate the full psychological bearing of these facts. But this much may be affirmed, that they put out of court all those who are prepared only to argue against the instinctive perception by the eye of the primary qualities of the external world. When stripped of all superfluous learning, the argument against this and every other alleged case of instinctive knowledge is simply that it is unscientific to assume an instinct when it is possible that the knowledge in question may have been *acquired* in the ordinary way. But the experiments that have been recounted are evidence that prior to experience chickens behave as if they already possessed an acquaintance with the established order of nature. A hungry chick that never tasted food is able, on seeing a fly or a spider for the first time, to bring into action muscles that were never so exercised before, and to perform a series of delicately adjusted movements that end in the capture of the insect. This I assert as the result of careful observation and experiment; and it cannot be answered but by observation and experiment at least as extensive. It is no doubt common for scientific men to discredit new facts, for no other reason than that they do not fit with theories that have been raised on too narrow foundations; but when they do this they are only geologists, or psychologists—they are not philosophers.

Before passing to the perceptions of the ear, it may be mentioned that, instead of hooding chickens, which had the advantage of enabling me to make many interesting observations on them when in a state of blindness, I occasionally put a few eggs, when just chipped, into a flannel bag made

for the purpose. In this bag the hatching was completed artificially, and the chickens allowed to remain in the dark from one to three days. When placed in the light they deported themselves as regards sight in the manner already described. For the purpose of merely testing the perceptions of the eye or the ear this is by far the easier experiment. The hooding process requires considerable delicacy of manipulation, and the chickens are very liable to be injured.

With respect now to the space perceptions of the ear, which, in man at least, even Mr. Spencer regards as acquired by each individual. Chickens hatched and kept in the said bag for a day or two, when taken out and placed nine or ten feet from a box in which a hen with chicks were concealed, after standing for a minute or two, uniformly set off straight for the box in answer to the call of the hen, which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did, struggling through grass and over rough ground, when not yet able to stand steadily on their legs. Nine chickens were thus experimented upon, and each individual gave the same positive results, running to the box scores of times, and from every possible position. To vary the experiment I tried the effect of the mother's voice on hooded chickens. These, when left to themselves, seldom made a forward step, their movements were round and round, and backward; but when placed within five or six feet of the mother, they, in answer to her call, became much more lively, began to make little forward journeys, and soon followed her by sound alone, though, of course, blindly, keeping their heads close to the ground, and knocking against everything that lay in their path. Only three chickens were made subjects of this experiment. Another experiment consisted in rendering chickens deaf for a time by sealing their ears with several folds of gum paper before they had escaped from the shell. I tried at different times to stop the ears of a good many in this way, but a number of them got the papers off, others were found not quite deaf, and only three remained perfectly indifferent to the voice of the mother when separated from them by only an inch board. These had their ears opened when between two and three days old, and on being placed within call of the mother hidden in a box, they, after turning round a few times, ran straight to

stillness being maintained and required during the experiment. (3) Chickens picked up food though rendered deaf while yet in the shell. One of these, deprived of both sight and hearing at its birth, was unhooded when three days old, and nine minutes after it vigorously pursued a large blue fly a distance of two feet, pecking at it several times: this bird proved perfectly deaf. Another, with its ears similarly closed, was taken from the dark when a day and a half old, and when an experiment was being tried to ascertain whether it was perfectly deaf—which it turned out to be—it began to pick up and swallow small crumbs. What in this case really surprised me was that, the gum employed in closing its ears having also sealed up one of its eyes, it nevertheless picked up crumbs by sight of its one eye almost if not altogether as well as if it had had two.

the spot whence came what must have been very nearly, if not actually, the first sound they had ever heard. It seems scarcely necessary to make any comment on these facts. They are conclusive against the theory that, in the history of each life, sounds are at first but meaningless sensations; that the direction of the sounding object, together with all other facts concerning it, must be learned entirely from experience.

If now it be taken as established that in the perceptions of the eye and the ear, chickens at least manifest an instinctive knowledge of the relations and qualities of external things, the popular belief that the special knowledge, the peculiar art and skill, so marked in the various species of animals, come to them mostly without the labor of acquisition, is at once freed from all antecedent improbability. In the way of direct evidence, the little that I have been able to observe in this wide field goes to prove that the current notions are in accordance with fact. We have seen that chickens follow the call of their mother before they have had any opportunity of associating that sound with pleasurable feelings; and one or two observations, which must be taken for what they are worth, support the general opinion that they have an equally instinctive dread of their more deadly enemies. When twelve days old one of my little *protégés*, while running about beside me, gave the peculiar chirr whereby they announce the approach of danger. I looked up, and behold a sparrow-hawk was hovering at a great height over head. Having subsequently procured a young hawk, able to take only short flights, I made it fly over a hen with her first brood, then about a week old. In the twinkling of an eye most of the chickens were hid among grass and bushes. The hen pursued, and scarcely had the hawk touched the ground, about twelve yards from where she had been sitting, when she fell upon it with such fury that it was with difficulty that I was able to rescue it from immediate death. Equally striking was the effect of the hawk's voice when heard for the first time. A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand, when the young hawk, in a cupboard just beside us, gave a

shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, and stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry, when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear. Unfortunately, my hawk coming to an untimely end, I was prevented from proceeding with observations of this class. But these few were so marked and unmistakable in their character that I have thought them worth recording.

There are instincts, however, yet to be mentioned, concerning the reality of which I have thoroughly satisfied myself. The early attention that chickens give to their toilet is a very useful instinct, about which there can be no question. Scores of times I have seen them attempt to dress their wings when only a few hours old—indeed as soon as they could hold up their heads, and even when denied the use of their eyes. The art of scraping in search of food, which, if anything, might be acquired by imitation—for a hen with chickens spends the half of her time in scratching for them—is nevertheless another indisputable case of instinct. Without any opportunities of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chickens began to scrape when from two to six days old. Generally, the condition of the ground was suggestive; but I have several times seen the first attempt, which consists of a sort of nervous dance, made on a smooth table. As an example of unacquired dexterity, I may mention that on placing four ducklings a day old in the open air for the first time, one of them almost immediately snapped at and caught a fly on the wing. More interesting, however, is the deliberate art of catching flies practised by the turkey. When not a day and a half old I observed the young turkey already spoken of slowly pointing its beak at flies and other small insects without actually pecking at them. In doing this, its head could be seen to shake like a hand that is attempted to be held steady by a visible effort. This I observed and recorded when I did not understand its meaning. For it was not until after, that I found it to be the invari-

able habit of the turkey, when it sees a fly settled on any object, to steal on the unwary insect with slow and measured step until sufficiently near, when it advances its head very slowly and steadily till within an inch or so of its prey, which is then seized by a sudden dart. If all this can be proved to be instinct, few, I think, will care to maintain that *anything* that can be learned from experience *may* not also appear as an intuition. The evidence I have in this case, though not so abundant as could be wished, may yet, perhaps, be held sufficient. I have mentioned that this masterpiece of turkey cleverness when first observed was in the incipient stage, and, like the nervous dance that precedes the actual scraping, ended in nothing. I noted it simply as an odd performance that I did not understand. The turkey, however, which was never out of my sight except when in its flannel bag, persisted in its whimsical pointing at flies, until before many days I was delighted to discover that there was more in it than my philosophy had dreamt of. I went at once to the flock of its own age. They were following a common hen, which had brought them out; and as there were no other turkeys about the place, they could not possibly learn by imitation. As the result, however, of their more abundant opportunities, I found them already in the full and perfect exercise of an art—a cunning and skilful adjusting of means to an end—bearing conspicuously the stamp of experience. But the circumstances under which these observations were made left me no room for the opinion that the experience, so visible in their admirable method of catching flies, was original, was the experience, the acquisition of those individual birds. To read what another has observed is not, however, so convincing as to see for oneself, and to establish a case so decisive more observation may reasonably be desired; at the same time, it can scarcely be attempted to set aside the evidence adduced, on the ground of improbability, for the *fact* of instinct: all that is involved in this more striking example has, we venture to think, been sufficiently attested.

A few manifestations of instinct still remain to be briefly spoken of. Chickens, as soon as they are able to walk, will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than

to follow a duck, or a human being. Unreflecting on-lookers, when they saw chickens a day old running after me, and older ones following me miles and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures, whereas I simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow; and, as we have seen, their ear prior to experience attaches them to the right object. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. But instincts are not conferred on any principle of supplying animals with arts very essential to them, and which they could not very well learn for themselves. If there is anything that experience would be sure to teach chickens, it would be to take care when they had got a piece of food not to let their fellows take it from them, and from the very first they may be seen to run off with a worm, pursued by all their companions. But this has been so stamped in their nature that, when they have never seen one of their kind, nor ever been disturbed in the enjoyment of a morsel, they nevertheless, when they get something larger than can be swallowed at once, turn round and run off with it.

Another suggestive class of phenomena that fell under my notice may be described as imperfect instincts. When a week old my turkey came on a bee right in its path—the first, I believe, it had ever seen. It gave the danger chirr, stood for a few seconds with outstretched neck and marked expression of fear, then turned off in another direction. On this hint I made a vast number of experiments with chickens and bees. In the great majority of instances the chickens gave evidence of instinctive fear of these sting-bearing insects; but the results were not uniform, and perhaps the most accurate general statement I can give is, that they were uncertain, shy, and suspicious. Of course to be stung once was enough to confirm their misgivings for ever. Pretty much in the same way did they avoid ants, especially when swarming in great numbers.

Probably enough has been said to leave no doubt in minds free from any bias on the subject, that in the more important concerns of their lives the animals are in great part guided by knowledge that they individually have not gathered from experience. But equally certain is it that they do learn a great deal, and exactly in the

way that we are generally supposed to acquire all our knowledge. For example, every chicken, as far as my observations go, has to learn not to eat its own excrement. They made this mistake invariably; but they did not repeat it oftener than once or twice. Many times they arrested themselves when in the very act, and went off shaking their heads in disgust, though they had not actually touched the obnoxious matter. It also appeared that, though thirsty, they did not recognize water by sight, except perhaps in the form of dew-drops on the grass; and they had to some extent to learn to drink. Their first attempts were awkward; instead of dipping in their beaks, they pecked at the water, or rather at specks in the water, or at the edge of the water. All animals have a capacity to learn; each individual must learn the topography of its locality, and numerous other facts. Many dogs, horses, and elephants may be able to learn more than some men. But I have no doubt that observation will bear out the popular belief that what may be called the professional knowledge of the various species—those special manifestations of practical skill, dexterity, and cunning that mark them off from each other, no less clearly than do the physical differences whereon naturalists base their classifications—is instinctive, and not acquired. As we shall see, the creatures have not in a vast multitude of instances the opportunity to acquire these arts. And if they had the opportunity, they have not individually the capacity to do so, even by way of imitation. We have seen as a matter of fact that it is by instinct that the chicken, and, I may now add, the turkey, scratch the surface of the earth in search of insects; also, that the turkey has a method of catching flies so remarkably clever that it cannot be witnessed without astonishment. Now, chickens like flies no less than turkeys, and, though with less success, often try to catch them. But it is a significant fact that they do not copy the superior art. To give every opportunity for imitation, I placed a newly-hatched chicken with my turkey, when the latter was eleven days old. The two followed me about for several weeks, and when I deserted them they remained close companions throughout the summer, neither of them ever associating with the other poultry. But the chicken never caught the

knowing trick of its companion—seemed, indeed, wholly blind to the useful art that was for months practised before its eyes.

Before passing to the theory of instinct, it may be worthy of remark that, unlooked for, I met with in the course of my experiments some very suggestive, but not yet sufficiently observed, phenomena; which, however, have led me to the opinion that not only do the animals learn, but they can also forget—and very soon—that which they never practised. Further, it would seem that any early interference with the established course of their lives may completely derange their mental constitution, and give rise to an order of manifestations perhaps totally and unaccountably different from what would have appeared under normal conditions. Hence I am inclined to think that students of animal psychology should endeavor to observe the unfolding of the powers of their subjects in as nearly as possible the ordinary circumstances of their lives. And perhaps it may be because they have not all been sufficiently on their guard in this matter, that some experiments have seemed to tell against the reality of instinct. Without attempting to prove the above propositions, one or two facts may be mentioned. Untaught the new-born babe can suck—a reflex action; and Mr. Herbert Spencer describes all instinct as “compound reflex action;” but it seems to be well known that if spoon-fed, and not put to the breast, it soon loses the power of drawing milk. Similarly, a chicken that has not heard the call of the mother until eight or ten days old then hears it as if it heard it not. I regret to find that on this point my notes are not so full as I could wish, or as they might have been. There is, however, an account of one chicken that could not be returned to the mother when ten days old. The hen followed it, and tried to entice it in every way; still it continually left her and ran to the house or to any person of whom it caught sight. This it persisted in doing, though beaten back with a small branch dozens of times, and indeed cruelly maltreated. It was also placed under the mother at night, but it again left her in the morning. Something more curious, and of a different kind, came to light in the case of three chickens that I kept hooded until nearly four days old—a longer time than any I have yet spoken of. Each of these on being unhooded evinced the

greatest terror of me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the glass like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and squeezing itself into a corner, remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution—had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me—it could not have been the effect of experience; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organization.

The only theory in explanation of the phenomena of instinct that has an air of science about it, is Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Inherited Acquisition. The laws of association explain our intellectual operations, and enable us to understand how all our knowledge may be derived from experience. A chicken comes on a bee, and, imagining it has found a dainty morsel, seizes the insect, but is stung, and suffers badly. Henceforth bees are avoided; they can be neither seen nor heard without a shudder of fear. Now, if we can realize how such an association as this—how what one individual learns by experience may, in any degree, be transmitted to the progeny of that individual—we have a key to the mystery of instinct. Instinct in the present generation is the product of the accumulated experiences of past generations. The plausibility of this hypothesis, however, is not appreciated by the majority of even the educated portion of the community. But the reason is not far to seek. Educated men, even materialists—their own positive statements to the contrary notwithstanding—have not yet quite escaped from the habit of regarding mind as independent of bodily organization. Hence it is, that while familiar with the idea of physical peculiarities passing by inheritance from one generation to another, they find it difficult to conceive how anything so impalpable as fear at the sight of a bee should be transmitted in the same way. Obviously, this difficulty is not consistent with a thorough belief in the intimate and invariable dependence of all kinds of mental facts on nervous organization. Let us,

if possible, make this clear. The facts of mind that make up the stream of an individual life differ from material things in this important respect, that whereas the latter can be stored up, volitions, thoughts, and feelings, as such, cannot. Facts of consciousness cannot be thought of as packed away like books in a library. They have to be for ever produced, created, one after another; and when gone they are out of existence. Whatever associations may be formed among these, must depend for their permanence on the corresponding impress given to the nervous organism; and why should not this, which is purely physical, be subject to the law of heredity? Look at a friend as he lies in unconscious sleep. His sovereigns are in his pocket, but where is his stock of ideas? where is all he has learned from experience? You have simply a living machine; but such a machine that it can wake and exhibit all the phenomena of what we call a well-informed and cultivated mind. Suppose, now, that while you stand by, another organism, the same in every particle and fibre, is by some mysterious process formed direct from its elements. Outwardly you cannot tell the one from the other; but wake them and how will it be? Even then, will not the one being recognize you, and be as completely and indistinguishably your friend as the other? Will not the newly created man, by virtue of his identical material organization, possess the mind and character, the knowledge and feelings, the past, in a word, the personal identity of the other? I have made this extreme supposition in order that no doubt may be entertained as to the shape in which I hold the doctrine that for every fact of mind there is a corresponding fact of matter, and that, given the material fact, whether produced by repeated experiences in the life history of the individual, or inherited from parents, the corresponding mental fact will be the same. If this view be admitted, there can be no difficulty in conceiving how entrance into life on the part of the animals may be a waking up in a world with which they are, in greater or less degree, already acquainted. Instinct, looked at from its physical side, may be conceived to be, like memory, a turning on of the "nerve currents" on already established tracks: for no reason, we presume, can be suggested why those modifications of brain matter that, endure

ing from hour to hour and from day to day, render acquisition possible, should not, like any other physical peculiarity, be transmitted from parent to offspring. That they are so transmitted is all but proved by the facts of instinct, while these in their turn receive their only rational explanation in this theory of inherited acquisition. But the difficulty of the undisciplined mind lies, as we have said, in an inability to grasp the full significance of the doctrine that, in an individual life, it is the physical part alone that endures from day to day; that, strictly speaking, we cannot feel the same feeling or think the same thought twice over; that only as by pulling the bell-cord to-day we can, in the language of ordinary discourse, produce the sound we heard yesterday, can we, while the established connections among the nerves and nerve-centres hold, live our experiences over again.

This doctrine of inherited acquisition, then, is, to say the least, a good working hypothesis in explanation of all those facts of instinct that may be conceived as built up, compounded out of, the accumulated experiences of innumerable generations. So far good. But it will occur to every reader that the peculiar depths of animal psychology are not yet explored. Two classes of phenomena still lie in the dark. First, there are the many extraordinary and exceptional feats of dogs and other animals, which seem to be constantly falling under the observation of everybody except the few that are interested in these matters. Second, all the more wonderful instincts, especially those of insects, are such that it is hard, if at all possible, to conceive how they ever could have been derived from experience.

With regard to the first, it is not desirable to say much. Though volumes of marvellous stories have been written, I am not aware that any careful experiments have been tried, and, as the performances in question are of an exceptional character, it is perhaps but scientific caution not as yet to put too much stress on them. For my own part, though I have been very intimate with dogs, I have been singularly unfortunate in having never witnessed any of their more incomprehensible clairvoyant-like achievements. I have known them do many surprising things, but I have all ways found that they had, or might have had, something to go upon—enough,

coupled with quick intelligence, to account for their exploits. What may be said in this connection, if, indeed, it be prudent to say anything, is that, while we certainly cannot have all the data of experience from without of all the vastly different living things which people the earth, the air, and the ocean—while we certainly can have no trace of many feelings that arise from changes in the organisms of the different creatures, and which, instinctively interpreted, start them on lines of action—a host of statements, generally accepted as fact, suggest the opinion that even such animals as dogs, are alive to, conscious, sensible of influences that scarcely affect us, or wholly escape our cognition. If this be so, they have a basis of experience from which to start in their calculations that we want, and, if so, well may their actions seem to us, as Mr. Mill said, hopelessly inexplicable. Take, not the most remarkable, but the best-authenticated example of this class—the frequently alleged fact of dogs and other animals returning in a straight line, or by the most direct routes, through districts they had never before traversed, to places from which they had been taken by devious tracks, and even shut up in close boxes. To most people this is a phenomenon sufficiently incomprehensible. They are certain they themselves could do nothing at all like it. But there is in some men what may be just a hint of this faculty. Most people that have lived only in cities are very soon lost in a strange and trackless district, and still sooner in a pathless wood; in the one case, after wandering this way and that for a few hours, in the other, after merely turning round a few times, they can tell nothing of the direction whence they came. But all men are not so easily lost; some, without consciously making notes, retain, after long wandering in such situations, a strong and often accurate impression, not of the ground they have gone over, but of the direction in which lies the place whence they started. Without attempting to throw any light on the mental chemistry of this perception, we would submit that in it may perhaps be found a clue to the mystery of those astonishing home-journeys of dogs, sheep, cats, pigeons, bees, &c., of which hundreds are on record.

It is, however, with the other dark enigma that we are more especially concerned. We do not think it necessary to examine

the proof of the actuality of such marvelous instincts as those of bees and wasps. But for the too fond love of a theory we venture to think none would doubt the reality, or the instinctive character, of their "far-sighted," or, more correctly, blind provisions for the future. The problem before us is not whether, for example, the male of the fish *Arius* does, and by instinct, hatch the eggs of the female in his mouth, but how such a singular mode of incubation ever had a beginning? Perhaps the most widely known instance of this class of instincts is the provision of the solitary wasp for the worm that will issue from her egg after her own death. She brings grubs—food that as a wasp she never tasted—and deposits them over the egg, ready for the larva she will never see. The life history of every insect exhibits instincts of this perplexing description. Witness the caterpillar, how at the proper time it selects a suitable situation and spins for itself a silken cocoon. It may be admitted at once that the creatures, *as we behold them*, never could have lived to acquire such instincts by any process of experience and inheritance of which we can conceive. Nor let it be supposed that it is only in the insect world, where all is so strange, that instincts are to be met with so essential to lives of the individuals or their progeny that without them the creatures in their present shape could never have existed. Of this kind are the first movements observable in the life of a bird, and which take place within the shell. I have often observed the self-delivery of the chicken. The prison wall is not burst in pieces by spontaneous, random struggles. By a regular series of strokes the shell is cut in two—chipped right round in a perfect circle, some distance from the great end. Moreover, the bird has a special instrument for this work, a hard, sharp horn on the top of the upper mandible, which being required for no other purpose disappears in a few days. Obviously each individual bird no more acquires the art of breaking its way out than it furnishes itself with the little pick-hammer used in the operation; and it is equally clear that a bird could have never escaped from the egg without this instinct. Again, how were eggs hatched before birds had acquired the instinct to sit upon them? Or who will throw light on the process of such an acquisition? Nor are the subsequent phenomena easier of explanation. A

fowl that never before willingly shared a crumb with a companion, will now starve herself to feed her chickens, which she calls by a language she never before used—may have never even heard—but which they are born to understand. Once more, it is clearly because she cannot do otherwise that a she-rabbit, when with her first young, digs a hole in the earth away from her ordinary habitation, and there builds a nest of soft grass, lined with fur stripped from her own body. But how as to the origin of this habit?

We need not accumulate examples of seemingly unfathomable instincts. And it may be confessed at once, that in the present state of our knowledge it would be hopeless to attempt to guess at the kinds of experiences that may have originally, when the creatures wore different shapes and lived different lives, wrought changes in their nervous systems that, enduring and being modified through many changes of form, have given to the living races the physical organizations of which these wonderful instincts are the corresponding mental facts. Nor perhaps can it be confidently asserted that in experience and heredity we have all the terms of the problem. The little we can say is, that though in the dark we need not consider ourselves more in the dark as to the origin of those strange instincts than we are concerning the origin of those wonderful organs of astonishing and exquisite mechanism that, especially among the insects, are the instruments of those instincts. Nay, more, if the view we have put forward concerning the connection between mental manifestations and bodily organization be correct, the question of the origin of these mysterious instincts is not more difficult than, or different from, but is the same with, the problem of the origin of the physical structure of the creatures; for, however they may have come by their bodies, they cannot fail to have the minds that correspond thereto. When, as by a miracle, the lovely butterfly bursts from the chrysalis full-winged and perfect, and flutters off a thing of soft and gorgeous beauty, it but wakes to a higher life, to a new mode of existence, in which, strange though it may sound, it has, for the most part, nothing to learn; *because* its little life flows from its organization like melody from a music box. But we need not enlarge on this a second time.

In seeking to understand the pheno-

mena of instinct we of course get the full benefit of the law of Natural Selection, which, though it throws no light on the origin of anything, mental or physical—for, as Mr. Darwin says, it “has no relation whatever to the primary cause of any modification of structure”—nevertheless helps us to understand the existence of instincts far removed from the circumstances or conditions of life under which they could have been acquired. Suppose a Robinson Crusoe to take, soon after his landing, a couple of parrots, and to teach them to say in very good English, “How do you do, sir?”—that the young of these birds are also taught by Mr. Crusoe and their parents to say, “How do you do, sir?”—and that Mr. Crusoe, having little else to do, sets to work to prove the doctrine of Inherited Association by direct experiment. He continues his teaching, and every year breeds from the birds of the last and previous years that say “How do you do, sir?” most frequently and with the best accent. After a sufficient number of generations his young parrots, continually hearing their parents and a hundred other birds saying “How do you do, sir?” begin to repeat these words so soon that an experiment is needed to decide whether it is by instinct or imitation; and perhaps it is part of both. Eventually, however, the instinct is established. And though now Mr. Crusoe dies, and leaves no record of his work, the instinct will not die, not for a long time at least; and if the parrots themselves have acquired a taste for good English the best speakers will be sexually selected, and the instinct will certainly endure to astonish and perplex mankind, though in truth we may as well wonder at the crowing of the cock or the song of the skylark. Again, turkeys have an instinctive art of catching flies, which, it is manifest, the creatures in their present shape may have acquired by experience. But suppose the circumstances of their life to change; flies steadily

become more abundant, and other kinds of food scarcer: the best fly-catchers are now the fittest to live, and each generation they are naturally selected. This process goes on, experience probably adding to the instinct in ways that we need not attempt to conceive, until a variety or species is produced that feeds on flies alone. To look at, this new bird will differ considerably from its turkey ancestors; for change in food and in habits of life will have affected its physical conformation, and every useful modification of structure will have been preserved by natural selection. My point however is, that thus, by no inconceivable steps, would be produced a race of birds depending for all their food on an instinctive art, which they, as then constituted, could never have acquired, because they never could have existed without it.

No doubt, to the many, who love more to gaze and marvel than to question and reflect, all this will seem miserably inadequate as a clue to one of the greatest mysteries of life. But enough, if I have indicated my view of how the most inexplicable of instincts may have had their origin; or rather, if I have shown how our utter inability to trace them back to their origin tells nothing against the probability that they all came into existence in accordance with those laws of acquisition and heredity that we now see operating before our eyes. We cannot tell how the pupa of the dragon-fly came by the instinct that prompts it to leave the water and hang itself up to dry. But we may be able to explain this quite as soon as to unveil the origin of the hooks by which it hangs itself up. And if ever human intelligence should so trace the evolution of living forms as to be able to say, “Thus was developed the bill-scale wherewith birds now break their way out of the shell,” it will probably be able to add, “and these were the experiences to which we must trace the instinct that makes every little bird its own skilful accoucheur.”—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

“THE GREAT SNOW.”

(DROWSIETOWN, NEW ENGLAND, 18—.)

’Twas the year of the Great Snow.

First the East began to blow
Chill and shrill for many days,
On the wild, wet woodland ways.

Then the North, with crimson cheeks,
Blew upon the pond for weeks,
Chill’d the water thro’ and thro’,
Till the first thin ice-crust grew
Blue and filmy; then at last

All the pond was prison'd fast,
Prison'd, smother'd and fetter'd tight,
Let it struggle as it might.
And the first Snow drifted down
On the roofs of Drowsietown.

First the vanguard of the Snow;
Falling flakes, whirling slow,
Drifting darkness, troubled dream;
Then a motion and a gleam;
Sprinkling with a carpet white
Roofs, and swamps, and woodland ways,
Thus the first Snow took its flight,
And there was a hush for days.

'Mid that hush the Spectre dim,
Faint of breath and worn of limb,
HOAR-FROST, like a maiden's ghost,
Nightly o'er the marshes crost
In the moonlight: where she flew,
At the touch of her chill dress
Cobwebs of the glimmering dew
Froze to silvern loveliness.
All the night, in the chill light,
Quietly she took her flight;
Thro' the streets she crept, and stayed
In each silent window shade;
With her finger moist as rain
Drawing flowers upon the pane.
On the phantom flowers so drawn
With her frozen breath breathed she;
And each window-pane at dawn,
Turn'd to crystal tracery!

Then the Phantom Fog came forth,
Following slowly from the North;
Wheezing, coughing, blown and damp,
He sat sullen in the swamp,
Scowling with a blood-shot eye
As the canvas-backs went by;
Till the north wind, with a shout,
Thrust his pole and poked him out;
And the Phantom, with a scowl,
Black'ning night and dark'ning day,
Hooted after by the owl,
Lamely halted on his way.
Then in flocks that ever increase
Honk'd the armies of the geese,
'Gainst a sky of crimson red
Silhouetted overhead.
After them in a dark mass,
Sleet and hail hiss as they pass,
Rattling on the frozen lea
With their shrill artillery.
Then a silence: then comes on
Frost, the steel-bright Skeleton,
Silent in the night he steals
With wolves howling at his heels,
Seeing to the locks and keys
On the ponds and on the leas.
Touching with his tingling wand
Trees and shrubs on every hand,
Till they change, transform'd to sight,
Into dwarfs and druids white,—
Icicle-bearded, frosty-shrouded
Underneath his mantle clouded.
And on many of their shoulders,
Chill, indifferent to beholders,
Sits the barr'd owl in a heap,
Ruffled, dumb, and fast asleep.
There the legions of the trees
Gather'd ghost-like round his knees;

While in cloudy cloak and hood,
Cold he crept into the great wood:—
Lying there in a half doze,
While on finger-tips and toes
Squirrels turned their wheels, and jays
Flutter'd in a wild amaze,
And the foxes, hungry-jowl'd,
Look'd out of their holes and growl'd.
There he waited, breath'd, and cold,
On the white and silent wold.
In a hush sat the cold Thing,
Looking north, and listening!
And the farmers drove their teams
Past the woods and by the streams,
Crying as they met together,
With chill noses, "*Frosty weather!*"
And along the iron ways
Tinkle, tinkle, went the sleighs.
And the wood-chopper did hie,
Leather stockings to the thigh,
Crouching on the snow that strew'd
Every corner of the wood.
Still Frost waited, very still;
Then he whistled, loud and shrill;
Then he pointed north, and lo!
The main army of the Snow.

Black as Erebus afar,
Blotting sun, and moon, and star,
Drifting, in confusion driven,
Screaming, straggling, rent and riven,
Whirling, wailing, blown afar,
In an awful wind of War,
Dragging drifts of dead beneath,
With a melancholy groan,
While the fierce Frost set his teeth,
Rose erect, and waved them on!

All day long the legions passed
On an ever-gathering blast;
In an ever-gathering night,
Fast they eddied on their flight.
With a tramping and a roar,
Like the waves on a wild shore;
With a motion and a gleam,
Whirling, driven in a dream;
On they drove in drifts of white,
Burying Drowsietown from sight,
Covering ponds, and woods and roads,
Shrouding trees and men's abodes;
While the great Pond loaded deep,
Turning over in its sleep,
Groaned; but when night came, forsooth,
Grew the tramp unto a thunder;
Wind met wind with wail uncouth,
Frost and Storm fought nail and tooth,
Shrieking, and the roofs rock'd under
Scared out of its sleep that night,
Drowsietown awak'd in fright;
Chimney-pots above it flying,
Windows crashing to the ground,
Snow-flakes blinding, multiplying,
Snow-drift whirling round and round.
While, whene'er the strife seemed dying,
The great North wind shrilly crying,
Clash'd his shield in battle-sound!

Multitudinous and vast,
Legions after legions passed.
Still the air behind was drear
With new legions coming near;
Still they waver'd, waver'd on,

Glimmer'd, trembled, and were gone.
While the drift grew deeper, deeper,
On the roofs and at the doors,
While the wind awoke each sleeper
With its melancholy roars.
Once the moon looked out, and oh !
Blind against her face the Snow
Like a wild white grave-cloth lay,
Till she shuddering crept away.
Then thro' darkness like the grave,
On and on the legions drave.

When the dawn came, Drowsietown
Smother'd in the snow-drift lay.
Still the swarms were drifting down
In a dark and dreadful day.
On the blinds the whole day long
Lights were lit and shadows flitter'd.
At the inn in a great throng
Gossips gather'd, drowsy-witted.
All around on the white lea
Farm-lights twinkled drearily;
Not a road was now revealed;
Drift, deep drift, at every door,
Field was mingled up with field,
Stream and pond were smother'd o'er,
Trees and fences fled from sight
In the deep wild waste of white.

Many a night, many a day,
Pass'd the wonderful array,

Sometimes in confusion driven,
By the dreadful winds of heaven;
Sometimes gently wavering by
With a gleam and smothered sigh,
While the lean Frost still did stand
Pointing with his skinny hand
Northward, with the shrubs and trees
Buried deep below his knees.
Still the Snow passed; deeper down
In the snow sank Drowsietown.
Not a bird stayed, big or small,
Not a team could stir at all.
Round the cottage window-frame
Barking foxes nightly came,
Scowling in a spectral ring
At the ghostly glimmering.
Old Abe Lenker at the Inn
Heap'd his fire up with a grin,
For the great room, warm and bright,
Never emptied morn or night.
Old folk shiver'd with their bones
Full of pains and cold as stones.
Nought was doing, nought was done,
From the rise and set of sun.
Yawning in the alehouse heat,
Shivering in the snowy street,
Like dream-shadows up and down,
With their footprints black below,
Moved the folk of Drowsietown,
In the Year of the Great Snow.

—*St. Paul's.*

THE GREAT FAIRS AND MARKETS OF EUROPE.

BY R. H. HORNE.

BART'L'MY FAIR,—Ballinasloe and Donnybrook,
—Greenwich, Fairlop, and Edmonton Fairs,
—Jahrmärkte of Germany and the Tyrol,—
A Russian Fair,—Carnivals of Italy,—The
Great Carnival of Cologne,—An Irish Pig-
fair,—London winter fair on the frozen
Thames, &c., &c.

It is not everybody who has had the "luck," as well as the danger, of seeing the "sprig of shillelah" flourished to perfection in the vicinity of Dublin, on the days of the once-great fair at the little village of Donnybrook; neither has every Londoner had the peculiar fortune to see Bart'l'my Fair, or any other of the celebrated English fairs. And all the countless number who have not, never will have the opportunity, as nearly every one of these outrageously grotesque assemblages was abolished some twenty or thirty years ago by Act of Parliament. To the statement above we may, of course, add that a far greater number have never had the "luck" of seeing a Continental Fair;—the Carnivals of Italy, of France,—a Russian Fair,—or the Carnivals and Jahr-

märkte of Germany. But all of these are still flourishing at their appointed seasons.

In accordance with the very motley and disorderly character of our present subject, as to its exhibition in all countries, I shall observe no order of sequence in describing the various wild and wonderful scenic and other shows, as well as the general "behavior" of the respective multitudes of spectators and participators, which are characteristic of the unbridled animal spirits of the populace of different nations. Sometimes we will take several of them in succession, if not together, by reason of their "family likeness;" at other times the succession will be for the force of contrast.

Let us begin with the more quiet and orderly class, whose pleasing sobrieties may constitute a sort of smiling, musical introduction, whereby our readers, and our fair readers in particular, may be gradually prepared for the scenes of turbulent jocularities which are to follow.

The Jahrmärkte, or fair of Germany, is a very different sort of thing from the Eng-

lish fairs, at the time they flourished, or an Italian Carnovale, or any other scene of uproarious merriment and excitement, amidst extravagant shows and follies. There is really very little fun in the Jahrmarkt. For my own part, I could see none. It is no more than a market, except that, instead of the main object being confined to eatables, there is a preponderance in the way of clothing, toys, sweetmeats, cakes, pipes, and Tyrolese blue and scarlet caps. Books, also, especially of the pictorial kind, abound,—indeed, one of the greatest fairs in Germany is at Leipzig, which is expressly a “book fair.” But a Carnival is quite another matter.

I was once present at a Carnival in Cologne. It was a very gorgeous and peculiar exhibition of national fancies, both of the poetical and grotesque. The chief features consisted of allegorical, and sometimes mythological, characters in chariots, cars, and on triumphant thrones, moving on wheels—all of which were drawn by horses in fanciful trappings, or by oxen, and by some other animals, not easily distinguishable, who were made to resemble bears, tigers, lions, and other wild beasts. The figures who sat in these cars were all attired in costumes, suited to the characters they represented, and were attended, preceded, and followed by other figures, on horseback and on foot, bearing banners, with embroidered mottoes and devices, bands of music, and by acrobats, who occasionally performed feats of strength and agility as the procession moved along. The slow progress of this half-magnificent, half-motley *cortège* through the principal streets of Cologne occupied the greater part of the morning. It was winter at this time, and intensely cold. There had been a hard frost last night, and the streets were slippery with ice. No doubt all the horses were rough shod for the occasion; but the thin dresses of some of the mythological figures, and particularly those of the goddesses (though personated by young German students), must have called for no little exercise of fortitude, as well as a hard constitution.

Towards the afternoon everybody thronged to some special dinner-table, at which (at least at the one where I happened to dine) everybody wore a tall, painted, paper *fool's cap*, with bells or tassels. The after-dinner speeches were generally full of forbidden political sentiments,

covered up with (*witsig*) witticisms, absurdities, and comic squibs. Everybody seemed to get naturally tipsy; but it was very remarkable to a Britisher, that nobody appeared to be overcome in the way he was accustomed to see at home on similar occasions.

Of the Tyrolese fairs the principal attractions to the eye are the various bright articles, both of male and female dress; but to a stranger the main delight is to listen to the very peculiar part-singing of the country. They select voices of the most varied kind; and by continually practising together, certain effects, and most delightful effects they must be pronounced to be, are thus produced, unlike those of any other nationalities.

In Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, and other cities of Italy, the chief fun of the Carnovale consists in pelting sugar-plums. Ladies and gentlemen, attired in rich and fanciful costumes, the majority wearing black masks, stand up in chariots and brouches, or other open carriages, with large bags at their feet, filled with sugar-plums of all colors and sizes, with which they pelt each other as the carriages pass—now, with a well-aimed *large* single sugar-plum—now, with a handful of the smaller sort, flung like a shower of hail right in the face.

These Carnivals originated in a kind of religious festival, as the derivation of the word clearly proves—*carne vale*—farewell to flesh! How completely this became changed, in process of years, to very opposite observances, is sufficiently obvious.

In Rome, and Venice the principal features are those of the masquerade, while in the former the horse-races are among the most favorite amusements. I should mention that the horses are trained to run without riders on their backs. No horse can be bribed; every horse does his best to win. A poor sort of amusement was at one time in vogue, consisting in carrying lighted tapers about the streets, and each person trying to blow out his neighbor's light, and preserve his own! This may be regarded as a sort of Italian version of “Beggar my neighbor.” In Southern Italy there has lately been held quite a new sort of fair, viz., a “Wine Fair.” There was no attempt or pretence at seeking to render this amusing in the usual way. The first of these was held last March (1872), when the samples of the wines amounted to

upwards of 4000 bottles. The whole of this vinous army of 4000 in full array, was, either most innocently or most irreverently, ranged three deep against the walls of Santa Maria la Nuova. But no priest or monk expressed any objection.

A Carnival in Paris is a yet greater remove from the ordinary class of fairs. The French are much too elegant in their tastes to adopt any rude or rough amusements, especially the comic horse-play that used to characterise the English and Irish fairs. A Parisian Carnival is nothing more than a series of elegant and *recherché* little dinner and supper parties,—under a mask. I pass hastily over most of these things, because they are still extant, reserving our more particular descriptions till we come to those which have been abolished.

But a fair in Russia is a wonderfully different sort of thing, and comes very much nearer to the Anglo-Saxon notions of what is proper on such occasions.

Russian fairs may be divided into three very opposite classes. 1. Those which are made up of religious mysteries and superstitions, some of them being rich and magnificent in their displays of idols and holy relics; others partaking of the squalid as much as the grotesque. One of the most striking characteristics of a Russian fair to the eyes—to the *nose* we should say—of a foreigner, particularly of French or English ideas of nicety, is that of the oppressive and overcoming odors of perfumed Russian leather, alcohol, sour beer, fermenting cabbages—the grease on the boots of the Cossacks, all mingled with the musk and ambergris of the fashionable loungers. The second class of fairs in Russia consists almost entirely of dances of a kind not customary at other seasons; and these, again, must be divided into two sorts. There is the "Peasants' Ball," at which some of the dances are very graceful, and others very licentious on the part of the male dancer, while the woman receives all his gross overtures with the rigid imperturbability almost of a wooden image. It is like a lunatic paying court to a stupid idol. There is, however, another sort of fancy ball, called the "Nobles' Ball," at which none but nobles, and those related to nobility, are permitted to attend. They indulge in all kinds of splendor in their dresses. The chief peculiarity of the ladies' ornaments consists in valuable cameos. They wear them on the arms and

wrists,—round the neck, round the waist, and on the bosom. Some of the dresses of both sexes are so sumptuous, that whole fortunes may be said to lie upon their backs, lavished on a single dress. Altogether, it is a dull and inanimate affair. As to "*fun*," Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work lords and ladies is quite as lively.

But the third class of Russian fairs I have to mention is the only one really deserving the name, and that is the *winter* fair. The principal of these is the fair on the ice of the river Neva. There you see races with sledges and skates, and with horses, dogs, goats, and stags harnessed to different kinds of sledge-vehicles. They also have their horizontal roundabouts, and their perpendicular highflyers, like sedan chairs going up in the air and down again. But the grand amusement of all is that of the "ice-hills." They are thus constructed:—A strong scaffolding is raised to the height of thirty feet, with a landing at the top ascended by a ladder. From the top of the landing a sloping plane of boards is laid, about twelve feet in width and ninety feet long, descending in a very acute angle to the surface of the frozen river. This inclined plane is supported by wooden piles, decreasing in height, and the sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Upon the inclined plane are laid square slabs of ice close together, and then water is poured all down the slope. This water freezes—half a minute or so of a Russian winter is quite enough for that—and the incline then presents a broad sheet of pure ice. From the bottom of this incline, the snow is cleared away upon the level surface of the frozen river, for the distance of 600 feet, and twelve feet wide (the same width as the inclined plane). The sides of this level course are ornamented with dark green firs and pines. Each fair-goer, who wishes to indulge in this national amusement, provides himself with a peculiar sort of sledge,—more like a butcher's tray than anything else—ascends the ladder to the landing on the top, seats himself in his tray on the edge of the glittering incline, off he goes! and away he skeds down the slope of ice! Such velocity does he attain before arriving at the bottom, that he is not only carried along the 600 feet of this icy level below, but clean up to the top of a second ice-hill like the first, with another slope on the other

side, down which he skeels with the same rapidity as before, and away again to an equal distance on the level below! The sight of a succession of these fair-goers, seated in their sliding-trays, balancing themselves as they cut along, one close upon the other, yet with no chance of overtaking each other (unless by some very unlucky and very unusual upset), presents a most peculiar and extraordinary scene. Whenever the balance does happen to be lost by a man, down he goes all the same, to the continual peril of his limbs or his neck; and it is impossible to predict whereabouts his headlong career will be stopped. Boys sometimes—boys will do anything—by way of a delightful increase of the danger, *skate*, like a flash, down the bright, inclined plane, balancing themselves on one leg!

Let me now offer a preliminary word or two concerning the fairs, and other kindred exhibitions, and popular outdoor amusements of England.

A lady of my acquaintance—an authoress of superior education and refinement—once said to me, "How is it that the English people should have such a predilection for *ugliness* in their amusements? Foreign nations delight in mixing up a certain degree of practical, pictorial, musical, or floral refinements with their most grotesque amusements; but the people of our country, though gradually improving in taste, have certainly a marked preference for coarse or vulgar things,—in short, a love of ugliness. How is this?"

You may be sure this lady did not mean to accuse her countrymen of a preference for ugly women; she only alluded to the sports and pastimes of the mass of the people, and with especial reference to an English fair. I should premise that this lady friend of mine was a Scottish lady, and having once had, as she considered it, the *ill-luck* to be taken to see "Bart'l'my Fair," she could never look back on that scene of crushing crowds and frantic noises, without astonishment and dismay. Still, we must admit that there was a good deal of truth in her observation, and, before commencing my descriptions, I will offer a few words in extenuation of what this lady, and all our continental friends, are pleased to call the bad taste of the English.

There is an old saying that "All's fair at fair-time," which does not mean that any

rough brutalities may be committed (such as ruffians only would commit *anywhere*, as well as at a fair), but that, on this one occasion in the year, people should agree to put off all gravity, and not take offence at the hilarious hustlings of the crowd, or its harmless practical jokes of crackers and scratch-backs. In other words, those who were very *fine* and over-nice, and who did not choose to descend from their ideas of dignity, had no business to go to an English fair.

Now, as to the question of a love of ugliness, it forms no part of our present design to accuse—and certainly not to defend or applaud—the taste which undoubtedly has, of later years, existed in England for mere shows of spectacle—gorgeous costumes, scenery, and burlesque. Even the poetical extravaganzas, and all the charm of the original Fairy Tale, has given place to burlesque, buffoonery, and local "hits." But while we may regard these things as a deplorable falling off in theatrical taste, we should fairly and firmly distinguish these long-continued evil influences upon the national mind, from the fitful fun of an annual fair. An English fair, as it existed some five-and-twenty years ago, and a foreign fair or carnival of the present period, must not be compared with anything else: the former stood alone as a broad, honest, undisguised, out-speaking and out-acting animal exhibition of the love of fun, of the grotesque, of the broadly comic, and of the determination to find an outlet for those exuberant physical forces, which are characteristic of the populace of all great nations. Rough they are—and ugly enough, in many cases—but the broadly farcical drama of "Punch" is studiously rough and ugly, and yet most of us are excessively amused with his unscrupulous fun; we rejoice in all the hard resounding knocks he gives and takes on his wooden head, and everybody applauds his unique triumph over Jack Ketch, and his final victory over a yet more formidable black doll in the last scene.

We now come to the once-celebrated fairs of Great Britain and Ireland. The most important of the English fairs used to be Bartholomew—always called Bart'l'my Fair; Greenwich Fair; Edmonton *statly* (Statute Fair); Fairlop; Peterborough; and Horn Fair. All these fairs, with the exception of Fairlop, have been abolished by Act of Parliament, as previously stated

In Ireland there was one pre-eminently famous fair—need I say “Donnybrook;” but in different parts of Ireland there are still what they call (and truly, as we shall see, by-and-by) “pig-fairs,” and the great fair at Ballinasloe. But these latter, like our horse-fairs, at Barnet and elsewhere, cattle-fairs, and goose-fairs, are in reality “markets,” with sundry ornamental accompaniments in the form of eating-and-drinking booths, jig-dancing, shillelah-play, courtship, and so forth. In like manner, Limerick and Cork have important days called “fairs,” but they are chiefly markets for *butter*. With regard to Limerick, one is rather apt to think “of all the swate faces at Limerick Races!” while, with respect to Cork, it would really appear to supply half the globe with butter. Not long since, and perhaps even now, nearly all the wholesale butter-trade of Australia was supplied by Cork. The export of Irish butter is enormous, and nothing stops it. The writer was in Ireland during the great famine years, and, while the mass of the people were starving, the shiploads of butter, cheese, and bacon were sent away as usual. What happened sometimes may be easily conjectured.

Bart’l’mey Fair used to be held in Smithfield, the entire market-place being cleared of all its sheep-pens, pig-pens, and cattle-yards, and fences, for the great occasion. The outskirts of the most important of the English fairs presented different local characteristics, rural, picturesque, and otherwise. But Bart’l’mey Fair being in the thick of densely-packed houses, and densely peopled old London, there was no room for anything beyond the fair, except a certain waste corner which was filled with closely ranged little tables, on which were constantly deposited little smoking plates containing very small fried sausages of about two inches long—the sound, and the smell of sausage-frying continuing all day, and all night, while the fair lasted. The only other peculiarity (I’ve seen this also at Ballinasloe) was that sometimes a bull broke loose from one of the private cattle-yards on the outskirts, being excited, no doubt, to indignation, which soon became rage, by the extraordinary uproar, and mixture of strange noises, in the fair—his emotions being rapidly brought to a climax by the sights he beheld, and by the additional confusion his presence created among the crowds. Of course there were

shouts of “a mad bull!—a mad bull!” on all sides, as he rushed along the broken lane of flying people—now and then stopping to stamp! and look round—a look of furious bewilderment—not knowing *what* to think of it all, except that the *people* were mad, and being very quickly made really mad himself by the goads and blows he received, and the glittering shows, the cries, and screams and shouts, that resounded on all sides. Sometimes a Londoner was tossed, and three or four were knocked down and trampled upon, but very seldom, as the bull’s eyesight, ears, mind, and purposes were too much confused to enable him to direct his attention (and his horns) to any definite object. At Ballinasloe it was quite a common thing to see drunken men tossed; but, somehow, they did not seem to be much the worse for it. Any sober person would probably have been killed.

A marked contrast to such scenes was presented by the outskirts and environs of Edmonton “Statty” Fair. It will be subsequently explained why this Statute Fair, which used to be held in Upper Edmonton, claims, by its historical associations as well as by some other peculiarities, a rather prominent description.

It was in reality *three* fairs, each within about a hundred or two hundred yards of each other, all held at the same time, and lasting for three days. The first was in the field at the back of the “Bell Inn,”—which exulted in the sign of the “Johnny Gilpin;”—the front of the inn and the whole house being surrounded with booths, stalls, and small shows; the large shows, the theatres, conjuring, horsemanship, high swings and roundabouts, wild beasts, and waxwork being fitted up in an imposing array at the farther end of the field behind the house; and the approaches to the great shows and booths for exhibition, as well as for eating, drinking, and dancing, being through double lines of gingerbread-nut stalls, toy stalls, sweet-meat, sugar-stick, almond rock and toffy, alicumpane, liquorice, sugar-candy, brandy-balls, bull’s-eyes, and lollypop stalls. In front of the inn, and ranged beneath the painted sign of the bald-headed “Johnny Gilpin” without his wig, shouting with widely open mouth, and clinging to the neck of his runaway horse, stalls, all of a similar description, were closely packed and fitted, and extended on one side in double lines towards the high

road. On reaching this, the stalls became single lines on each side of the highway, continuing with an occasional break (filled up by little gambling-tables, peep-shows, and cock-shies) until you arrived at the Fair in front and rear of the "Angel Inn," within two bow-shots' distance. Here there was a still more imposing array. The front of the inn lay farther back from the high road than the "Bell," and besides this, there was a little patch of a green paddock on the right-hand side. The double lines of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls led up to the "Angel Inn," with barrows full of green filberts close beneath the lower windows, and beneath the sign-board, on which was represented the figure of an enormous red-cheeked and red-armed dairymaid, in flying white robes (but far more like a torn calico night-dress) and a pair of immense wings shooting up from behind her red shoulders, having written at her feet, in large gilt letters, "The Angel."

In the little paddock to the right stood the grand menagerie—Polito's Menagerie, afterwards Wombwell's. As all these great shows travelled about and visited every great fair, it is to be understood that when I describe one of them, it will generally answer for all—Bart'lmy—Edmonton—Donnybrook—Glasgow, &c. Of *Wombwell's* Menagerie we are now speaking, with its large, life-sized paintings of lions, tigers, crocodiles, elephants, giraffes, bears and boa constrictors, hanging tier above tier, all painted in the most glaring colors, and forming a *very* disadvantageous contrast to the dingy, den-imprisoned "unclean beasts" within, not to speak of the odor of dirty straw and sawdust. The splendor outside was greatly enhanced by a row of eight or nine portly men, gorgeously attired in scarlet and gold, as "beef-eaters," and forming a brass band, whose martial strains were often accompanied by the roars and gulf-like gasps of the real beef-eaters inside. Nothing could equal a boy's disappointment on first going into this magnificent menagerie, from which he only recovered by approaching the cage of the lion, or the "royal Bengal tiger," and being assured by the keepers that, if he went too near, they would break out and tear him *all* to pieces. One of the double lines of stalls in front of the "Angel Inn" led directly up to the gateway of the yard, into which the line was carried, the avenue widening, till

double and treble lanes of gingerbread-nut, and toy, and lollypop stalls filled up the yard and a waste piece of skittle-ground behind, and finally opened into a field, at the further end of which were ranged the great shows and theatres,—Gyngell's conjuring and feats of dancing on the slack wire, or balancing a heavy cart-wheel on the chin;—flanked on one side by the "Spotted Boy" (a young gentleman of about nine years of age, whose body was literally piebald), the "Albinos" (two girls with long white hair reaching to their knees, and pink eyes), and, on the other side, by the caravans of the "Irish Giant," Mr. Patrick O'Brien,—the Dwarf, known as "Mr. Simon Paap,"—and by the house on wheels of the celebrated Miss Biffin—the lady who had no arms, but who painted, wrote, and cut out paper portraits in profile, with *her feet*. Not very flattering likenesses, it may be supposed. But I saw her do it, and had one myself. Penny theatres, peep-shows, eating and drinking booths, swings, roundabouts, high-flyers, little round gambling-tables, little stalls and barrows, with all sorts of nick-knacks and quack-doctors' nostrums, filled up the rest of the available ground. It is to be understood that a large open space was always left in front of the grand stands of the great shows at the farther end, or top of the field.

The fair at the "Bell," or "Johnny Gilpin," was generally known as "Kennington's Field," and the fair at the "Angel" as "Whittington's Field."

Coming out again through the yard and gateway to the front of the "Angel Inn," you passed Wombwell's Menagerie, and made your way to the high road, and over the bridge, one side of which was always occupied by some half-dozen mutilated beggars: one had been a tyler, and had fallen off a roof, and had broken his back in seven places; another had lost an arm and a leg at the battle of Shan-jamballo in Heest Hinges; another had been blown up in the air from the deck of a ship at the battle of Trafalgar, so high that he was nearly a minute in coming down, just as Lord Nelson was shot; another was stone blind, particularly when any benevolent-looking papa and mamma with a number of nice tender-hearted, ingenuous little boys and girls were passing.

Crossing the bridge, with the high road on your left, you soon arrived at a gate-

way on the right. This was the entrance to the largest of the three fairs, and was called "Bigley's Field." In this passage there was a constant crowd enlivened by the droning sound of Chinese toy-drums, or whirly hummers, boys' wooden whistles and *scratch-backs*. The crowd here was often so dense as to come very nearly to a jam, or a dead-lock, and at night it was dreadful. It was a rare spot for the London pickpockets.

Once through, however, you were in a large yard, and beyond that you suddenly had the relief of arriving in the first field of some twenty acres. A range of large trees ran across, and partly divided it from the upper field, which (to my boyish recollections) was immense; but whether fifty or a hundred acres, I would not now undertake to determine. Here were the grandest and most imposing of all the shows; the great tragi-comic company of Richardson's Theatre (at which the greatest tragic genius that ever trod a stage had often acted in his early years of obscurity—Edmund Kean), and the great circus for horsemanship, and the tight-rope dancing of the wonderful Master Saunders. In this field were the highest of the swings, the largest of the roundabouts, both for wooden horses and open cars, as also the most stupendous of the perpendicular revolving cars, and close carriages; the "Crown and Anchor" booth, and other great booths for eating, drinking, and dancing; and in this field, also, were the largest number of pickpockets,—all down from London, as for harvest time.

Beyond these great fields, and divided as usual by the old-fashioned English hedge, were other fields in succession, and here the outskirts of Edmonton Fair presented so great a contrast with the outskirts of "Bart'l'my Fair," of which we shall subsequently have to speak. Gipsies—several families of them—invariably attended this country fair, not as mere visitors, but "professionally." The women went about all day telling your fortunes, and the men went about all night robbing your poultry yard. Their little dingy blanket-tents were set up alone under the thickest hedges of the adjoining fields, in the vicinity of which you could not set your foot, but, in a trice, you saw a red cloak, a Sybil with a pair of bright black eyes hurrying towards you, and

then you heard a sweet voice seductively calling to you, with a very sunburnt forefinger mysteriously raised. In different parts of these outlying fields, you might see a scraggy horse, or rough-coated little pony feeding; but more commonly one or two still rougher and more dirty-coated donkeys, with here and there a little ramshackle of a cart; while close beside the blanket-tent near the hedge, their feet lodged in the dried-up ditch or drain, you would generally notice one or two lazy-looking men, with very black looks and sun-burnt faces and hands, dark gleaming eyes, and a woman in a cloak of "many colors," nursing an infant—all of them with short pipes in their mouths, and several children rolling on the green grass in company with several family dogs, while the eldest of the children sat watching the rise of a little waving column of smoke proceeding from the genuine gipsy's kitchen-range, *vis.*—three long sticks and a dangling iron pot.

I have given more details concerning Edmonton Statute Fair than will be afforded to other fairs, for the following reasons. In the first place, it was the only instance of a combination of three large fairs occurring on the same day, and in the same village, and close neighborhood: secondly, they presented a genuine English fair, unmixed with the sale of pigs, cattle, or "baser matter;" nothing of the *least* utility, or permanent value, was to be found there, everything being of the most ostentatious gewgaw finery, gilt and painted trumpery, and grotesque absurdity; thirdly, Edmonton Fair was always regarded as one of the "genteelest of fairs" (only, of course, during two or three hours after the morning opening of the fair), where papas and mammas, or kind uncles and aunts, could take little boys and girls through most of the principal avenues of gingerbread-nut and toy shops, without much bustling, jamming, and destruction of frocks and trousers; and, lastly, because Edmonton has several historical associations. One of the oldest English plays (written by Drayton) was entitled "The Merrie Devil of Edmonton;" Edmonton was the birthplace of Christopher Marlowe, the father of the English tragic drama; the birthplace also of another dramatist, of the present age, who has not the courageous vanity to name him-

self after the writer of "the mighty line," but who may be found in Vol. I. of Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.

John Keats also and Charles Lamb resided for some time at Edmonton, and always went to the fair. The story of John Gilpin's involuntary gallop through Edmonton need not be mentioned, but I must add, that the Reverend Dr. Tice of this village furnished Dr. Coome with the original of his Dr. Syntax; and the grandson of Dr. Tice, who now indites this motley chronicle, will answer for the truthfulness of the portrait. Curiously enough, this eccentric lover of the picturesque (Dr. Tice) was also the uncle of William Tice Gellibrand, one of the earliest, most talented, and energetic settlers in the Australian colonies. So strangely does the world of life go round.

Fairlop Fair (besides being a market for horses, cattle, and sheep) was a delightful fair in former years, whatever may be thought of it at the present time. Its pastoral outskirts presented features of a similar character to those just described; but there were more gipsies, many of whom, no doubt, were residents in the vicinity of Epping Forest, and perhaps furnished some of the donkeys for the donkey-races, which formed one of the peculiar and most mirth-provoking features of this fair. There were also more sailors than at any other fairs. This may appear strange, as the distance of Fairlop from the sea-coast was greater; but it is easily explained. Fairlop fair originated in a party of boat-builders going down, one day, for a jolly picnic in Epping Forest, not by means of a van or wagon, but in a large boat, with her sails set, and fixed on *four wheels*. Such a boat-load as this, full of jolly sailors and their lasses, went to Epping Forest once a year, and "sailed" round the Great Oak. The number of sailors may be also attributed to the grand and unique feature of this fair, *viz.*, the famous Oak Tree, round which the fair used to be held. This tree was so enormous, that during the years of its slow decay, when the trunk below became hollow, the cavity was cleared, smoothed, papered, hung with drapery, (pea-green with poppy flowers, when I was there), furnished with a circular table and a circular bench, where ten or a dozen happy fair-going people sat round to dinner, and sometimes to pipes and grog.

Now, the special attraction to British tars must have been this Tree, into the topmost branches of which "Jack" always made a point of climbing, and, drunk or sober, standing upon one leg and waving his little hat, at the imminent delightful risk of breaking his British neck! You seldom saw any drawing or print of Fairlop Oak, without a Jack tar perched on one of the topmost branches. The tree stood for many, many years, all trunk and bare dry boughs—not a leaf had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant. It stood there as a colossal skeleton—a monument of itself—by the sheer strength of its bulk—and was pulled down, at last, by teams of oxen and long ropes, lest, some fair-day, a huge limb or so might fall, and crush several penny theatres, peep-shows, and holiday people. Myriads of snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, and fancy boxes were made of the wood—or said to have been made of the wood—and are sold as such to this day, every fair-day.

Croydon Fair is a good one (especially for the gipsies from Norwood), but more famous as a market for horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. It presents no special features beyond those already described, with the exception of a tradition, or legend, which used to be very popular with all schoolboys of the district, and elsewhere, *to wit*, that the green lanes on the outskirts of Croydon were haunted by a certain "Spring-heeled Jack," who was possessed with a monomaniacal propensity to assault young men and women, and gash them with a fine edged, silver-handled knife. The anomalous Spring-heeled Jack always eluded pursuit by the swiftness of his running, and the fabulous leaps he could take, clean over high hedges or turnpike gates,—attributable to his wearing india-rubber boots, the soles and heels of which were full of steel watch-springs, as every boy of us thoroughly believed.

Peterborough Market-fair is celebrated for only one peculiarity, *viz.*, its immense quantities of wood-work for farming operations. There you may see piles on piles of axe, hoe, fork, rake, and spade handles; also handles for smith's and carpenter's hammers; also tyres and spokes for cart-wheels, window-frames, wheel-barrow, and dense arrays of field-gates, hurdles, and fences.

Greenwich Fair was a very great fair.

The extinction of this brilliant fair caused much regret to the holiday-making Londoners. It had several marked peculiarities, besides the usual number of large shows. First, there was the noble old Hospital, and the frequent presence of old *pensioners* in their quaint, old-fashioned, grave uniform of dark navy blue, with the three-cornered cocked hat, knee-breeches, and square-toed shoes with huge plated buckles. To see these veterans, English—Irish—Scotch—Welsh, who had well deserved all the care of a grateful country, wandering about—some with one arm—some with two wooden legs and a stick—some with one arm and one leg, and *no* stick—and mixing among the young fair-going folks, smiling and laughing at the grotesque groups, actions, and noises around them—and now and then showing signs that the eccentricity of their gait and bearing was not entirely attributable to a wooden leg—gave an additional interest to the scene, of a mixed kind of pathos and humor not to be described in an off-hand way. The other great feature was the "Crown and Anchor" booth, which, varying its size at different fairs, invariably put forth its utmost magnitude and fullest splendors for Greenwich Fair. How many swarms had luncheons and suppers there, through the day and night—how many scores of hampers of cold fowls and ham, turkeys and tongues, and hundreds of dozens of bottled ale and stout—is beyond any knowledge possessed by the present deponent; but that between two and three thousand people sometimes assembled therein at night to *dance*, and that sometimes more than two thousand Londoners were dancing there at the *same* time, after a fashion, he *can* answer for, as also for the fact of the whole scene being at such times enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, rising up from the creaking and yielding floors, and that, whatever colored coat you entered with, everybody emerged with a coat the color of whitey-brown paper, large black nostrils, and black semicircles of dust under his eyes. The "Crown and Anchor" booth was so long that a full band played for dances at the top, by the bar, another at the bottom of the booth, and a third in the centre—and though they often played different dances, different airs to suit, and in different keys, you could only hear the music of your own dance—the

predominant accompaniment to each being the measured muffled thunders of the boots of the fair-going Londoners. At these "high" moments it may be supposed that the great majority were of the rougher sex; the fun was too "fast and furious" for the gentler beings of creation—of course with some rather conspicuous exceptions. The last great specialty I shall notice, connected with this fair, was the roll down Greenwich Hill.

Many persons, at home as well as abroad, have never seen that celebrated hill—never rolled down it—and some, perhaps, may not even have heard of it. But a word or two will suffice to make them, in some degree, aware of the pleasure they have lost. A number of fair-going young people of both sexes—but most commonly lovers, or brothers and sisters—seat themselves on the top of this steep and beautifully green hill, and beginning to roll down slowly, they presently find that the rolling becomes quicker and quicker—that they have no power to govern their rapidity, still less to stop—and they invariably roll to the bottom. It doesn't agree with everybody.

Of the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe enough has already been said; but of an Irish pig-fair something remains.

The peasant's pig—the "jintleman that pays the rint"—the favored, spoilt son—almost the lord of the cabin—when, for the first time in his life, he finds himself forcibly driven the way his master chooses, which, of course, is the way he perseveres in objecting to—by the time he arrives at his journey's end, enters the fair in a very bad state of mind. His temper—never, at the best of seasons, half so sweet as his flesh—has become morose, and something is sure to occur to render him savage. Among other things, he is sure to quarrel with the pig next to him for precedence of place, and the immediate consequence—for *this* pig is in quite as bad a state of mind as *that* pig—the immediate consequence is a fight. By a fight, we do not mean an ordinary routing of snout to snout, but a savage fight of two wild beasts. They stand upon their hind hoofs, and fight in lion-and-unicorn fashion. It is a fine thing to see a pig under such unusual circumstances, and shows that he is not merely a creature of fat and crackling—to be roasted, or made bacon of—but an animal whose blood, when roused, inspires

him to fight to the death against what he considers injuries and insults. The most amusing part of the whole affair is the dismay of the respective owners, and their anxiety to separate the furious combatants, because a pig that has been over-driven in coming to the fair, or had a serious stand-up fight, is always reduced 2*d.* or 3*d.* a pound in his market value.

We must now take a turn through Donnybrook. All those who were ever present will bear witness that an Irishman "all in his glory was there"—but not exactly for the reasons generally supposed. In the first place, the song, which makes the "shillelah" the all-in-all, refers to a traditional period. A few fights and broken heads, inseparable from *all* English as well as Irish fairs, of course always took place, but the crowd was too dense to allow of much damage being done. There was not only no room for "science," but no room to strike a blow of a real kind—from the shoulder, and "using the toes." We saw no blood flow. Something else in abundance we did see flow—whisky. As for the interior, or main body of the fair, it presented no features materially differing from others previously mentioned; but the outskirts certainly presented something very different, indeed, — *unique*. The fair, as to its great shows and booths, was held in a large hollow, or basin of green ground, on descending into which you found the immediate skirtings occupied by a set of very little, very low-roofed, hut-like booths, where a busy trade was carried on in fried potatoes, fried sausages, and oysters, cold or scalloped. Not a bad mixture; but the cooking, in some cases, seemed to be performed by individuals who had never before *seen* a sausage or an oyster, and who fancied that smoke and peat-ashes improved the one, and sand and sawdust the other. But cookery is by no means the special characteristic alluded to. It is this; and I will defy the world to produce anything like it. Donnybrook is a village, a few miles only from Dublin. The houses are all very small, the largest generally rising no higher than a floor above the ground-floor rooms, and every house being entirely appropriated to the use of the fair-coming people. The rooms below were devoted to whisky-drinking, songs, jokes, politeness, and courtship, with a jig in the middle; and the very same, but with more elaborate

and constant dancing, in the rooms above. Every house presented the same scene—yes, every house along the whole village; and when you came to the narrowest streets, the effect was peculiar and ludicrous in the extreme. For observe, the rooms being all crowded to the last man and woman and child they could hold, and the "dancing"—especially above stairs—being an absolute condition, there was no room left for the fiddler. We say, there was no room left for him—and yet he must be among them. There was room for him, as a man, be it understood—but not as a fiddler. His elbow required space enough for *another* man, and this could not be afforded. The problem was therefore solved by opening the window upstairs; the fiddler sat on the window-sill, and his elbow worked outside. The effect of this "elbow" playing outside the window of every upper floor, and sometimes out of both upper floor and ground floor of every house in a whole street, and on both sides of the way—and playing a similar kind of jig—surpassed anything of that kind of humor in action it has ever been my fortune to witness. If that is not merry fun, show me what is. The elbows all played so true to time that if you had not heard a note you would have known that it was an Irish jig by the motion of all these jaunty and "knowing" elbows!

A last word on Donnybrook shall be devoted to one other custom, characteristic of the kindness as well as the humor of the nation, which was manifested in a way never seen elsewhere. Once every hour or so, a large police van was driven through the fair to pick up all the very drunken men who were rolling about, unable to govern their motions. They were at once lifted into the van, and here many of them again found their legs, and you heard the muffled singing and the dull thunder of their dancing inside as the philanthropic van passed along. As they got sober they were set free.

By way of an exception and contrast, take the following. While "high and low" visited all the great fairs, there was only one that was specially patronised by the London aristocracy, and that was Horn Fair. It used to be held on Charlton Green, in Kent, and was the most elegant (if I dare use the word of such things) and fashionable of all these annual merry-

makings. All the military of Woolwich attended, as did the Prince Regent, and the rest of the male branches of the Royal Family, from the hour of two till six, but never later, as it was said; but people had their own opinions. Horn Fair was to other fairs what Ascot was to other races.

The impossibility of adequately describing any of these great fairs—and pre-eminently the renowned Bart'l'my Fair—is attributable to several causes. It requires a panorama for its grotesque forms and colors, and expansive varieties; all sorts of figures and all sorts of motions and attitudes, which even automations could not convey much better than the pen; and all manner of sounds combining in one general uproar and confusion,—because all these moving objects, colors, and sounds are going on at the same time, and all in most vigorous conflict with each other, and indeed with themselves. Under such circumstances our best plan will probably be that of giving a few of the most broad and striking general characteristics, dashed in with a scene-painter's brush, full of color, and almost at random.

Saint Bartholomew's, *alias* Bart'l'my Fair, was held in Smithfield market-place, which used to be considered the rowdy heart of London. All the butchers' stalls—cattle-yards—sheep pens—pig and poultry enclosures, and other wooden structures were cleared away so as to leave a very large open space. This was approached by the different streets, and by white calico avenues of gilt gingerbread stalls, toy-stalls, and nondescript booths of all kinds, but more particularly for eating, drinking, little gambling-tables, and other similar things on a small scale which would have been lost amidst the blaze and magnitude of the main structures. Nearly all round the great open area, the only intervals being the streets and other avenues of entrance, were ranged the theatres; the menageries; screened enclosures for the horsemanship, rope-dancing, balancing, tumbling and leaping; the shows for conjuring, fire-eating, dancing dogs, learned pigs, the exhibitions of waxwork, and of living monstrosities, such as the calf with two heads and five legs, the mermaid (whom you were not allowed to examine very closely at the junction line), and the living pig-faced lady, who was usually seen sitting at a piano, in an elegant evening low dress, with a gold ring through her

snout. A giant was always there, and both a male and a female dwarf; but never together, being always in rival caravans. The music, so called, was a bedlamite mixture of brass bands, screaming clarionets and fifes, clashing of hollow-toned cymbals, gongs, bells, triangles, double-drums, barrel-organs, and prodigious voices bawling through speaking-trumpets;—now imagine the whole of these things going on at the same time!

Now, imagine it to be night; and all the great and little shows, and booths, and stalls are ablaze with lights of all kinds of colors, magnitudes, and, we may add, smokes and odors, as many of them issue from a mysterious mixture of melted fat of various creatures. All the principal shows, and many of the smaller vans, have a platform, or stage, in front, and here-upon is enacted a wonderfully more brilliant, attractive, grotesque, and laughable performance than anything to be seen inside. Portions of tragedies are enacted, including murders, combats, and spectres; dances of all sorts are given; men and women in gorgeous array of cotton velvets, spangles, and feathers stand upon horses, or promenade with most ostentatious dignity, sometimes coming forward and crying aloud, "Be in time! be in time! All in to begin!" which is subsequently repeated half-a-dozen times before they retire to console with their presence those who are waiting seated inside. Now and then, part of the promised "grand pantomime" is represented on the outer stage, and culminates with a rush of the clown, pantaloons, and two or three acrobats mounted on hobby-horses, down the steps of the platform, and right into the very thick of the crowd below, causing one or two fights in the confusion and difficulty of their return, to the immense delight of all those who witness it, and to the great advantage of all the ruffians and other pickpockets here and there collected. While these things are going on below, there are other scenes above—such as high-flying boat-swings, full of laughing and screaming young men and women; the slack-rope dancers in their brilliant dresses of silver and gold tinsel and spangles, who are perched on swinging ropes amidst the white and scarlet draperies near the topmost ridges of the larger theatres and shows; and, rising over all, the coiling smoke-clouds of the blazing fat-lamps

and pitchy torches roll and float upwards towards the moon, every now and then rapidly cut through by the hissing head and tail of a rocket, which presently explodes in brilliant stars of white, green, and red over the frantic tumult beneath.

It only remains for us to take a look at the winter fair which has been held in London at those rare intervals when the frost has been so strong and continuous, that the ice on the Thames, as well as the Serpentine and other metropolitan waters, has attained a solid thickness capable of bearing the thousands of people who assembled there. Innumerable stalls and booths for eating, drinking, and dancing, together with swings, peep-shows, puppet-shows, and other amusements, were rapidly erected, or wheeled upon the ice; there were also many little gambling-tables, roundabouts, ballad-singers, and instrumentalists, from the humble Jew's harp to

the pompous brass band. The many slips and tumbles upon the ice constituted a considerable part of the fun, and was promoted by glassy surfaces of various cross slides, as well as by frequent jerks and sudden pushes with a view to the destruction of an equilibrium. The crowning joy, however, was at night, when a great bonfire was lighted upon the ice, and a bullock was roasted whole. As the form and face of the huge creature changed with the action of the flames and the red heat, and the head, horns, and eye-balls became inexpressibly hideous, John Bull, far more than his emblematic representative, might be said to have been in his glory, while dancing and whirling in uncouth and rampant mazes round the crackling and roaring flames, while the national divinity, self-basted with black and crimson streams, was fiercely roasting.—*St. Paul's Magazine*.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY PETER BAYNE.

THAT there should be a play on the boards of the Lyceum called "Charles I." and a play on the boards of the Queen's called "Oliver Cromwell," indicates some quickening of interest on the part of the public in the characters and events of England's greatest revolution. It is, indeed, safe to pronounce the feeling superficial. Mr. Wills and Mr. Irving demonstrate most satisfactorily that, when a London audience sees a pensive, gentlemanly man compelled to bid adieu to his wife and children and go to have his head cut off, instead of sailing with them in gilt barges, the said audience will enjoy a good cry upon the subject; and if any man doubt's Cromwell's courage and devotion to liberty, he may feel the unreasonableness of his scepticism when he beholds the Puritan leader dauntless amid a blaze of fireworks, or heroically endangering the arteries of his windpipe by screaming about free-e-dom. These clever and successful plays prove that spectacle has annihilated history on the stage of Shakespeare. This is their principal significance; but it is not too much to say that they evince a certain wistfulness of gaze by a discerning public towards the most stirring and exalted pe-

riod in the history of this island,—a vague wish to know something about Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell,—which is better than blank indifference.

The controversy as to the character of Charles I. may be said to be closed. He was a weak man. In how far his weakness was associated with conscious falsity and cruelty, and was therefore culpable, and in how far it was mere sickliness of nature and mal-adjustment of circumstance and therefore purely pitiable, may still be disputed: that he was incompetent,—that his theorem of England's and his own situation would not work,—that, as king or supreme magistrate, he was in no sense exemplary but in every sense the reverse of exemplary,—this is no longer disputable. A most ill-omened, fate-stricken person; ill-omened for his enemies; still more for his friends; one who never had a friend whom he did not disappoint, or a gleam of success that did not lead him astray. But as to Oliver Cromwell, the controversy is not yet closed. Mr. Bisset, a fair and well-informed writer, still condemns him, and Mr. Bisset's opinion is probably shared by many. "Greatness stained by crime," or as it might be more correctly expressed,

"greatness combined with villainy," is Mr. Bisset's formula for Cromwell. "Fairfax and Ireton," says Mr. Bisset, "were men of the strictest and most punctilious honor. . . . The difference between them and Cromwell was the difference between the Roman generals while Roman generals were men of honor, and the Roman generals when Rome had become thoroughly corrupt." There is truth in this view of the relation of the immaculate Fairfax and Ireton to Cromwell, but it is far from the whole truth. The hero of romance, the scrupulous, delicate-minded, delicate-handed hero, the hero whom you have in perfection in Schiller's dramas, does exist in life and is a real and great power; but he is seldom or never the greatest power. Oliver had a strong, rough, practical instinct, incompatible with fastidiousness. Ireton and Vane were sensitively high and pure in money matters. Ireton refused £2000 in land offered him by the Parliament; Vane refused £2500 when there was no call to do so, and when no eye but God's was on the transaction. There is a flowerlike, feminine virtue in this that we admire and ought to admire. But, account for it as you may—and there is no great difficulty in accounting for it—the most effective and, on the whole, greatest men are not heroes on this pattern. They have no idea of working without their wages. Wellington accepted with thanks what the nation gave him; Havelock was almost painfully prosaic in summing up what he might expect for his victories; Cromwell took what he honestly got. Nature gets most work out of the non-fastidious heroes. Of course I maintain that Oliver was a man of conscience and of honor, equal, in these respects, or superior, to Roman generals in Rome's best age.

If it is true that Cromwell was, as Mr. Carlyle affirms, an honorable, upright man, not ignobly cunning and selfish, then Mr. Carlyle's book upon Cromwell is unquestionably one of the noblest in historical literature, and testifies to an amazing originality, independence, and force of mind. Who that has gone up and down even for a little in the waste of Restoration literature, can fail to appreciate these qualities as displayed by Mr. Carlyle in his book? You find yourself, when you get into those regions, encircled by a babel of tongues, all, in their several dialects, clamoring against Cromwell. From the sleek episco-

pal eloquence of Clarendon to the vociferous hootings of Lilburne, from the plausible diplomatic insinuation of Whitelocke to the pensively servid remonstrance of Baxter, from the sanctified wormwood and gall of Mrs. Hutchinson to the confused, blustering fury of Joyce,—Prelatist, Presbyterian, Royalist, Republican, Leveller,—all tones of speech and all colors of politics combine against Cromwell. Presuming Mr. Carlyle to be right in his main hypothesis,—that Cromwell was an honest man,—his feat in keeping his intellectual nerve steady amid all this din, in penetrating by sheer force of vision all this dust, is parallel to that of Cromwell in retaining his calmness of perception in the tumult of his wildest battles. On the whole this is Mr. Carlyle's greatest book. His French Revolution is incomparable in vividness of dramatic presentation, but the historical student is ultimately forced to confess that too much has been sacrificed in it to pictorial effect; and in relation to Frederick II. and Frederick William of Prussia, he has failed to lead the intelligence of Europe: but although that theory of hero-worship which has had effects infinitely disastrous upon the later literary activity of Mr. Carlyle was injurious even when he wrote on Cromwell, he did succeed in changing the current of European opinion respecting the Protector. There may still be discussions long and animated about Cromwell; but until Mr. Carlyle wrote, his life was unintelligible. Carlyle raised him from the dead. I believe that no man in his own age fully understood Cromwell or could do him justice. Oliver indeed knew as much; as God had never failed him, he believed, and said, that God would look after his reputation; and if Mr. Carlyle has not completely fulfilled this prophecy, he has done so much towards fulfilling it that what remains to be done is comparatively insignificant. In considering the errors, as I must think them, of such writers as Guizot and Mr. Bisset, with respect to Cromwell, I have been impressed with the idea that they have failed simply from not reading Carlyle patiently enough and from not pondering sufficiently the history of the period in connection with the deeds and words of Cromwell.

The influence of Hume has, doubtless, been powerful in determining the opinion of authors in a sense unfavorable to Crom-

well, and Hume's treatment of the man, as compared with that of Carlyle, is instructive. Hume is the recognized prince and demi-god of the non-religious schools of modern philosophy, the sovereign thinker who has annihilated metaphysics and theology. Well, this sublimely gifted person undertakes to do a piece of plain historical work,—to discover the truth about a period in the history of his own country which is of eminent and admitted importance. The central figure in this period is Oliver Cromwell, and an indispensable condition of understanding the period is to understand him. How does Hume set about the solution of this main problem in his work? He glances at Cromwell's speeches jauntily, sniffingly, in a mood of pleasant indifference dashed by cynicism; finds that, thus looked at, they are a coil of confusion; quotes from them to show what Bedlam trash they are; and appeals, with mild twinkle of philosophic mirth, to his reader whether he, the historian, does more or less than justice to this singular compound of fanaticism, hypocrisy, and genius. What Cromwell's speech wanted to make it luminous was no more than honest reading, with adequate knowledge of the history of the time, and strenuous practical sympathy with man not as an abstraction but in the concrete. Hume may have been successful, or he may not, in mapping out the firmament of thought and resolving the nebulous vapors of theology and metaphysics into fixed stars, but in doing this little bit of terrestrial work he trivially and contemptibly failed.

The deepest secret of Carlyle's measureless superiority, as an interpreter of Cromwell, to Guizot, Hallam, and scores of other able men from Clarendon to Hume, and from Hume to Bisset, is affinity of genius between Cromwell and Carlyle. Cromwell's ecstasies and paroxysms are to the others "brain-sick fancies;" his faith is an incomprehensible illusion; his tears, his adjurations, his appeals to the Almighty as his witness, are the audacities of a hypocrite or the ravings of a fanatic. To Carlyle the atmosphere of transcendent emotion in which Cromwell lives is not incomprehensible; it is not only comprehensible, but renders all else comprehensible. What Cromwell called his conversion is for Carlyle the essential key to his character and conduct. "His deliverance from the jaws of eternal death;" his

acceptance into the kingdom of everlasting life, into the company of the redeemed, dear to God "as the apple of His eye;" his conviction henceforth that God worked in him and by him, and that his life, so long as he did the will of God, revealed to him in the Bible and by the irresistible impulse on his mind of the Divine Spirit invoked by habitual prayer, was expressly moulded and directed by God: these are for Mr. Carlyle the vital explicative facts in Cromwell's career and character. The question, what Cromwell's conversion physiologically and psychologically, naturally or supernaturally, meant, we are not called upon to answer: but it is clear that by unveiling this fountain of transcendent emotion in Cromwell, Carlyle brought into distinct manifestation a force sufficient to account for his energy in the battle-field, and his agitated demeanor on other occasions. The careful and exhaustive application of this hypothesis to Cromwell's conduct will be found to be practically an irresistible demonstration of its soundness. No other hypothesis will account for half so many of the facts to be accounted for. All those people of his own or the succeeding generation who speak or scream against Cromwell in their various dialects differ as to the nature of his delinquency. Each of his accusers could account in a manner satisfactory to the accuser for one little knot of facts, but none of them could account for all; and what they call in question, to wit, the simple faith and integrity of Cromwell, is a clue which takes us through every winding of the labyrinth out into the light. The sceptic of our day will observe with his usual cleverness that, if Cromwell really believed that, under certain circumstances, the Almighty would, as he told Parliament, rend him and them in pieces, that his Father in heaven "put it upon him" to turn the Rump out of doors, and that the victory of Dunbar was an infallible intimation by Providence that the Scots were holding to the letter instead of the spirit of their Covenant, he would have been a fool; and that therefore, since fools do not, in perilous times, rise to be Lord Protectors, he must have been a hypocrite. But this is to beg the question in a very shallow way; and for my part I confess my belief with Mr. Carlyle, that much less can be explained in history by the hypothesis of hypocrisy than by that of inspiration.

There is nothing of much importance known about Cromwell's boyhood and youth. He was distinguished by physical rather than intellectual vigor, in so far as intellectual vigor is attested by bookishness. Heath says that he was a famous player at quarter-staff, a circumstance which may have stood him in good stead when he became a cavalry officer. At Cambridge he got some tincture of Latin, but escaped both the chief dangers by which Universities beset practical genius—that of formalizing and making it pedantic, and that of wasting up the mental force or softening the mental fibre. In some sense and for some time he gave attention to law in London, but seems to have carried with him from whatever Inn of Court he frequented little more than a conviction of the chicanery, extortion, pedantry and corrupt tardiness of the profession, which conviction was one of his fixed ideas through life. He married at the age of twenty-one, and retired to native Huntingdon to take up house with his wife and his mother.

Heath says that Cromwell led a wild life about London, and the fact that it is Heath who says so is hardly, as Mr. Carlyle seems to think, a proof that he did *not* give way to gambling and dissipation. The severity of his mental struggles in the period of spiritual crisis and transition tends to confirm Heath's statement. Sir Philip Warwick's references to Cromwell's mental troubles are brief but suggestive. Dr. Simcott, Oliver's physician, "had often been sent for at midnight." Cromwell used to fancy himself on the point of death, was for many years in a state of moody despondency, and appears to have at times verged on insanity. Had he written down his experience at this time, it would probably have been similar to that of Bunyan. At length, by what processes and through what means we know not, his gloom and doubt passed into exultant faith. There was earnest religion at that time in England, which was not Puritan; but the most intense, vehement, impassioned religion of England was Puritanic; and this had the recommendation for a young man whose heart was on fire with the ardors of first love, of being frowned upon by Principalities and Powers. Certain it is that Oliver was a Puritan of the Puritans, and imbibed not only their fierce hatred of Popery, but their suspicion and

dislike of Episcopacy, as a half-way house between Popery and Protestantism. In these views he never wavered. He told his last Parliament that "men of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches," were prepared to "trouble nations for an interest which is but mixed at the best,—made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image." On the same occasion he referred to the times when there had been designs "to innovate upon us in matters of religion; and so to innovate as to eat out the core, and power, and heart, and life of all religion by bringing on us a company of poisonous Popish ceremonies."

Cromwell sat for Huntingdon in Charles's third Parliament, which met in March, 1628, and was dissolved in March, 1629. It is the Parliament of the Petition of Right, in which Eliot, Pym, and Hampden headed the Commons, and the character, policy, and generalship of the Puritan and popular party first become grandly obvious to the eye of history. The weakest thing in Carlyle's book about Cromwell is his under-valuation of Hampden; the weakest thing in his separate lecture on Oliver is what he says about Pym. Cromwell sat at the feet of these men, and beyond the lesson which he learned from these men he never went. He profoundly respected Vane, and was influenced by him; he profoundly respected Ireton, and deferred to him considerably; but Clarendon says that he adored Hampden, who was his near kinsman, and until both Pym and Hampden were in their graves he did not take a leading place in the House of Commons. Oliver detested compliments and eulogies, but I wonder that the words of solemn and affectionate praise in which he referred to Hampden in one of his speeches to his second Parliament did not impress Mr. Carlyle differently. "I had a very worthy friend then," said Oliver, "and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all—Mr. John Hampden." Hampden agreed with Cromwell as to the desirability of enlisting men to fight the Puritan battle who "made some conscience of what they did," if only it were found practicable. He discerned, before war was thought of, that Cromwell was the greatest practical genius in England. His troops attracted notice for their fine condition as well as Cromwell's. Mr. Carlyle seems

to think that Hampden disapproved or slighted Cromwell's idea as to the kind of soldiers to be raised, but he did nothing of the kind. "Very natural in Mr. Hampden," says Mr. Carlyle, "if I recollect him well! With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding; lively sensibilities to 'unspotted character,' 'safe courses,' &c., &c. A very brave man, but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant." I shall say nothing of the countenance of Hampden except that, to my own thinking, it is the very ideal of a hero-face; strong as the ancient rock, but soft as summer air, with an intellectual fineness and calmness that would have fitted a great artist or scholar, and yet the firm, decisive lines of a great man of action. But when I recollect that Hampden, while still a young man, was flung into prison for his opposition to the Court; that he incurred the formal guilt of high treason, the risk of losing not only his reputation but his life, by negotiations with the Covenanters before 1640; that he, like Cromwell, became a soldier the moment the war broke out; that he urgently remonstrated against the lukewarm manner in which the war was at first carried on by the Parliament; and that he died in an act of almost foolhardy valor; I cannot express my surprise that Mr. Carlyle should have spoken of him in terms applicable to a Clarendon or a Falkland. It was no punctilious, clear official man who ruled, like a very spirit of the tempest, in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, between the death of Strafford and the attempt on the Five Members, and whose presence of mind and skill in Parliamentary tactics were believed to have prevented the opposing parties, in the debate on the Grand Remonstrance, from plunging their swords into each other's bodies.

"One breaks down often enough," says Mr. Carlyle, "in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy—heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay." The best wheat in the world is grown on brick-clay, and English freedom in modern time, with all that, in America or elsewhere, has sprung from the freedom of England, is due to the constitutional eloquence of Pym and Hampden. If any one imagines that Pym was a cautious, fine-spoken Girondin, let him read

Mr. Browning's tragedy of "Strafford," and learn how he struck down the terrible Earl. It would, in fact, be superfluous and impertinent to speak a word in defence of Hampden and Pym, were it not that, in order to do comprehensive justice to Cromwell—in order to understand him not only in the power and splendor of his own genius, but in his relation to the preceding and succeeding periods of English history,—nay, in order to obtain, in addition to that conception of his religious character which enables you to apprehend his personal honesty, a tenable and rational theory of his conduct as a politician and a statesman, you must realise the fact of his reverence not only for these men, but for the principles which they represented. No theory of imperialism will explain or vindicate Cromwell; and with all his admiration, Mr. Carlyle differs fundamentally from his hero in that he does not share Cromwell's rooted and inflexible devotion to constitutional liberty.

A modern reader is apt to be surprised and disappointed by what seems the baldness of the patriotic programme of Pym and his party at the time of Charles's third Parliament. A few specific concessions, adequately guaranteed, were all they demanded. The secret is that they did not conceive themselves to be rearing the edifice of English freedom, but to be buttressing it. They believed that the personal liberty of Englishmen and the political liberties of Englishmen had been realities in former reigns, and that they were now being assailed by a systematic aggression on the part of the Court. Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry VIII. the memorable words,

"We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will."

It was a sentiment which the contemporaries of Shakespeare unanimously attributed to the kings of England. The law was the guardian of liberty; the king was supreme only in and through the law; therefore England was a free country, and Englishmen, as we also learn infallibly from Shakespeare, were enthusiastically, arrogantly proud of their country and their name. The Puritan leaders, fitted by genius, position, and culture, to understand the signs of their time, perceived that political institutions throughout Europe were in a state of transition, and they

made it the object of their lives to carry over into the new epoch the ancient freedom of England. If anything can be proved in history at all, it admits, I think, of demonstration that the meaning and drift of the policy of Charles, of Strafford, and of Laud, whether consciously designed in this sense by themselves or not, was the conversion of the limited monarchy of England into a despotism. Accordingly, the main force of the Puritan patriots was thrown not into promotion of change, but resistance to change. They were thoroughly conservative both in their aims and their instincts. Their conservatism, however—and this is a point of essential importance towards understanding their relation to the career of Cromwell—was of things, not of names, of things inflexibly, of names subordinately. It was essential with them to preserve constitutional liberty; they had no notion of a Republic; but I do not think that they held the name of king to be essential, or that, if they found it indispensable for the preservation of liberty that the form of Government or the reigning dynasty should be changed, they would have flinched from changing either. Their opposition was directed to innovation in essentials. We have seen how this term could be applied to their agitation in civil affairs, but it is not at first glance easy to see how the Puritans could maintain that Laud and not they patronised innovation in religion. Such, however, was the position they took up, and it is intelligible now as it was tenable then. They dated from the Reformation, "that never-to-be-forgotten Reformation," as Oliver called it, "that most significant and greatest 'mercy' the nation hath felt or tasted." The Reformation, as they apprehended it, placed England at the head of the Reformed interest in Europe, and England's Church in sympathy with the Reformed Churches of France, Holland and Scotland. This conception of the Reformation was held not only by the multitude and the middle class, but by members of the territorial nobility of England, titled and untitled, by men of culture like Milton, by the large majority of the Commons in the third, the fourth, and the last Parliaments of Charles. And on *this* conception of the Reformation, Laud, with his ceremonies and his fierce hiss at the Reformation as more properly a *De*-formation, was an innovator. Add one

other point and you have a complete view of the outfit of principles, political and religious, which the Puritans of Charles's last Parliaments held in common with Oliver Cromwell. Adhering almost universally to the Church of England, and yet having little or no reverence for Episcopal authority, and sedulously encouraging preachers, called lecturers, whose recommendation was their doctrinal sympathy with the Reformation and antipathy to Rome, the ablest Puritans, like Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, would be naturally led to set store less by form, name, organisation, and the general apparatus of ecclesiasticism, than by the essentials of personal religion, faith in Christ, purity of morals, delight in the Bible, fervency in prayer. The immeasurable importance which the Presbyterians, especially the Scots, attached to their form of Church Government, was a fatal rock of offence between them and what Oliver, without much enquiry as to their ecclesiastical preferences, called "the Godly party."

It may possibly, or even probably, remain one of the controvertible questions of history whether the Puritans could or could not have secured the substantial objects of their agitation without wresting the sword from the hand of Charles. Hallam thinks that after the death of Strafford all was safe, and Hallam's reasoning is so strong, that I was, I confess, at one time convinced by it. But more mature consideration, first, of the character of Charles, and secondly, of the opportunities and powers which, through the law of action and reaction, the vacillations of public opinion confer upon a faithless monarch in England, led me to the conclusion that Pym, Hampden and Oliver Cromwell were right. Macaulay's essays upon this subject, the most masterly things he ever did, contain the indispensable rectification of Hallam. At all events, the Parliament demanded the sword, Charles refused to give it, and after a few months of feverish preparation the frightful struggle of the civil war, in town and county, in village, castle, grange and farm-house throughout England, commenced. This was in 1642.

Oliver, now in his forty-third year, betakes himself to his county and begins raising force, not only serving personally, but embarking three of his sons, Oliver, Richard, and Henry, the last of whom must have been a mere boy, in the cause.

The Squire letters, otherwise unimportant, have a singular interest from the light they throw upon the earliest military experiences and exploits of Cromwell, enabling us to understand how it was that he broke upon England as a consummate soldier and tactician at Marston Moor, and also, what might otherwise have been still more puzzling, where he acquired that skill in the subterranean department of the military art,—in organising and managing a spy-system—which not only did him yeoman's service in his campaigns, but, in the days of the Protectorate, enabled him with beautiful facility to baffle every wile of perhaps the most able, cool, and intrepid set of plotters that ever hatched schemes of assassination, and made him familiar with what passed at the dinner tables and in the very bed-chambers of Prince Charles and the Duke of York. In those busy months, unobserved by England, without the smallest surmise of the stupendous results which were to follow from his activity, he was making all the sequel possible. The greatest practical genius between Cromwell and Napoleon, Frederick of Prussia, accounted for the failures of clever Joseph II. by the remark that he always "put the second before the first." The miracles of success are invariably explicable when we are made acquainted with the process by which the first was, in the given instance, put before the second.

Oliver commences with intense drilling. "Heed well your motions." "The Lord helpeth those who heed his commandments; and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth?" He looks well to weapons, armor, equipment. "If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as naught." His orders are already brief, precise, comprehensive. "We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown." The Royalist meeting at Lowestoff was held, but Cromwell came down upon it with sufficient force, and stamped out Malignancy in the whole Yarmouth district. In fact, the Royalist party could not once crawl in the Eastern Counties with such a Colonel Stork as

this looking at them. "I learn behind the oven is the place" where the arms, which Cromwell wants, are hidden. He will have no free-and-easy methods of raising supplies, impelled not more by his sense of justice than by his instinctive feeling that, as the essence of soldiership lies in discipline, marauding tends to destroy the fighting power of an army. "Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without compensation." But his sternness, when guilt is clear, knows no compunction, and strikes terror and stupor by its suddenness. "Hang the fellow out of hand, and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the widow's son, her only support." "Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms," "Cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honorable soldiers." But in the hastiest order as to seizing arms, he does not forget what is due to an enemy and a gentleman. Some Royalist's harness must be "fetched off." Oliver knows where to get it. "It lies in the wall by his bed-head." But "move not his old weapons of his father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one gentleman to another." The vibration of the nerves of the born soldier in the tremendous excitement of the moment when war is breaking out can be realised as we read some of his sentences. "Verily, I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why." And what a comment are the following words upon the career of one who, if not an honest man, was the greatest master of dissimulation named in history! "Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will." Having enlisted the due number of "honest and godly men;" drilled them to perfection; armed them as well as it was possible to arm soldiers at the time; accustomed them to march by night or by day, close to their colors and religiously respecting property; taught them to spring upon the foe at word of command and to annihilate any living thing that looked them in the face; Cromwell brought them into action at Marston Moor, shattered Rupert's hitherto victorious squadrons,

and made England and the king aware that, while all eyes had been fixed on the great drama of the war going on in the West, sieges of Bristol, sieges of Gloucester, victories of Charles, victories of the Parliament, a Huntingdon farmer had been getting ready a "company of poor men" who were more than a match for any troops in the world.

The first occasion on which what is called his dissimulation was brought notably into play by Oliver, was that of the new modelling of the Parliament army. The war had been carried on after the battle of Marston Moor with a languor which, to Cromwell and the more fiery spirits, was painfully evident. The idea put forward by this party was that the inconclusive character of the operations was caused by the interference of senatorial with military duties, a large number of the principal officers having seats in the House of Commons. The New Model ordinance was that members of the House should surrender their commissions and confine themselves to their Parliamentary duties. The principal officers to be thus excluded from the army were Presbyterians, and between the Presbyterians and the Independents the conflict was now becoming hot. Cromwell, as has been shown, had no strong ecclesiastical preferences; but he was determined that the Godly, whether they called themselves Independents, Presbyterians, or Baptists, should enjoy toleration; and as the Presbyterians shuddered at the supposed guilt of tolerating "Sec-taries," Oliver had become obnoxious to the party. The remodelling took place; the Presbyterian officers quitted their commands, thus relaxing the hold of the party upon the sword; but Cromwell remained in the army. The circumstance was fatal to Presbyterian ascendancy in the revolution, and secured the ascendancy of Cromwell. Can we then refuse to believe that he devised the New Model in order to get rid of Manchester and to triumph over the Presbyterians; and that, when he talked of the "true English hearts" and "zealous affections" of the officers inducing them "to deny themselves for the public good," he was canting and shamming? The case, at first blush of it, looks ill for Cromwell. But the utmost that can be established against him is that he may have foreseen the issue, and even of this we cannot be certain. He knew his price; he knew that

many of the soldiers would wish him to remain in command; but he knew also the jealousy entertained of him by the Presbyterians; and the New Model strengthened the Presbyterians in the House of Commons as much as it weakened them in the army. Cromwell must have been aware, when he proposed the self-denying ordinance, that, if he attempted to evade it, the Presbyterians in Parliament might order him by an overwhelming majority into his seat. It is certain that there was no formal irregularity. Cromwell came to resign his commission into the hands of Fairfax, and found that the Committee of Both Kingdoms had expressly selected him for an important and difficult service. He took horse and performed the service in his usual superlative fashion. Then the Houses voted that he should continue in the army for forty days—for another forty days—for three or four months, and so on. They could not do without him. His merit was so dazzling that it triumphed over even professional jealousy, and the Colonels of the Horse petitioned that Colonel Cromwell might be their Lieutenant-General. Had things turned out differently, no one would have spoken of the duplicity of Cromwell. He remained in the army. Charles, with his usual infatuation, took it into his head that the exclusion of the old officers, intended to increase, had destroyed its efficiency, and rushed to engage it at Naseby. As at Marston Moor, the victory was due principally to Cromwell. "When I saw the enemy," he writes, "draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle—the General having commanded me to order all the Horse—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out in praises to God, in assurance of victory."

The war still continued for some time like a slowly-dying fire, but the defeat of Naseby was irretrievable, and Charles, calamity and perplexity in his wake, fled to the Scots. "Traitor Scot," says wise history, "sold his king for a groat." Of all the unkillable lies in Muse Clio's immense family of the like, this is perhaps the most toughly immortal and the most venomously unjust. It was a toss-up with Charles whether he should betake himself to the Parliament or to the Scots. With both he was at war, and his kind and feasible the-

ory was that he might induce one of the parties to extirpate the other for his advantage, weakening itself, of course, so much in the process that his beaten Episcopalian friends could rally and extirpate it also. The Scots, according to their reasonable gainsayers, having contributed to the ruin of Charles on Marston Moor, and having had Scotland devastated by Charles's Lieutenant, while they were fighting against himself in England, ought, so soon as they saw his face, to have gone into ecstasies of loyalty, and engaged in an internecine war with England on his behalf. They did the best for him they could, consistently with their own principles. They joined with the English Parliament in imploring him to conclude peace. He refused to sign the proposals tendered him, although, to use the Englishman Whitelocke's words, "the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms on their knees begged of him to do it." What were they then to do with him? He would not make peace with them. If they took him into Scotland he must have gone as their prisoner. If he had never gone near them, they would have been compelled to leave England at that time; if they had been so signally blessed as to be five hundred miles away from him, they would have demanded at that time the money which was their due from the English Parliament. I have never come upon one syllable of proof that they got a penny more on account of having Charles in their camp than they would have got if he had never come thither; and what they did get was much less than they claimed. The mere juxtaposition of a few circumstances of treaty and payment, and the application to succeeding events of that grand maxim of fool's logic *post hoc propter hoc*, gave birth to the lie. The greatest Scotsman of that age, Alexander Henderson, died at Edinburgh soon after the Scotch army arrived from England, and Whitelocke tells us it was rumored that he died "of grief because he could not persuade the king to sign the propositions," that is to say, because Charles would not put it in the power of the Scots to agree with their allies, the English Parliament, in restoring him to his throne. Charles was subsequently executed, but at the time when the Scots army marched for Scotland, and for about a year afterwards, there was not a whisper of danger to his life. The English Lords and Commons con-

curred in a resolution that the king's residence in Holmby House, after the departure of the Scots, should be "with respect to the safety and perservation of his Majesty's person." The Scots actually stipulated, that "no harm be done to his person;" and the sincerity of this stipulation was proved in three disastrous campaigns, that of Preston, that of Dunbar, and that of Worcester, in which, with infatuated loyalty, Scotsmen poured out their blood like water for the preposterous father and the worthless son.

Had the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms managed their little business with Charles, they might possibly have found that they had still reckoned without their host. If the Presbyterian gentlemen had omitted to secure toleration for any who declined to accept the Covenant in the simplicity of its Presbyterian acceptation, they would have found Oliver and his "company of poor men," with their most unmanageable knack of handling the cold iron, in the way. Cromwell had signed the Covenant, and this alone is enough to convict him in the eyes of many of deceit and falsehood. But it is no more than justice to Henderson, Johnston of Warriston, and the earliest and wisest Covenanters, to say that they did not contemplate the enforcing of their Covenant in England as a rigid uniformity of Presbyterian system, but as a spiritual and intensely anti-Popish Protestantism; and Cromwell always maintained that, in this its deepest sense, he had been true to the Covenant. But it was one of his fixed principles that the "Godly party," the Ironsides, without whom the whole course of events might have been different, should have liberty to worship God as their consciences enjoined. The Presbyterians, in their negotiations with the king, were so anxiously bent on depressing the Sectaries that they were too likely to overlook this essential condition of any settlement which Cromwell would accede to; and if Cromwell had refused to accede to it, we may doubt whether all the support which King and Parliament could lend it would have sufficed to keep it up and to keep Oliver down. Charles, incapable of doing anything completely, could not come to terms with the Presbyterians while they were still dominant in the Houses, and we find him at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647

with the strings of many plots in his hands, but with neither the Presbyterians nor the Independents as yet extirpated.

The most obscure, perplexed, and bewildering period in the whole history of the Revolution is that in which the rupture finally took place between the Presbyterians and the Independents, and in which the essentials of power passed from the Parliament to the army. Whoever might win, the Presbyterians were from the first safe to lose. In revolutions of the highest order, action and reaction run their course from extreme to extreme; the volcano volleys out its fire until the last shower of ashes has fallen, and then sinks back into rest, and the crater fills with snow. The French Revolution was of the highest order; France may be legitimist or it may be Republican, but it will not be Girondist. The English Revolution was of the highest order; the action, therefore, was from Episcopacy to Independency, and the reaction from Independency to Episcopacy, the tide sweeping over Presbyterianism on both occasions. The main impulse of the Revolution was religious, and Cromwell represented this impulse in its most characteristic form. There is no doubt that he entered into negotiations with Charles. Mr. Carlyle, I cannot help thinking, goes with a gingerly quickness and caution over this section of Cromwell's history, but if we are content that heroic men need not be punctilious and romantic, we may survey it with equanimity. Any arrangement between Charles and Cromwell for the settlement of the kingdom must have embraced a fair reward for Cromwell's services, as well as a post of honor and importance for him in the administration. That Cromwell was to be chief minister of Charles, and commander of the forces, with the title of Earl of Essex; that abuses were to be removed in the Church, and toleration conceded to Presbyterians and Independents, Episcopacy being provisionally at least in abeyance; and that the Cavaliers were not to be permitted to vote in one or more general elections,—these, I take it, were the outlines of Cromwell's scheme. For the vulgar and the foolish mind it has, on Oliver's part, the aspect of a bargain, but to call it is to mistake, as in the so-called bargain of the Scots with the Parliament, the accident of adjacency for organic connection. Such a settlement does not necessarily involve any but worthy

motives on Cromwell's part. He represented, recollect, the Revolution; but the very fact that he represented its fundamental characteristics implies that he did not represent its extravagances. And it was precisely at this stage that the fundamental characteristics and main aims of the Revolution were in danger of being overpowered by the extravagances and aberrations to which its agitation had given birth. The army was in a state of fermentation; Republicans, Levellers, Fifth Monarchy Men were in full cry. Oliver felt that what they vehemently but vaguely wanted was intensely different from what he, along with Hampden and Pym, had through long dark years toiled to realize. He saw that, if the king went heartily along with him, the old monarchy might be wedded to freedom, his company of godly men be permitted to worship God according to their consciences, and the tumult of anarchy and fanaticism which was rising, and which he instinctively abhorred, be repressed.

Charles, perhaps for the first time in his life, had the opportunity offered him of leaning on a great, good, valiant, faithful man. But he could not do it. His mind, narrow, morbid, incapable, had not the sympathy necessary to the appreciation of greatness. He smiled and smiled on Cromwell, and tried to throw his glamour over him as he had thrown his glamour over Wentworth and Montrose; but he was now dealing with one who was more sagacious than Wentworth and more vigilant than Montrose. A whimsical contradictoriness drives the student of character who seeks a formula for that of Charles to despair. Every good quality had in him its attendant vice, every promising faculty its blighting weakness. A faithful betrayer, an ingenious bungler, a fool-hardy coward, an affectionate torturer, a cunning simpleton, a subtle fool, a religious liar, he never succeeded, and yet he always struck near enough to success to add poignancy to failure. It is almost incredible that a man so given to plots should be unable to keep a secret, and yet no fact is better established than that, when he had a stragem in hand whose success depended wholly on its being kept secret and whose discovery would be ruinous, he could no more hide it than a girl of nine. The story that, when his negotiation with Cromwell was in its crisis, he put into black

and white his consolatory reflection that, though he now spoke these knaves fair and offered them the Garter, it was a halter he designed them; that he committed the letter containing this announcement to some one who was to carry it, sewed up in a saddle, to a certain tavern to be thence conveyed to the Continent; and that Cromwell and Ireton went to the tavern, found means to read the letter, and then let it go on its way; this story is so true to the character of Charles, and so intelligible and likely on the side of Cromwell, that I see no reason to doubt its correctness. But we need not go farther than Clarendon to learn that the failure of the treaty took place because Cromwell discovered that Charles was playing false. Oliver, Clarendon tells us, complained that the king "had intrigues in the Parliament, and treaties with the Presbyterians of the city to raise new troubles; that he had a treaty concluded with the Scotch Commissioners to engage the nation again in blood; and, therefore, he would not be answerable if anything fell out amiss, and contrary to expectation, &c." If, as I believe, Cromwell had, up to this point, retained something of his old English reverence and affection for his king, and had really wished, at the risk of his own life, to save him, can we not realize that his great proud heart would now be wounded beyond reconciliation, and that he would make up his mind that God had rejected Charles and his house from reigning over England?

A more solidly able man than Charles might have failed to see at that juncture that Cromwell was the only one who could steady his crown upon his head. The extirpation of the Independents by the Presbyterians seemed really in a fair way. A party in Scotland,—a large party, but not comprehending more than one in three of the Covenanters, if so many, and expressly discountenanced by the General Assembly of the Kirk,—embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the king, and rose in arms with a view to marching into England and rescuing him from Sectaries. An immense multitude of English Presbyterians sympathized with the movement, which would have been in the highest degree formidable had there been a man of commanding ability at its head either in England or in Scotland. The Presbyterian Royalists had valor and numbers, but failed hopelessly in directing ability.

There was no rightly managed concert between the departments of the business in England and in Scotland, and the English insurrection was all but stamped out when the Duke of Hamilton led his Scots across the border. There were about 20,000 of them, but had there been 100,000 the perfectly imbecile leadership of Hamilton would only have made the disaster more complete. Cromwell displayed in the campaign no higher military qualities than courage and promptitude, but these were sufficient in dealing with an army in which ducal mismanagement drove the men frantic and made the Lieutenant-General beseech some one to shoot him through the head. Properly there was no battle of Preston. Cromwell was not once in action with the main army of the Scots. Those with whom he did engage "at a place near Winwick," fought in a way which he thus describes:—"We held them in some dispute till our army came up; they maintaining the pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges—which forced us to give ground; but our men by the blessing of God quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing," &c. And it turns out that those Scots who thus kept Cromwell at bay for hours were merely some stray regiments, "commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot." Hamilton is perhaps to be more pitied than blamed because he utterly lost his head in a situation which was too much for him, but there was really no general battle, for the Duke ordered Baillie to surrender when he was prepared to fight, and when he almost committed suicide for vexation and shame. Cromwell gave an order soon after that about 4000 prisoners should be put to the sword in the event of their becoming dangerous. The contingency did not occur, but the command shows that Cromwell had no more scruple than Napoleon in making use of the powers granted him by the laws of war.

The armed intervention of the Presbyterian Royalists, Scotch and English, had failed to re-establish Charles; but the Presbyterian party in Parliament, with a tenacity and courage which contrast favorably with the pusillanimity of the Girondins in abandoning Louis, continued to

plead his cause. At last the Independents, acting by means of the army, forcibly ejected them to the number of about a hundred. This was in December, 1648; in January, 1649, Charles died on the scaffold before Whitehall. His death, which he suffered with perfect dignity and kingliness, was the one fortunate event of importance that ever occurred to him. He had now no chance, and it would have been sad for him to drag out a miserable and despised old age. His death brought back to him respect and pity, and it is well that men should think pitifully of one on whom fate was so hard. I fancy that the problem of his character, as well as that of his father, belongs in great measure to medical science. Neither of them was at all like the old Scottish Stuarts; and their history, and that of the nation they misgoverned, might have been very different if Mary, some months ere she became a mother, had not seen, at midnight in Holyrood, the spouting blood of David Rizzio, and the naked blades of his assassins, as he clung to her garment for protection.

Cromwell, who had done his best to bring the king to a reasonable arrangement, and who had received sternest attestation of the calamity and bloodshed his obstinacy had caused, would feel more vividly than most men that, in relation to the Preston war at least, the guilt of blood was on the hands of Charles. The death of the King was due to him more than to any man, but there is not a particle of evidence that it ever occasioned his conscience a pang. The form of Government adopted after the execution of Charles, that of a Commonwealth administered by a Council of State and House of Commons, appears to have been regarded by him as provisional. He now had assurance that "the poor Godly People of this kingdom" should not "be made the object of wrath and anger" by those who denounced them as Sectaries, and that there was no risk of a Cavalier reaction to bring "our necks under a yoke of bondage." He was in the Council of State, but there was at first no constant President, and when one was appointed, he was not Cromwell but Bradshaw. Oliver was named to the command in Ireland.

Toward Papists his feeling corresponded as closely as was in his time a possibility to the feeling of an ancient Hebrew, zeal-

ous for the Lord of Hosts, toward Midian or Moab. The Hebrew Bible was always in his hands and constantly on his tongue, the psalms of David and the prophecies of Isaiah being his favorite compositions. Next to these were the epistles of Saint Paul. We do not find that he read the Gospels much; and what a rude old-Hebrew version of Christianity Puritanism was at best is proved by the intensely un-Christlike tone of his letters from Ireland. I have no doubt he was sincere when he referred to the "remorse and regret" which massacres like that of Drogheda are fitted to "work." Doubtless also the terror he inspired hastened the termination of the war, and thus tended to "prevent effusion of blood." Recollect also that he believed the garrison of Drogheda to consist of "barbarous wretches" who had "imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood," that is to say, who had been engaged in the Irish massacre. But Cromwell ought to have been very sure of this, and Mr. Carlyle says that the garrison put to the sword were English. I maintain that, since the defenders of Drogheda and of Wexford were regular soldiers, fighting under their colors, to put them, whether English or Irish, to the sword for meeting their assailants in the breach and proving themselves brave men, was an extreme and a cruel exercise of the rights of war. But what strikes me most painfully in these letters is a certain savage hardness with which Cromwell seems to gloat over heart-rending circumstances. "Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge, about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church steeple. . . . These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me, I burn, I burn.' . . . I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day, and made an end of." Cromwell was in this instance inflamed to ferocity, and deep as is my respect for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, I think that the reprobation and resentment which such things awake in the mass of men ought to be encouraged rather than repressed. It is noticeable that Cromwell addressed his summons to strong places in Ireland in

name not of the Commonwealth but of Parliament. He never exhibited a trace of that enthusiasm for a Republic which was a passion with several of those who sat with him in the Council of State.

Having quelled Ireland, Cromwell had once more to deal with the Scots. Duke Hamilton's enterprise had not been approved by the covenanting clergy, but they and the party in the Scotch Parliament which had agreed with them in discountenancing Hamilton were startled by the execution of the King and the proclamation of the Commonwealth. Charles II. was invited to assume the Royal authority in Scotland, and the little nation, dreadfully as its resources had been impaired by the Marston Moor expedition, the devastations of Montrose, and the catastrophe of Preston, raised a considerable army. It is interesting to observe the difference between Cromwell's treatment of the genuine Covenanters, on the one hand, and his treatment of the Irish Papists and of the Malignant or Pure-Royalist Scots of the Preston raid, on the other. Even Mrs. Hutchinson, who devotes to Cromwell one of the many bitter spites that found harbor in her saintly breast, is inclined to believe that he was reluctant to accept the command, and sincerely wished Fairfax to take it. The Scots were, he believed, under infatuation in imagining that the objects of the Solemn League and Covenant could be attained, except in the dead letter of them, by the proclamation of Charles II.; but he could not doubt that a number of them were of that Godly party which, as he was for ever saying, the Lord guarded as the apple of His eye, and which it was terribly dangerous to hurt. It was, therefore, an infinite consolation when God shone upon him in the almost miraculous deliverance of Dunbar. He solemnly adjures the Presbyterian clergy not to shut their eyes to a revelation like that. He thinks it little better than blasphemy when the reverend gentlemen remark with coldness that they do not hang their faith upon events. "Did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an 'event'? . . . The Lord pity you!" He has the appalling presumption to lecture even the General Assembly. "Is it

therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." But on the whole, the tenderness with which he addresses the Scots is wonderful, considering how he wrote about friars. "If we know our hearts at all, our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland." But neither the clergy nor the people could be persuaded to abandon Charles. Even after the crushing blow of Dunbar they protracted the struggle for upwards of a year, and if the hopeless project of an expedition into England had not been adopted, they might, as Cromwell told the Parliament, have made it very difficult work for the English in the succeeding winter. At Worcester the Scots were beaten down by overpowering numbers, but though Oliver, bent probably on securing the person of Charles, entreated them to yield to mercy, they sacrificed themselves to give their king a chance. From this time Oliver took an interest in Scotland somewhat like that which a parent might take in a child that he loved, but to which he had been under the necessity of administering a severe castigation. He spoke with pride and joy of the prospering of the Scots, especially the poor, under his rule. Johnston of Warriston, one of the original Covenanters, sat in his House of Lords, and Scotch Lockhart, who had been in the Preston welter, was Cromwell's highly distinguished French ambassador, and commanded the Parliament troops on the sand dunes near Dunkirk, when they drove before them the best soldiers of Spain.

After Worcester, Cromwell could not but feel that he was the first man in England. His victories had built him a pedestal on which he stood visibly above the rest of his contemporaries. It was impossible that he should regard with overpowering reverence the peeled and meagre Rump in which sat hardly one in four of the original Commons of the Long Parliament. For upwards of nineteen months he waited, and then, fiercely exclaiming that they were no Parliament, he turned the remaining members out of doors. He did so with a view to averting either of two dangers: first, the perpetuation of the Parliament; second, the election of a new Parliament by such a constituency that the Puritan cause would be placed in peril.

The idea of a Parliament perpetually renewing itself as its members died out seems to have been that of Vane, and it has much to recommend it. The periodical convulsion fits of general elections, as we see them in England and in America, would be entirely avoided by Vane's plan, and it would prevent any danger which might supposably arise from the sudden landing of an enemy while Parliament was dissolved. But it was not the old English method, and strong as was Vane's influence with Cromwell, it was not strong enough to unteach the lessons he had learned from cousin Hampden and from John Pym. On finding that Oliver was resolute against perpetuation, Vane and his party seem to have tried to hurry through the House a Bill for the election of a Parliament by the people in general. To do this, Cromwell knew, would be to run deadly hazard of a renewal of the war. He assumed the supreme authority, defending the step on the broad ground of necessity. "If the necessity I allege," he in effect said, "be a false or feigned necessity, I am a villain; but if it is a real necessity, the plea is sound." Mr. Bisset denies the fact of the necessity. Could not Cromwell, he asks, at the head of his army, have guarded the cause, and secured that the Parliament elected by the people should not wrest from the Puritans all they had been contending for? The reply is easy. A Parliament elected in the way supposed would have been vehemently opposed to Cromwell. This is perfectly certain, for even with all the safeguards he took, his Parliaments would not work until he excluded a large proportion of the members. To have let a Parliament vehemently opposed to him sit, would have been to endanger everything, including his own neck; and to turn three out of every four members from the door would have been to provoke insurrection. Oliver had not been two years in his grave when the sweeping away of the entire fabric of the Commonwealth, and the hurling down into contempt and impotence of that Godly party against which, while he breathed, no tongue in Europe dared to wag, demonstrated that it was no feigned necessity of which he spoke.

As ruler of England he strenuously endeavored to restore in its essentials that an-

cient English freedom which it had been the aim of the Puritan heroes of the early time, Eliot, Hampden, Pym, to set on an immovable basis. Charles I. was a monarch chafing against constitutional fetters, abhorring Parliaments, grudging every concession to the patriots. Oliver was a monarch exerting his utmost ingenuity to bring into existence a free Parliament which might limit his power and vote his supplies. He welcomed the restoration of the House of Lords, for he had never objected to that House in itself, but only to its servility to the king and haughtiness to the people. He would have had no objection to be called a king, but he expressed his distrust of the hereditary principle, and said that, if they had in him the thing they wanted, they might avoid offending good men by giving him a particular name. He looked on himself, he said, as the Constable of the parish, useful in keeping the peace. Every sect, he mournfully declared, cried out for toleration to itself, but give it toleration, it immediately grudged toleration to others. He would, beyond question, have tolerated still more generously had he dared, being head and shoulders above the mass of his contemporaries in this matter. The magnificent energy, simplicity, integrity, and wisdom of his foreign administration are admitted. England mistook his intention for what we call Imperialism, which it was not, and, not understanding him, England most justly refused to be dazzled by his genius and his conquests into what she believed would be a final surrender of her liberties. But in ten years or less England could hardly have failed to discover that his aim was constitutionalism, and once this was discovered, all classes, aristocracy, gentry, and the body of the people, would have joined in clamorous and impassioned loyalty. Our history since his death has proved that England did *not* desire a fundamental change in her political institutions, and that a change of dynasty *was* a necessity. This is Oliver's complete vindication. There are no perfect characters, and I think that there was a vein of personal ambition, in the strict sense, in his composition, but history names few men greater, either morally or intellectually.—*Contemporary Review*.

THOUGHTS UPON GOVERNMENT.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERCOMMUNICATION OF PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS.

THIS is a subject of great importance, but not, I fear, of great attractiveness.

The right thing would be that all departments should look upon themselves as having one end and aim—as constituted solely for the purpose of ensuring more efficiency by the division of labor. The idea of being part of the general government, of caring for good government generally, and not merely existing as an isolated office, should always be present to them.

There are three dangers incident to this division of labor:—

1. That which arises from an inclination to push off business to another office.
2. That which must attend the arrangement of business in such a way that it cannot be settled, except by a concurrence of several offices.
3. That which must result from over-control and interference on the part of a superior office, which over-control and interference could only be justified by a complete knowledge in the controlling department of the business of all the other offices.

The danger to which I have given the first place is one that is well known. All that need be said about it is, that ruling persons should beware, both on their own part and on that of their subordinates, of giving way to the temptation to make an apparent clearance of work by dexterously referring it, rather than by giving any decision upon it.

With regard to the second danger, there should be frequent efforts made to disengage business from the requirement of needless concurrence. It often happens that what was in the first instance a wise requirement for conjoint action, becomes even in a short time useless. And in such matters the uselessness is not merely a negative thing, but is sure to become a positive hindrance.

Previously to discussing the third danger, it may be remarked that there is hardly anything which is more sure to increase,

with an increase of what is called civilization, than an aversion to incur moral responsibility. In the ruder ages men were more willing than they are now to take responsibility, because there was neither such a nice perception of consequences, nor such an almost morbid fear of consequences, as that which prevails in the present day. Moreover, physical danger and suffering being more common, moral suffering was less apprehended and less felt. If this be so, the danger to which I have given the third place is considerably extended.

Frequent and unnecessary interference on the part of the controlling department adds greatly to the fear of responsibility on the part of the controlled department. The habit of avoiding responsibility gains ground; and, on some critical occasion, when the controlled department ought to act with great dispatch and vigor, it will be found to have lost the power of doing so.

Disputes between departments, another result of over-control, should be carefully avoided; and, with this object in view, care should be taken by them not to get into a "paper war." When it is doubtful whether the views of departments, which have to act together, are in accord, correspondence should be avoided until it has been ascertained by conference, whether some common course of action cannot be agreed upon. There is perhaps no occasion in modern life in which the words of Scripture—"A house divided against itself cannot stand"—are more applicable than when different departments of the State feel and act in hostility to one another.

I began by admitting that this subject is not likely to be of general interest; but, perhaps, the indifference to it would be lessened if people perceived that in ordinary life the same difficulties occur as in official life, and the same precautions are needful in order to avert or lessen these difficulties. The truth of this statement may be seen, when considering the man-

agement of a household, or the conduct of a commercial business, or indeed the transaction of any private affairs in which division of labor is necessary. Here also it is most desirable so to manage that the work shall not be hindered by the frequent use of that ill-conditioned saying, "It is not my business," and by action in accordance with that saying; also by the division of the business being such that it cannot be settled without the needless consent of too many persons; and, finally, by the general control being of that nature which incapacitates an individual department, or person, from taking action swiftly, resolutely, and effectively when it is necessary so to do.

In order that departments may work well together for the one common end of good government, there should be a certain elasticity in each department. If we look minutely into some of the great disasters which have occurred in the official government of the world, I think it will be found that these disasters have proceeded more from rigidity of movement in the several departments, than even in looseness of general control. And here I would specially draw attention to the fact that strictness in audit may be so conducted as not to interfere with efficiency of action in an independent department, provided that within certain limits full power is given to the department as regards both management and expenditure in minor matters. When swiftness of action is imperatively needed, and when a department fails to act swiftly, the failure is seldom due to a feeling on the part of the officers of the department that they will not be able to justify themselves ultimately as regards any expenditure they may have to incur, or any other means that they may have to take. The failure results from a feeling that they shall have to battle at once with another office respecting this expenditure and these means, and that meanwhile the opportunity will be lost. And so they gradually accustom themselves to a course of inactivity, and justify themselves for adopting it.

I have been obliged to state my views on this important subject in a very abstract manner; and, from motives of reticence, have denied myself the power of illustrating, by numerous individual instances, the truth of the statements I have made. I may, however add that the evils I have pointed out are increasing evils. Every

man as he grows older ought to exercise constant watchfulness over his judgment when he is comparing the present with the past, for fear he should allow the recollections colored by the joyous temperament of youth to prejudice the truth of the comparison. He should be aware that he is apt to say that there are now no singers, no actors, no orators worthy to be compared with those whom he heard in his youth. Making careful allowance for this feeling in the older men connected with the public offices, I still cannot but think that they are right in saying that there has been much disimprovement in the matters I have referred to, since their first tenure of office. They say that they remember, for instance, a time when the heads of great departments, and the parliamentary chiefs of great departments, insisted upon their work being well done by themselves, and would not brook unreasonable control from other departments — when, in fact, great men were much more ready to resign their offices than to conduct them with any inefficiency that could be avoided. The late Sir James Graham, than whom a better administrator has not held office in our generation, would ask, when attempted to be subjected to any unreasonable control, whether he was to conduct the business of his department, or whether the department that assumed to control it were to do so. And I have heard that he generally succeeded in having his own way, and would not have held office otherwise.

Of course, moderation and good sense should enter into this matter, as into everything else; but the real danger in the present day is that there should be an absence of individual force and energy in the separate departments rather than that sufficient check, supervision, and control should not be exercised. It is to be remarked that when any evil occurs to the community, or threatens the community, the department to which the dealing with that evil naturally belongs is expected to deal with it effectively. The bricks must be made, whether any straw has been provided or not. That the evil may be dealt with effectively, there should be that elasticity of movement, and that power of individual action habitually allowed to the department, which alone will enable it to act with the requisite vigor on any emergency.

It is not improbable that a great error

will permeate Europe from a consideration of the result of the war between France and Germany. It will be stated that the German conquest was mainly owing to a skill in organization, which showed itself in the management of the smallest matters. A story has been told of how, after the war, the hide of a single animal has had to be accounted for by the regiment to which the animal was delivered by way of rations, that regiment having been suddenly summoned to battle, and the said skin having been left behind. Now, if anybody believes that this minute trouble about such small matters is likely to be very serviceable on great occasions he is liable to make a great mistake, and to contradict the experience of the world. Armies have been very successful and great conquests have been made when minutiae of this sort have been especially neglected for the purpose of ensuring rapidity of movement. The kind of organization which ends in such minute supervision as that indicated above, is for the most part unwise organization. The causes of victory in this particular case are not far to seek. Want of preparation, want of generalship, divided counsels, civic turbulence, dynastic discords, are amply sufficient to account for the defeat of the French. If any cause specially relating to our present subject requires to be mentioned it is this: that in the conquered nation there was over-control at the centre, and that the various departments did not act with sufficient independence, did not seek so much to render those departments efficient as to make a fair appearance to the Central Controlling Department. It is also probable that this central department was very often deceived as to the statement of facts; that it was ignorant as regards the extent of stores, and other important information. But it must be recollected that there may be a great lack of real supervision combined with a great proneness to interfere needlessly in small matters, which interference almost invariably leads to concealment. I venture to maintain that the Germans succeeded, not by means of a minute attention to details, which when carried to extremes is sure to be mischievous, but in spite of it, and by reason of certain great personal qualities, and of certain felicitous

circumstances which were not to be found amongst their opponents.

When I have spoken of the danger arising from several departments having to act in concert for the management of any particular business, it must be recollected that, to obviate this danger, two forms of remedy are required. One is, that a not unfrequent reconstruction of offices is required—sometimes to be effected by creating a new department, and sometimes by the transfer wholly of a branch of business from one great office to another. The second is, that much more care should be taken than is now taken in the framing of Acts of Parliament with reference to this particular object—namely, that one kind of business should be transacted by one office. As matters are now generally managed, a new kind of business, arising perhaps from some emergency, is sure to be entrusted to an old office, generally unfitted to receive it. The business is transacted incompletely by this office; and, eventually, it is found desirable to create a new department for the management of this business. But, meanwhile, there has been a growth of legislation applying only to the management of the business by the office to which it has originally been assigned. In any change, an alteration in this legislation has to be made. It is seldom perfectly made; and the new department is hampered by certain links of connection with the old department. All these troubles and difficulties would be avoided, if from the first it were clearly seen that the business in question is one of a novel character, requiring to be dealt with by a new department, or by a distinctly separated branch of an old department. The cause of this error is not far to seek, and it is, to a certain extent, a good cause. We are such an intensely conservative nation that when we introduce any new thing we must bring it into connection with something which has the claims of antiquity and prescription to reconcile us to it. But it would be wiser to acknowledge at once that the thing is new; and that the best plan would be not to bind it up in Mezentian fashion with that which is old, and which has its well-worn grooves to run upon.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

SEA NOVELS.—CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

THE past autumn has been rather unusually fertile in topics of naval interest. We have had a *Life of Captain Marryat*, the greatest of naval novelists. And we have had a controversy about the building of ironclads, which has once more served to show in what uncertainty the whole subject is involved: how difficult it is to know what an ironclad ought to be; or to conjecture, however vaguely, when we are likely to hit upon anything like a permanent type. It is by putting in juxtaposition such very different writings as Captain Marryat's novels, and Mr. Reed's letters to *The Times*, that we best see the change which has come over the Navy during a single generation. Both are excellent in their way; both engage the public attention, in spite of a considerable technical element. But the interest of Englishmen in the Navy, in Marryat's time, was altogether human and historical, whereas now it has become mainly mechanical and scientific. Everybody is confident—justly confident, say we—that the officers of the service are just as good men as their ancestors. But the service itself is in a period of transition, and is changing its whole material form month by month. The question, what varieties of personal character it presents, hardly excites curiosity. But how does the box turret surpass the cylindrical revolving turret? how many inches of iron plating will stop a 400-pound shot? what is the superiority of a twin screw? and what can an ironclad do under sail?—These are the characteristic and pressing enquiries of the actual period. It occurs to us, that while they are pending—and seeing that they are entirely matters for experts, and even a trifle dull—it occurs to us, we say, that a glance back at the old naval world, suggested by the biography of its best painter, will not be without refreshment to the general reader of the period. We are not of a sentimental turn, but we cannot help thinking that the general reader of nautical tastes will be in a bad way unless he courageously reverts to the masters of a past age. Dibdin's songs are almost as forgotten as Dibdin's singing. The nautical drama has perished in spite of T. P. Cooke's legacy; and a hornpipe

will soon be as obsolete as a minuet. Where is the Greenwich pensioner, venerated by Cockneys?—that worthy who, by a curious coincidence, had always been in the very battle which most interested his hearers—who had contrived to be drafted from Jervis's fleet, in which he had fought at St. Vincent (February, 1797), in time to fight under Duncan, at Camperdown (October same year), and yet to be back in the Mediterranean in time for the Nile, the year following? His Greenwich Palace—and alas! too, in some cases, his Greenwich wife—knows him no more, and his yarns are wasted on rural bumpkins, possibly grudging him his beer, in the obscure village where he moulders on his little pension. That loss, and with even more composure, the loss of T. P. Cooke himself, the well regulated mind can bear. But the good naval novelists—such men as Smollett, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Michael Scott, Herman Melville—some lesser ones, too, like Charnier and Glascock—these are men of a different kidney. Their novels give life to our history, and claim an honorable though modest rank in our literature.

Long before the time of the earliest of these writers, fitful glimpses of the British mariner are seen in old books. The character is as old as our race, the best part of which has lived within the smell of salt water ever since we have any memory of it. The Norseman, in a wolf-skin jacket, polishing his battle-axe as the vessel steered for the mouth of the Seine, was probably as good a seaman as has ever appeared since. The squadron which weathered a gale off the Spanish coast on its way to join King Richard at Marseilles, in 1190, must have been handled with skill as well as pluck, and did not owe its safety only to the blessed St. Thomas of Canterbury, who is well known to have appeared and said words of comfort over the raging sea. But the first portrait, we think, of an individual British tar in fiction, is the well-known Shipman of Chaucer, the Adam of all our novelists, no less than of all our poets:—

The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al brown;
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw

From Burdeux-ward, while that the chapman
 slepe
 Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.

Hardy he was and wise, I undertake:
 With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.

There is a family likeness between this worthy and all his successors since; and the remarkable expression of Clarendon, that "the seamen are a nation by themselves," shows how distinct a type they were at an early period. The naval officer proper formed himself very gradually, the military and seafaring lines running parallel for a long time before they coalesced. And the earlier works of fiction in which seamen appear—*Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*—deal with them as travellers rather than as seamen. To the political object of Swift, and the moral object of Defoe, the nautical element was of little importance. A casual joke at a "tarpaulin" satisfied the wits of those times. No sea officer put his legs under the table of the Spectator Club, or steered the boat in which Belinda launched herself on the bosom of the silver Thames. When Congreve wanted to describe the lowest depth of ill-breeding, he described somebody as having come home polished like a skipper from a whaling cruise. And the monument to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in Westminster Abbey, draws little from Addison but a reflection on the impropriety of adorning the good old seaman with a too elaborate wig. The navy was still a young and growing power, imperfectly organised, and imperfectly recognised; yet we shall do well to remember that it has never surpassed the service which beat the Dutch under the Commonwealth and the Spaniards under Elizabeth. Nay, by proper enquiry, we should find among the sea officers of those ages men who were not seamen only, nor skilful commanders only, but thinkers and discoverers, politicians and men of the world, such as Monson, Penn, Blake, Russell, and others.

Our naval fiction, however—the subject that more immediately concerns us—only dates from the period when the great-grandfathers of our present captains were on the look-out for wives. It was in the winter of 1740, when the fleet of Sir Chaloner Ogle was making ready to sail for the West Indies and the Spanish Main, that a young Scottish gentleman, Tobias Smollett, of the Smolletts of Bonhill in

Dumbartonshire, very poor, very proud, very sarcastic, and very brilliant, but a kindly man by nature withal, made his first studies of the maritime world of England. He had come to London with a tragedy—and little else—in his pockets; had failed to make any impression there upon patrons or publishers; and was now to employ the medical knowledge which he had gained at Glasgow, as a "surgeons' mate" in the service of his Majesty King George the Second. Like his national symbol, the thistle, he had a prickly wit and prickly temper, and also, like that symbol, a little purple crown of poetry, relieving the asperity with beauty. Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet made its way to the West Indies in the dead of winter, and arrived at Port Royal, Jamaica, on the 20th January, 1741. Here Admiral Vernon was waiting for it, to assist in the Spanish War begun in 1739. This was the war satirically called the "Jenkins's Ear" War. It has undergone some revolutions of opinion. At first it was immensely popular. Later, it was repented of and condemned. Later still, it is seen to have been rendered necessary by the obstinate selfishness which made the Spaniards, though incapable of developing the South American trade themselves, intolerant of its development by higher races. Their *guarda-costas* had so behaved to English trading vessels, that the English were furious; and when Vernon took Porto Bello in December, 1739, he became suddenly the most popular man in the nation.

The rest of Vernon's performances in that war, with the disastrous result of the expedition against Carthage (March-April, 1741), is written in *Roderick Random*. That father of our sea novels is historical and biographical—*real*, therefore, in the best sense—from first to last. Roderick is Tobias Smollett himself. Roderick's grandfather is Smollett's own grandfather. We may be perfectly sure that Lieutenant Bowling, and Mackshane, the surgeon, Mr. Morgan, the surgeon's first mate, and the immortal Commodore Truncheon of another novel, were just as much on board that fleet as Sir Chaloner Ogle, Admiral Vernon, and Captain Knowles. Truthfulness is stamped on every line, and the rough, hard, brutal life—that a man bred in our present Navy looks back to with a kind of wonder, as to an antediluvian state of things—is seasoned with a

humor the strong flavor of which is absolutely necessary to season materials themselves so coarse and dry. There is none of the romance of the sea in Smollett. It is downright Dutch painting of the inner life of a man-of-war that he gives us; and that from the point of view not of a seaman, but of a man of another profession placed among seamen by accident, and regarding them from the critical height of superior brains and education. What his domestic existence was in the position of surgeon's mate we may gather from the mess of those officers in an eighty-gun ship as described by Roderick Random:—

We heard the boatswain pipe to dinner, and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned with it full of boiled pease, crying "Scaldings" all the way as he came. The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which, by the color, I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr. Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper. . . . My messmates eat heartily, and advised me to follow their example, as it was banyan day, and we could have no meat till next noon. . . . They told me that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the ship's company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan days.

The medical officers were called to their duties in the following manner:—

At a certain hour in the morning the boy of the mess went round all the decks, and, ringing a small hand bell, and in rhymes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor's mates attended with applications to dress them.

Various refreshments now obsolete, such as "salmagundi" and "bumbo," receive honorable mention from Roderick. And we may add, from other authority, that "grog" and sea novels came into the world at the same time. Admiral Vernon was the first officer to serve out the rum mixed with water in the form still used—a curious coincidence.

The most interesting naval character in *Roderick Random* is the hero's maternal uncle, Lieutenant Bowling. In him Smollett seized at once, and fixed for ever, the old type of seaman—rough as a polar bear, brave, simple, kindly—and out of his element everywhere except afloat. Bowling has left his mark in many a sea novel, the key to his eccentricities being that he, and

such as he, did really live more afloat than ashore; and in days when the shore life had not a fiftieth part of the close influence on the sea life which it has now. Hence, of course, his very language has little in common with that of other people—a peculiarity now seen nowhere except in stage sailors, of whom the world (as we have hinted already) has shown itself to be fairly tired—except, of course, in such exceptional cases as "Black-Eyed Susan," written by a man of genius, who had himself been at sea. Bowling certainly carries the habit of professional speech as far as the limits of art will allow. At the death-bed of the mean old curmudgeon, Roderick Random's grandfather, the lieutenant observes, "Yes, yes, he's a-going; the land-crabs will have him, I see that; his anchor's a-peak, i' faith." And he startles the greedy relatives, after the old man's death, with "Odd's fish! now my dream is out, for all the world. I thought I stood upon the forecastle, and saw a parcel of carrion crows foul of a dead shark that floated alongside, and the Devil perching upon our sprit-sail yard in the likeness of a blue bear, who, d'y'e see, jumped overboard upon the carcase, and carried it to the bottom in his claws." Yet the lieutenant is a good fellow, and of more tenderness than most men. Only his own sort of qualities are precisely the opposite of those of worldlings and hypocrites; while sea life and war, and the hardening habits of the service, have made him indifferent to the social softening down of things, which, without amending hearts, refines manners. Bowling blurts out what his contemporary, Lord Chesterfield, might have equally said, but in a whisper and in an epigram. The frankness, which is still a marked characteristic of our naval officers, is only the freedom of the Bowling school strained, as it were, through three generations of increasing culture and amenity. The oak has got polished, and that is all; and there is a mighty difference between kinds of refinement, between polished oak and venerated deal.

Commodore Trunnion is, perhaps, more amusing than Bowling. He is not such a likeable man; and we are even left to doubt whether his wounds were all gained in action. But how irresistibly comic he is! His beating to windward in the lanes, his involuntary part in the fox-hunt—what capital specimens these are of that hearty

natural comedy which is good not merely for the spirits and temper of the reader, but for his very lungs and digestion. Without disparaging the charm of subtle analysis of character, delicate tracing of sentiment, rare, choice ease of wit and irony—is it not good for us all, every now and then, to go back to those masters who honestly devote themselves to giving us downright fun? We laugh, inwardly, with the poetic and philosophical humorists: we laugh, outwardly, with Smollett, and those who resemble Smollett. There was no gentle tickling about his satire. It was all hard hitting, whether the subject be the brutal bullies, Dr. Mackshane and Captain Oakhum, or the loathsome fop, Captain Whiffle, radiant in silk, lace, and diamond buckles, who, when Random comes to bleed him, exclaims, "Hast thou ever blooded anybody but brutes?—But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a most damnable lie." The reader to whom such subjects are new is surprised to find in Smollett a dandy glittering with gems, drenched with essences, and talking like the latest fashion of fool of quality, alongside the tarry veterans in check shirts, odorous only of pitch, tobacco, and rum. But the truth is, that this juxtaposition of opposite types was of very ancient date in the history of the Navy, and has only lately disappeared. There were good officers who were gentlemen, and there were good officers who were "tarpaulings." But the fools of each type supplied the comic material—such as the Whiffle we have just seen, of the one sort, or the Oakhum, to whose command he succeeds, of the other. Both were usually tyrants; but the best seaman of the two was rather the tyrant who smelt of tar than the tyrant who smelt of lavender water.

In painting these queer portraits, and showing their action upon the life of ships and squadrons, the naval novelist becomes a contributor to his country's naval history. What can the ordinary reader, indeed, make of naval history, generally, with its diagrams and technicalities—even of such excellent books as those of James, Captain Brenton, or Admiral Ekins? He must make preparatory studies if he really means to read them. But in a good sea novel, a sea fight is made living and intelligible, and the kind of men that the fighters were is brought home to him with a reality beyond the historian's reach. Hence, when

Mr. Carlyle, in his great work on Frederick, has to touch on the Carthage expedition, he quotes *Roderick Random* as the best authority on the subject. Again, the working of the system by which the Navy has at different times been governed is admirably illustrated in such novels. What can be better, as a specimen of that mysterious power so well known down to our own day (when it is still strong) as interest, than the following speech made by poor old Lieutenant Bowling in hopeful mood? He thinks he can help Roderick:—

"For," says Bowling, "the beadle of the Admiralty is my good friend; and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper-clerks, who is very well known to the Under-Secretary, who, upon his recommendation, I hope, will recommend my affair to the First Secretary; and he, again, will speak to one of the Lords in my behalf: so that, you see, I do not want friends to assist me on occasion."

No wonder that when Roderick next enquires after his good uncle at the "Union Flag in Wapping" (fancy looking for a lieutenant in the Navy thereabouts in our day!), he finds that his "interest" has failed to get him anything, and that he has gone to sea as mate of a merchant ship. Here we have one of those touches of fiction which are also jets of light thrown on history. When the first man-of-war Nelson served in was paid off he was sent in a merchant ship to the West Indies, where he contracted such a dislike to the Navy that it was with difficulty that his uncle, Captain Suckling, could induce him to return to it. The master of that merchant ship, Rathbone, was an excellent seaman, and had risen to be what we now call a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, but had left it for Bowling's reasons. The influence of Rathbone had given to Nelson a bias which—had Captain Suckling not been his uncle and a man of superior tact, to boot—might have turned away from the service him who beareth a name above every name in its glorious annals.

But we must now take leave of the "kindly Scot," who tells us that he had seen all the lakes in Europe, and preferred Loch Lomond to them all, and who rests at Leghorn, far away from the ancestral hearth which would have devolved to him, if he had lived only a few years longer. The seamen whom he describes belonged to the generation which had been bred under

Benbow and Shovel. The generation which succeeded them fought under the white flag of Rodney, or the blue flag of Keppel, in battles the memory of which has been eclipsed by the still more famous battles of the great war of the French Revolution. But it was not till the heroes of the latter struggle had passed away, or survived only as retired veterans, that the naval novel founded by Smollett reappeared in literature. It reappeared with a new distinctness of form. Smollett had created the *genre*, as it were, incidentally. His first object was to take a hero through a series of adventures, after the fashion of that most amusing of all great novels, *Gil Blas*. And having been at sea he drew from his experience with the freshness which nothing but experience can give. His shore novels are just as good as his sea novels; and he always viewed ship life from the stand-point of one who had been somewhat amused by it, somewhat disgusted by it, and was in no way interested in it except as an observer, whose vigorous sense (shown in many walks) was as remarkable as his robust humor. Captain Marryat, on the other hand, regarded his art with the eyes of a sea officer. The broad arrow is visible—like a water-mark—on every page of his papers. His contemporary Fenimore Cooper differs from Smollett in the same kind of way, by looking on sea life as beautiful and interesting for its own sake; while he differs from Marryat in dwelling far less, and with less knowledge and detail, on the social and professional world of man-of-war existence.

We do not know that Cooper and Marryat had any influence upon each other; nor is the exact relative chronology of their books a matter of any importance. But it is natural—looking, as we do, on Marryat as the Lord High Admiral (to employ an appropriate figure) of all marine story-tellers—that we should make him the standard of comparison by which to measure the class. We do not say that Marryat was a greater genius than Cooper. There are many on both sides of the Atlantic who would settle that question in Cooper's favor, on the strength of his Indian novels alone—novels highly praised by Carlyle, who cares little for fiction; and by Thackeray, himself a master in it. But with the Indian novels we have nothing to do here and now. And all we claim for Marryat is the superior importance of his nautical

legacy to that of Cooper. He had every advantage over him in the race. Cooper served for some time, but Marryat devoted the best part of his life to service. And, without disparaging the American glories of the war of 1812, they will hardly be allowed to rival the body of tradition which the Englishman had to work upon. The earlier American glories of the War of Independence were not naval. Indeed, when Cooper, with a laudable desire to irradiate that struggle with a halo of romance, wrote his famous *Pilot*, he was obliged to concentrate the deepest interest on the figure of one who was only American (as he afterwards became Russian and French) officially, John Paul, who called himself Paul Jones. Except for his ideal appearance in the *Pilot*, the stout Galewegian has been unfortunate in literature. Formal naval history treats him as "a pirate" and "a renegade,"* and accuses him of something like mere plunder; while the novel by Allan Cunningham, of which he is the hero, is a very bad one.

The *Pilot* may be taken as a worthy sample of the maritime fiction of Cooper. "Long Tom Coffin" is a creation quite distinct from those of our side of the Atlantic; for Cooper anticipated Hawthorne in seeking inspiration among native scenes, and treated his countrymen to home-brewed. Tom "was born while the boat was crossing Nantucket shoals," and loves the sea as "his native soil." He has been a whaler before being a man-of-war's man, and his favorite weapon continues to be a harpoon. When the U. S. schooner *Ariel* sees a dead whale being devoured by sharks, the sight makes Tom melancholy. "If I had the creatur' in Boston Bay, or on the Sandy Point of Munny-Moy, 't would be the making of me! But riches and honor are for the great and larned; and there's nothing left for poor Tom Coffin to do but to veer and haul on his own rolling-tackle, that he may ride out the rest of the gale of life without springing any of his old spars.' 'How now, Long Tom!' cried his officer, 'these rocks and cliffs will shipwreck you on the shoals of poetry yet; you grow sentimental!' 'Them rocks might wrack any vessel that struck

* *Battles of the British Navy*. By Joseph Allen, of Greenwich Hospital. A useful and trustworthy book, whose author is here, however, much too hard upon Paul Jones.

them,' said the literal coxswain; 'and as for poetry, I want none better than the good old song of "Captain Kid;" but it's enough to raise solemn thoughts in a Cape Poge Indian to see an eighty-barrel whale devoured by shirks; 'tis an awful waste of property! I've seen the death of two hundred of the creaturs, though it seems to keep the rations of poor old Tom as short as ever.'" Long Tom Coffin is the most marked character in the *Pilot*—perhaps, in all Cooper's books of the class. There lacks, however, in all of them the richness and variety of comedy which makes many scenes in Marryat as amusing as *Pickwick*. The pilot himself, Gray—Paul Jones passing *incognito*—has a kind of theatrical gloom about him which smells of the stage lamp. The English gentlemen and gentlewomen want naturalness, which is hardly wonderful. But where Fenimore Cooper is strongest, here and elsewhere, is in his descriptions of marine scenery—seascape painting, if there be such a term. In the best of these, the ships seem to live, like the human beings on board them. You see the white foam froth on storm-tossed slate-colored water. You hold your breath while the Yankee frigate is weathering the Devil's Grip on the Northumberland coast. This poetic power breathes through all Fenimore Cooper's tales—the *Red Rover* and the *Two Admirals*, not less than the *Pilot*. One scene in the *Two Admirals* has fixed itself in many memories. The officers who give the book its title are joined in friendship, but divided in politics. One is a Whig, the other a Jacobite. But in a critical moment of a great action, when one of the two feels deserted, the bowsprit of his friend's ship pushes through the smoke. It is a brilliant artistic situation; a sparkling point of junction, where the moral and physical picturesque meet like a double star.

Nelson used to say, when people talked of the great Napoleon, that he wanted "to get Bony on a wind." So may we say of Cooper, that it is pleasantest to meet him in blue water—in natural unconventional life, just as among his Red Indians. There is something stilted in his polished characters and their talk. His style, too, is often prolix and fatiguing—a wordy style, without the familiar vivacity and easy vigor of that of Marryat. There is a curious anecdote illustrative of this. When Niebuhr was on his death-bed, but still able

to read, light reading was recommended, and they brought him some novels of Cooper; but the old scholar, with the whole classical literature in his head, found "the verbiage," as he said, intolerable, and called for—a *Josephus*.

Yet, when every deduction is made, Fenimore Cooper remains the only naval novelist of that generation worthy of comparison with Captain Marryat, except one. The exception is remarkable in every way—we speak of Michael Scott, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, and *The Cruise of the "Midge."*

Michael Scott, like Cooper, owed nothing to his contemporary, Marryat. So little is on record about his history, that we are unable to say whether he even served afloat, either in the Navy or the merchant service. He was a merchant in the West Indies. He returned, and settled in Glasgow. He introduced himself to *Blackwood's Magazine* by sending some most powerful sketches, the success of which encouraged him to re-write, connect, and reform them into *Tom Cringle*. There was such an original force and glow about Tom, that it attracted the attention of the venerable Coleridge, and it receives the high and rare meed of his praise in the *Table Talk*. Mr. Scott died in Glasgow, where, we believe, his family held a very good position, many years ago, and we have never been able to learn any more of him than that he lived in the West Indies and Glasgow, and was the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*. Great is the influence of hazard in the matter of biography! Three lines to this man of undoubted and original genius, in an age when we have seen minor poets and small preachers embalmed in *Lives* big enough for Milton and Luther!

We fancy that Michael Scott made frequent cruises among the West Indian islands, and consorted much with the officers of our men-of-war on that hospitable station, some half a century ago. Internal evidence proves as much as this; and the experience of a man of genius goes a hundred times as far as that of ordinary men. Accordingly, life is everywhere present in Michael Scott's delineations; nor are we annoyed by those absurd blunders which, in some sea songs and amateur descriptions, vex the ear of a naval man as keenly as a false quantity vexes the ear of a scholar. The episode called *The Cruise of the "Wave"* is as pretty a sea piece as a

man could wish. You can imagine yourself looking at a Vandeveld, where the ripple of the water almost seems to stir the canvas, and you breathe a sigh of relief when the *Wave*, "resuming her superiority in light winds," has—escaped.

Michael Scott loved startling effects; loved to suspend an interest for anxious moments, before letting it break in ruin, or dissolve in harmlessness. This quality, as Marryat himself somewhere remarks, was effective to such a degree in the magazine form of writing, as almost to injure the author's books as books. But too much vigor and interest is a capital fault, the rather that Michael Scott's agitating stories were not produced like mechanical tricks, but reflected the real character of the lands and seas which he had roamed over and rested in. We have tropical scenery and tropical passions; a life of jollity, with Death waiting invisible at table in the livery of Yellow Jack. Slavery, piracy, pestilence, joviality, are all there in turns. But the men you meet are quite human and natural—not stage demons, but quaint humorists and oddities, some of them, such as might easily have been found in Glasgow in that age, mixing the rum punch for which Glasgow was famous with limes that grew on their own West Indian estates. When Tom Cringle recovers from the fever crisis, his friend pulls down the window-blind, but not too quick for Tom to see a coffin which has been waiting for him on the balcony. In such a climate, and while the life led was more reckless than it is now, Death was viewed with something of that familiarity which lies near to contempt. And his Majesty returned it, for he thought nothing of tapping planter or post-captain on the shoulder, while they were sitting over their sangaree. Of the old West Indian life, with its dangers and pleasures, its duels, cruises, flirtations, and hospitable homes in the picturesque mountains, Michael Scott will always remain the best and completest limner. Not even the exquisite fun and bright naval interest drawn by Marryat from that region of the world will outlive the pungent, and yet poetic vividness of the Glasgow merchant's stories.

The *Life and Letters* of Captain Marryat, published lately by his daughter, Mrs. Ross Church, has awakened much of the old interest which gathered round the novelist sea king—the Rollo of naval romance

—from twenty-five to thirty years ago. Circumstances much to be regretted make the biography more meagre than one would like to see it. But it is very pleasant reading, thoroughly authentic, executed with the best taste and feeling, and, upon the whole, enables us, with the assistance of our very old friends, the novels and other writings of Captain Marryat himself, to realise him to our imagination. One of the somewhat melancholy pleasures of middle age is to go deliberately through the novels which turned your head when you were a boy, and to see how you like them. Often the result of the experiment is to make you sorry you undertook it. But Marryat bears the test. To be sure, he no longer gives you a wild longing to breathe the free air of the ocean. You have long since reconciled yourself to the fact that your flag will never be seen flying from any mast-head, nor saluted with fifteen guns from any saluting battery. Perhaps, too, the physical changes of life indispose you to attempt ascending to a top, even by Lubber's Hole, much less by the futtock-shrouds. But you can thoroughly enjoy your *Marryat* without wondering at your old enthusiasm, and, above all, without being ashamed of it. This man did you no harm with sensuality disguised as sentimentalism, or philosophy empty and gaudy as toy-bladders. He stirred your blood, not by putting drugs into it, but as exercise stirs it, as fresh air stirs it. Patriotism, manliness, firm friendship, good faith, kindness—these are Marryat's "ideals;" and the scenes on which they appear are bathed in the jolliest humor—the humor of common life, and everyday sympathy, exhilarating as sunshine itself. His genius had that healthiness which has been so well pointed out by a great critic as the characteristic of Sir Walter Scott. And he had this advantage over his illustrious predecessor, Smollett, that he did not drift away to sea by mere accident or misfortune, but chose the career for himself as the career after his own heart. Everything favored him. He was of an honorable and opulent family, able to start him well in life; and, having resolved with his whole energy to be started in the Navy, he began service as one of Cochrane's midshipmen. This was itself a miracle of luck; for it is by no means clear that Marryat would have taken so heartily to the profession if he had made his first acquaint-

tance with it under the kind of captains of whom he has left satirical etchings.

Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, was at that time—1806—in his prime. He had missed the great general actions in his first years afloat, by being on the North American station, away from the seat of the war. But he hardly got even a small command before he was known all over the Mediterranean as an officer of a singular originality. There were plenty of fire-eaters to whom the grave and gentle Collingwood ("with a hundred pennants under him, from Lisbon to the Levant") used to give excellent advice when he despatched them on commands. But Cochrane combined with their extreme daring a scientific coolness and calculation which doubled its value while it neutralised its exaggerations. In 1801 he took a Spanish vessel of 300 men and 32 guns, in a gun-brig of 52 men and 14 guns. This brig was the *Speedy*, of which he tells us, in his *Autobiography*, that he could carry a whole broadside of her 4-pounders in his great-coat pockets. Afterwards, he distinguished himself in command of the *Pallas* frigate, and passed from her to the *Impérieuse*, where he had Marryat for one of his youngsters, as we have said. It is pleasant to think of two of the most intellectual men in the Navy of their time in so near and important a relation. Marryat owed to Cochrane not his sea-training only, but the model of some of his happiest creations as an artist. *Frank Mildmay* might be freely drawn upon for historical material by any biographer of Lord Dundonald; while the *Impérieuse* herself is seen gliding like a phantom vessel through many of the novels; and we often fancy we are getting a glimpse of her old commander in the features of those high-spirited officers whom Marryat loved to draw.

The activity of Cochrane in the *Impérieuse* was as wonderful as his genius. Marryat was "in fifty engagements" of one kind or another while he belonged to her. The frigates were, during the great war, the Uhlans of the fleet. They pressed on everywhere, burning powder under the enemy's nose, and keeping the communications open. We had them, at one time, within signalling distance of each other, from off Plymouth to off Brest. They were the great schools of adventure and of the romantic side of naval experience;

for the line-of-battle ships passed years in wearisome blockades, trying to the digestion and the temper, though when their day *did* come, a general action had a splendor about it which illuminated everybody present, more or less, for life. The most remarkable part, perhaps, of the history of the *Impérieuse* while Cochrane had her was her service on the Catalonian coast of Spain, assisting the Spaniards against the French invaders. We have jottings from Marryat's log during this campaign (for Cochrane's men were as good ashore as afloat) in Mrs. Ross Church's *Life*. Trinidad Castle, Rosas, was held by British seamen against French troops in a manner which drew warm praise from Lord Collingwood. And as Collingwood did justice to Cochrane, so did Cochrane to his officers. He made particular mention of Marryat in a despatch of that period—December, 1808—which was a capital balsam, we may be sure, for three wounds which the mid had received in the course of the operations.

Lord Cochrane left the *Impérieuse* early in 1809; but Marryat remained in her, and was in an explosion boat in the famous attack on the French fleet in Basque Roads that spring. We need not follow him, in detail, through the various cruises of the next few years; but we shall note them in succession, that the reader may have a clue to the scenes where the novelist made studies for his art, while the officer mastered his profession. We find him in the Low Countries (winter of 1809), the Mediterranean (1810), West Indies and North America (1811-12)—at which last date he was made a lieutenant—West Indies again (1813), and in 1815 he returned home in bad health, and was promoted to commander. The peace now consigned him, for a time, to half-pay, and studies of a scientific character. Trained in active service, distinguished for gallantry in war, tempest, and the saving of lives from drowning, he now began to show talents which do not necessarily accompany professional skill, but the first direction of which was in professional tracks. Hence his code of signals, his wish to be employed in voyages of discovery and surveying, his election to the Royal Society. And now, too, began to fly about specimens of a talent which, in another and higher form, was a few years afterwards to delight many thousands. He had a

notable knack at caricatures, and his humor with the pencil made a success before his humor with the pen.

Having married, in 1819, Catherine Shairp, of the good Scottish family of Shairp of Houston, he obtained, next year, the command of the *Beaver* sloop. He was at St. Helena when Napoleon died, and he made a sketch of the great Emperor as he lay dead on his camp-bed, which was engraved both in France and England. He brought the despatches announcing Napoleon's death home in the *Rosario*, to which he had exchanged from the *Beaver*. The *Rosario* was with the squadron which took the remains of Queen Caroline from Harwich to the Continent; and she then went cruising against the smugglers in the Channel. Silently pencilling the grave lineaments of Napoleon composed in the eternal stillness—hunting luggers between Portsmouth and the Start Point—what a variety of experience was here! And one sees very clearly, in studying Marryat's *Life*—as a natural complement of his books—that he was one of those men who throw themselves heartily into every occupation that comes in their way. There is a despatch of his on the measures to be taken against smuggling, where he goes into questions of tubs, revenue cutters, &c., with regular gusto. He liked to discuss the intellectual bearings of every branch of the very varied duties of the Navy; and at this time—1822—he published a pamphlet on *Impressment*, intended to show how it might be abolished. The subject was a sore one; and a cunning, clever man, with an eye to getting on in the service, would have given it “a wide berth,” as the sea-phrase goes. But Captain Marryat was not that kind of man, being, in the first place, too honest, and, in the second place, too proud, for the ignoble kind of caution which belongs to inferior natures.

His active naval career was now drawing to a close. But he was first to distinguish himself in the Burmese War of 1823-1824, where he took part as commander of H.M.S. *Larne*. His wife accompanied him to the East Indies, where she remained at Madras while her husband joined the expedition at Rangoon. In May, 1824, the military forces from Calcutta, under Sir Archibald Campbell, assembled at the mouth of the Rangoon river, in company with the *Liffey*, Commodore Grant, the *Larne*, the *Sophie*, and

the rest of the squadron. Commodore Grant having gone away in ill health for change of air, Captain Marryat was in command when Rangoon town was taken. Then began a sad loss from cholera and fever, and Marryat suffered much from fever himself. But the work was carried on, in spite of the heat and the pestilential air from the swamps. Armed boats pierced the Irrawaddy. Stockades—toughest products of Oriental vegetation—were stormed, the Burmese boats and canoes were carried by boarding, the enemy jumping into the water and making for the jungle. In September the sailor's old malady—scurvy—broke out in the *Larne*, and she went away to Penang, being succeeded in the naval command by the *Arachne*, Captain Chads. From Penang Captain Marryat writes to his brother Samuel that his men have “in the course of five months undergone a severity of service almost unequalled.” “I,” he goes on, “have gained credit in the business, as the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief fully prove. But I do not think that I could have lasted much longer. I do not know whether the Admiralty will publish my despatches, *but, being no favorite there, probably not*; but I think—after having had the command of a fleet, armed and unarmed, of one hundred and twenty sail; after having succeeded in everything, and with the small number of men allowed to a sloop of war having done the duty of at least three or four frigates—that they must give me my promotion. This I am sure of, that any one in favor would be not only promoted, but made a C.B.”

At this point of her pleasant loyal history Marryat's daughter tells a ghost story which, though of a type sufficiently familiar, is so circumstantially authenticated as to deserve special record. Marryat never again saw the brother to whom the letter we have quoted from was sent. Samuel Marryat died before he returned to England. But—

He used to relate how, when lying in his berth one night, and wide awake, Samuel entered his cabin, and walking up to his side, said, “Fred, I am come to tell you that I am dead.” So vivid was the impression made, that Captain Marryat leaped out of his berth, and, finding that the figure had vanished, wrote down the hour and day of its appearance. On reaching England after the war, the first letter put into his hand was to announce his brother's death, which had

taken place at the very time when he fancied he was present with him.

What does the reader say to this story—which we could match from the recollections of old shipmates and messmates, now become ghosts, many of them—the good fellows—in their turn? “Remains of the Rangoon fever—an imaginative, affectionate, over-worked nature—half dreaming,” “But the date?” “A coincidence!” No doubt, but *there* is precisely the mystery, which calling it a coincidence in no degree explains.

To return to the world of flesh and blood. Refreshed and comforted by her stay at Penang, the *Larne* returned to Rangoon, and was detached, with the *Sophie* sloop under her, to co-operate with troops in the Bassein river. Here, again, the captain did his duty, though we have no space to do justice to the work. In the spring of 1825, Commodore Grant died, and Marryat was appointed to the *Tees*. There was a mysterious delay in the confirmation of this appointment, by which as many as twenty-four officers who should have been his juniors obtained superiority over him. But having paid off the *Tees*, at home, in 1826, he was posted, and became post-captain and C.B. in 1827. A tender association belongs to the homeward voyage of the *Tees*. Our readers will remember the young hero of that admirable story—in the first class of his stories—*The King's Own*. It appears that the picture of him as a little boy of six—the perfection of childish beauty—dressed in mimic imitation of a man-of-war's man, was taken from Marryat's own little son, Willy, who came home with him in his ship from the East Indies. Poor Willy died at seven years of age, to the father's deep and lasting sorrow, but in the great national portrait gallery of our British fiction he has his own place.

Marryat was only once in command as a post-captain. He had the *Ariadne* from 1828 to 1830, and was employed in her on what is called “particular service,” which is generally diplomatic work—a kind of duty more performed by naval men than is generally known. On board the *Ariadne* he finished his first novel, *Frank Mildmay*; or, *the Naval Officer*, and also *The King's Own*, or most of it, as we gather from the opening of its forty-ninth chapter. *Frank Mildmay* is autobiography under a mask of fiction, that is

to say, the sea adventures are the author's own, while the character of the hero pretends to no such reality. *Frank Mildmay* was published in 1829 and *The King's Own* in 1830. They were immediately successful. Washington Irving, with his fine delicate intellect and kindly sympathetic nature, was one of the first to welcome the new writer. “You have a glorious field before you,” he says, “and one in which you cannot have many competitors, as so very few unite the author to the sailor. I think the chivalry of the ocean quite a new region of fiction and romance, and to my taste one of the most captivating that could be explored.” The period of Marryat's appearance was favorable to this prediction. Sir Walter Scott had made fiction at once noble and lovely, and the taste for it was become universal. Lord Lytton and Mr. Disraeli had only just begun to write, and, however brilliantly, not at all in a vein likely to interfere with the new naval man. Dickens and Thackeray had not begun, and were young men whose fame lay some years ahead. The traditions of the great war, meanwhile, were still recent and lively, and many of its old heroes were in active service and high commands; while many more were grumbling, unemployed (often with much justice), over their rum and water, but full of recollections which kept the old flame alive in a thousand English towns and villages. Here, then, was Marryat, in his thirty-eighth year, with twenty-three years of almost uninterrupted sea service at his back, and all the various knowledge which such a career implies in the case of a man of parts. For, some so-called literary critics, who, annoyed by his success, and galled by his independence and straight hard hitting, were occasionally insolent about “quarter-deck authors,” did not understand the position. They knew no more how far a man-of-war was a school of culture than they knew how to put her about or to mark her lead-line. Yet, common sense might have shown them that the opportunities for studying character, geography, natural history, languages, manners, were endless in such a life; that the practice of wandering over the planet by the help of the sun, moon, and pole-star, the chronometer, nautical almanack, chart, and log, was itself a splendid discipline of the intelligence; and that the many quiet hours in the or-

dinary life of every ship gave the amplest time for reading and reflection. We ourselves well remember a sixteen-gun brig whose commander had a better library in his cabin than it has often been our fortune to see in the houses of literary, or even of reverend gentlemen. Nay, we undertake to maintain that there are not three men now living who write more beautiful English than Lord Collingwood; or more lively, practical, expressive English than is to be found in the letters and despatches of Lord Nelson. "The Admiral," writes Nelson in one of his letters, "is chiefly employed in learning the fiddle, from which it results that the squadron is damnably out of tune." Could the position be better hit off than in this flake of sea-salt spray? We attribute the excellent writing of so many sea officers, such as Collingwood, Nelson, Brenton, Basil Hall, and Marryat himself, partly to the moral and intellectual training of the service, and partly also to the very important fact—that what books a man finds to read, who is fond of reading afloat, are pretty sure to be famous old models—good for brain, heart, and style. As for light reading, the best of it, whether in the shape of novels or periodicals, goes as regularly on board our squadrons as their quarter-casks of sherry or their fresh milk. And there are worse educations than—if you have a turn that way—reading Horace with a naval instructor, in sight of the Athens where Horace learned to write. Marryat had made good use, the reader may be sure, of his watch below.

Let us observe, too, another advantage Marryat had in equipping himself for the literary part of his career. A ship is a little world in itself, where a handful of officers form a kind of aristocracy, but an aristocracy constantly occupied with its people, their duties, troubles, and amusements, ruling them, advising them, sympathising with them. The naval officer, then, a gentleman among gentlemen, as officer, is also a seaman among seamen, as officer likewise. He is not a man of narrow class and caste prejudices, however much he may value the *noblesza obliga* which Spanish hidalgos only talk about. Marryat is as much at home with Swinburne the quartermaster, Poor Jack, Jacob Faithful, and Old Tom, as with the haughty Captain Delmar, or the inflexible Captain M—. *Homo sum* is his motto,

quite as much as that of Béranger or Dickens. We believe that this hearty humanity of his—this sympathy, which is the moral basis of all real humor, especially—had much to do with his popularity. All sorts and conditions of men took pleasure in his tales, strange as were the conditions of life—embracing the very technicalities occasionally—of a new element. He was a novelist of the sea, but, above all, of the sea from the point of observation of the service. All the odd characters bred under the flag—in a way of living into which the ordinary life of mankind only entered as an episode occasionally when they happened to be paid off—came trooping at his call, as we may fancy them descending from Noah's Ark. *The King's Own* first showed the extent and variety of his powers—their manly vigor in serious, their free-and-easy fun in playful writing. The opening chapters on the mutiny of 1797, the cruise of the daring smuggler, in which the young hero Willy is forced to serve by accident, are full of a careless strength. But a masterpiece in that graver manner is the deliberate sacrifice by the stern Captain M— of his frigate *Aspasia*, of himself, and his ship's company, on a lee shore—solely that he may drive to ruin a French line-of-battle ship. It is a wonderful picture of the super-heroic devotion of the old service, and of the force which a master-spirit can exercise upon men trained to obedience and devotion. To make extracts would be to mutilate it. We would only note the gradual rising of the author's power with the rising of the danger—as the frigate goes plunging through tempest, and lightning, nearer and nearer to the land with its roaring surf; but ever chasing the enemy, and, by judicious shots, preventing him raising the jury-mast, his only chance of salvation. At last, the "master" (navigating lieutenant) ventures to remonstrate, but the pitiless reasoning of Captain M— is not shaken by him. The master, having conferred with the other officers, tries it again; and we find that we must give a fragment or two of their dialogue:

"I am afraid, sir, if we continue to stand on, we shall lose the frigate," said he, respectfully touching his hat.

"Be it so," replied Captain M—; "the enemy will lose a line-of-battle ship; our country will be the gainer when the account is balanced."

The master urges that there are other

considerations—the superior moral value of the English ship's company, and the English captain.

"Thank you for the compliment, which, as it is only feather-weight, I will allow to be thrown into the scale. But I do not agree with you. I consider war but as a game of chess, and will never hesitate to sacrifice a *knight* for a *castle*. Provided that *castle* is lost, Mr. Pearce, this little *knight-errant* shall bear her company."

"Very good, sir," replied Pearce, again touching his hat, "as master of this ship, I considered it my duty to state my opinion."

"You have done your duty, Mr. Pearce, and I thank you for it; but I have also my duties to perform. One of them is not to allow the lives of one ship's company, however brave and well-disciplined, to interfere with the general interests of the country we contend for. When a man enters His Majesty's service, his life is no longer to be considered his own. . . . If we are lost, there will be no great difficulty in collecting another ship's company in old England, as brave and as good as this. Officers as experienced are anxiously waiting for employment; and the Admiralty will have no trouble in selecting and appointing as good, if not a better, captain."

The crisis soon follows after this speech. The French ship rolls gunwale under; loses her last mast; strikes.

"Nothing can save her now, sir," said the master.

"No," replied the captain. "We have done our work, and must now try to save ourselves."

But it is too late. And soon arrives a terrible scene. One of the men attempts to get a quarter-boat ready for lowering, in spite of the captain's orders. Captain M— seizes a boarding pike, which flies straight at the man's heart, and sends him into the sea.

"My lads," said Captain M—, emphatically, addressing the men, who beheld the scene with dismay, "as long as one plank—ay, one *tooth-pick*—of this vessel swims, I command, and will be obeyed. . . . And now farewell, my brave fellows, for we are not all likely to meet again."

This—very imperfectly abridged here—is one of the most powerful dramatic scenes of Marryat. There are people, probably, who would think Captain M—'s conduct quixotic, and so forth; but, perhaps, that kind of obstinacy is obstinacy in the right direction. Upon the whole, we prefer it to the opposite extreme of the late Captain Sniffin Kraggles (an honorable and M.P., if we remember right), who is said to have steamed away, with undue zeal, from under the batteries at Sebastopol, and was heard to make the philosophical observation, that everybody could not bear "the pressure of the times." Un-

doubtedly one of the strong points of the old service was, that they thought little of danger of any kind, because, from boyhood upwards, they had been always at it.

The third of Marryat's novels was *Newton Forster*, which came out in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, the editorship of which he accepted in 1832. About 1830–1832, the captain appears to have thought—though frequently applying for commands—that he was destined to lead the life of a landsman. He had, at that time, fortune of his own, chiefly, it would appear, West Indian property; his novels were very well paid; and he bought an estate of a thousand acres in Norfolk. He did not, however, go to his place, Langham, in that county; but lived in London, edited, wrote, travelled on the continent (still observing and writing), and was as busy, in a very different way, as he had ever been in the *Impératrice* or the *Larne*. *Peter Simple*, the next book in order after *Newton Forster*, was the greatest hit he had yet made, and well it deserved to be so. The perpetual liveliness, and succession of adventures and incidents, the crowd of characters, at once as amusing as caricatures and as real as living people, delighted everybody. Indeed, the author was injured by the very opulence of his humor. Few saw how the development of the quiet, retired boy, mistaken for a dunce, was due to the man-of-war breeding he got—a study of its kind. As for the comedy of "Peter," it was simply irresistible. Prudes themselves were half choked in their pocket-handkerchiefs when they read how the dear little innocent lad, just out of his father's parsonage, was addressed at Portsmouth by the most polite young ladies, "very nicely dressed."

"Well, Reefer," said the first of these (as Peter tells us), "how are you off for soap?" I was astonished at the question, and more so at the interest which she seemed to take in my affairs. I answered "Thank you, I am very well off: I have four cakes of Windsor, and two bars of yellow for washing." She laughed at my reply, and asked me whether I would walk home and take a bit of dinner with her. I was astonished at this polite offer, which my modesty induced me to ascribe more to my uniform than to my own merits. . . . I thought I might venture to offer her my arm. Just as we passed the admiral's house, I perceived my captain walking with two of the admiral's daughters. I was not a little proud to let him see that I had female acquaintances as well as he had; and as I passed him with the young lady under my protection, I took off my hat and made him a low bow. To my surprise, not

only did he not return the salute, but he looked at me with a very stern countenance. I concluded that he was a very proud man, and did not wish the admiral's daughters to suppose that he knew midshipmen by sight.

The freedom—a very innocent freedom, after all—of Captain Marryat's playful moods, was, only a part of his general frankness and sailor-like enjoyment of a laugh. Only very severe people shook their heads at it, or at the oaths of Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, or at the riotous fun of the "Dignity Ball" at Barbadoes. Far deeper than what was extravagant in such descriptions lay the essential morality of all his books—reverence for natural superiors, love of truth, friendship, valor, enterprise, and kindness toward the less fortunate. Youngsters, everywhere, were mad about Marryat's novels, and their charm brought spirited boys into the Navy very much as if they had been a kind of bounty.

The effect of these literary successes on the naval prospects of their author was not great. William the Fourth expressed some curiosity to see the author of *Peter Simple*, and, as a brother sailor (after a fashion), might have been expected to do something for a man eminently deserving of active employment, and, in spite of his new distinction and prosperity, very eager to get it. But it suddenly occurred to the monarch that this was the Marryat who had written against Impressment; and his hasty exclamation, "He shall have nothing!" was as fatal to Marryat's prospects as to his own reputation. To be sure "Silly Billy," as he was irreverently called, had little reputation to lose. If anybody thinks that Captain Marryat, as a mere sailor, was wrong in feeling bitterly about a "sailor king" of this kind, he should turn to the *Life of Palmerston* by the late Lord Bulwer and Dalling, and see what Palmerston thought of his Majesty's conduct as Lord High Admiral of England. "In August (1828)," our great statesman writes, "the Duke of Clarence resigned, or, rather, was turned out of the Admiralty. He managed to put himself quite in the wrong, and, in fact, was half mad."* And he goes on with some instances of absurdity, which are amusing enough, but for which we have no room. The Admiralty seems to have inherited some preju-

dice against Marryat in successive Boards, for he could never get a ship, and his good-service pension was delayed in something like an indecent manner.

His fame, however, was assured. His indirect influence, even on Admiralties, was great; for suggestions which he threw out in work 'after work were gradually forced by general opinion upon our curious naval executive. When Marryat varied his labors by a run to the United States (1837-1839) he found himself hailed there as the "Wizard of the Sea." The Yankees were a little shy of him at first, for he came not long after Mrs. Trollope, whom they accused of treating them unjustly, because the bazaar which she set up at Cincinnati had not fulfilled her expectations. But his frank and gentlemanly good-humor—which always balanced his pride, and a certain resolution to have his own way, characteristic of the old service—disarmed Brother Jonathan. Only a few months ago, a distinguished officer of the United States Navy told the present writer that the influence of Marryat's books had been as telling upon the American as upon the English marine. The *Diary* which he published, of his travels in the States, is eminently readable, and one of our best books of the kind. Shrewdness seasoned with pleasantry is found there, as in everything that came from his fertile, free-flowing pen. His master-pieces are *Peter Simple*, *The King's Own*, *Jacob Faithful*, and *Midshipman Easy*. To the second rank belong *Percival Keene* and *Japhet in Search of a Father*. There is a third class, which we need not discuss. The good captain's family was large, and his habits liberal, and the temptation to write for money was strong. He had still, however, a profession in addition to the Navy and literature. He took latterly to farming his estate in Norfolk, and teaching the agriculturists their own business. But he succeeded about as well as a Norfolk squire would have succeeded in beating the *Ariadne* down from Portland Light to the Lizard, with the wind making it a "dead thrash" all the way. It is strange that sailors, who are so peculiarly severe upon outsiders meddling with *their* profession, should be so very ready to believe it easy to master the profession of everybody else! Yet it is also strange that their success very often astonishes those who begin by

* *Lord Palmerston's Journal* (1828), quoted in Book VI. of Lord Bulwer and Dalling.

laughing at their experiments. At all events, no social duty was neglected by the speculative farmer. He is still affectionately remembered by the poor in the neighborhood of his place, Langham, and he was a good friend and neighbor.

Marryat's last years were occasionally clouded by trouble. He had written too much, and the sale of his books fell off. The ruin of West Indian property hit him hard. His land, as may be supposed, never paid as an investment. Finally came one of those strokes of fate which make the strongest men reel. His eldest son, Frederick, a lieutenant in the Navy, of much promise, and of a type of character very like his father's, was lost in the steam-ship *Avenger*. This happened in 1847. Less than a year after—August, 1848—he himself passed away. His only surviving son, Frank, followed him to the grave in 1855. This was pleasant, good-looking Frank Marryat of the *Vanguard*, and afterwards of the *Samarang*; whose cheerful laugh still rings faintly in our memory, as we remember it ringing when we last saw him racing his cutter against that of another line-of-battle ship, after helping a merchant vessel that had gone aground near Tenedos. Frank left the Navy, and went to California, about which he wrote a capital book of travels called *Mountain and Molehills*. But yellow fever undermined his constitution, and he sank in consumption still young. The novelist is now represented in the female line only.

Our object in this paper being to illustrate the naval novel as a genus, we do not think it necessary to go into a minute analysis of the characters and plots even of Marryat, the best specimen of that genus. Indeed, his is not a kind of creation which calls for such analysis. He deals with broad general nature, and with eccentric varieties of that nature. His books are full of the light of common day. His heroines are simple, faithful, good-looking lasses, made to be kissed and not to be dissected. His situations are generally dependent for effect on the interest arising from adventure, rather than on moral interest. Sometimes his tragedy degenerates into the melodramatic. Sometimes, too, his comedy verges on the grotesque, or has just a suggestion of being like game too long kept—a little "high." But his moral influence, we repeat, is as sound as

oak. He keeps always well to windward of corruption.

To attempt anything like a review of all the sea novels produced by those who would fain have been Marryat's rivals, but were only his imitators, would be an absurdity. The great mass of them, even of those that had considerable cleverness, are forgotten. Who now reads *Cavendish*, or its successors? Who cares for *Rattlin the Reefer*? Who knows whether *Top-Sail Sheet Blocks* was written by Captain Chamier, or Captain Glascock? These men had all more or less knowledge of nautical life, and good "pickings" might, no doubt, be found in them by a clever carver. But they want force, life, individuality. It is not enough to have seen what a man of genius has also seen, for we must allow for the range and depth of vision; indeed, these writers did Marryat some harm. They made the public weary of the class, till, at last, the announcement of a new *Cheeks the Marine*, or *Ben Bug-gins the Boatswain*, produced only impatience and disgust. The very titles suggested conventional tars, unintelligible jargon, and the blue fire and sham cutlasses of inferior theatres. Marryat will live, as Smollett has lived; but any writer aiming at a success, independent of Marryat and his (unworthy) school of imitators, must seize the spirit of the new service, as he seized, and they only tried to seize, the spirit of the old. The best novel of the admirable Herman Melville we take to be *The Whale*.

How far such a feat be possible, in days which have seen steam gradually superseding sailing, and our wooden walls slowly becoming walls where the wood is less important than the iron plating, is a large question; far too large a question to be opened at the fag-end of an essay already too long. Perhaps, the good-natured reader will let us try our hand at answering it some other day? We are in an age of "transition," as has been pretty often observed. Ages of transition, however, have their own good stories; and we shall wind up with one. Only the other day, we read in the newspapers the death of honest Jack Polwhele. Jack had seen the great steam revolution, but could never take to it, nor realise it. At last he got a command—a small vessel of the new school. Running up the Tagus, under sail, but with his fires all ready, Jack found

himself going to knock against a vessel at anchor. He rushed wildly about—to back his main-topsail, to shorten sail, to do everything but what would have settled the matter at once—stop her with the

engines. Bang came the collision! "Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed Jack in a tone of terror. "What *will* the Commodore say? *I forgot I wor a steamer!*"—*Cornhill Magazine.*

BRAMBLEBERRIES.

I AM not shock'd by failings in my friend,
For human life 's a zigzag to the end.
But if he to a lower plane descend,
Contented there,—alas, my former friend!

From the little that's shown
To complete the unknown,
Is a folly we hourly repeat;
And for once, I would say,
That men lead us astray,
Ourselves we a thousand times cheat.

Where is the wise and just man? where
That earthly maiden, heavenly fair?
Life slips and passes: where are these?
Friend?—Loved One?—I am ill at ease.
Shall I give up my hope? declare
Unmeaning promises they were
That fed my youth, pure dreams of night,
And lofty thoughts of clear daylight?
I saw. I search and cannot find.
'Come, ere too late!' 'tis like a wind
Across a heath. Befool'd we live.
—Nay, Lord, forsake me not!—forgive!

Unless you are growing wise and good,
I can't respect you for growing old;
'Tis a path you would fain avoid if you could,
And it means growing ugly, suspicious, and cold.

Deny not Love and Friendship, tho' long and vainly sought;
Thy sad perpetual craving with deepest proof is fraught.
Thou canst be friend and lover; else why thy longing now?
Canst *thou* be true and tender?—of mortals, only *thou*?

They are my friends
Who are most mine,
And I most theirs,
When common cares
Give room to thoughts poetic and divine,
And in a psalm of love all nature blends.

Like children in the masking game
Men strive to hide their natures;
Each in his turn says, 'Guess my name,'
Disguising voice and features.

If he draw you aside from your proper end,
No enemy like a bosom friend.

For thinking, one; for converse, two, no more;
 Three for an argument; for walking, four;
 For social pleasure, five; for fun, a score.

FIDELITY.

Can I be friends with that so alter'd *you*,
 And to your former friendly self keep true?

Well for the man whom sickness makes more tender,
 Who doth his prideful cravings then surrender,
 Owning the boon of every little pleasure,
 And love (too oft misprized) a heavenly treasure,
 Finding at last a truer strength in weakness,
 A medicine for the soul in body-sickness.

While friends we were, the hot debates
 That rose 'twixt you and me!—
 Now we are mere associates,
 And never disagree.

We only touch by surfaces;
 But Spirit is the core of these.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear friend, so much admired, so oft desired,
 'Tis true that now I wish to be away.
 You are not tiresome, no! but I am tired.
 Allow to servant brain and nerves full play
 In their electric function, yea and nay.
 Faith and affection do not shift their ground,
 Howe'er the vital currents ebb and flow.
 To feel most free because most firmly bound
 Is friendship's privilege: so now I go,
 To rest awhile the mystic nerves and brain,
 To walk apart,—and long for you again.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE ORIGINAL PROPHET.

BY A VISITOR TO SALT LAKE CITY.

AMONG the Mormons commonly, three things only are stated of the founder of their faith—that an angel appeared to him, that he translated the *Book of Mormon* by Divine inspiration, and that he sealed his testimony by a martyr's death. And the better informed among them, and even their teachers and apostles, the personal friends of Joseph Smith in old days, have little more to say. I was surprised at the scantiness of the information to be obtain-

ed. Mormons of standing like Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Squire Wells, and Miss Snow seemed perfectly willing to tell me all they could recollect about the prophet, but almost all particulars of his method of life, his ways of speaking and acting, had apparently faded from memory, too indistinctive to have left a deep trace. No one could recollect of him those small personal incidents, or characteristic habits, or striking pieces of expression, which are usually

treasured so carefully of noted personages. Nor have I succeeded in finding many such particulars in print. It is possible that the Mormons dimly suspect that the less precise their knowledge of the prophet, the more profound their veneration is likely to be.

The accounts of Joseph Smith given by anti-Mormons are similarly barren of such pieces of personal information as might serve to reveal his inner character, and are besides written commonly with a rancour so intense as to impair their authority as statements of fact.

The prophet has left behind a voluminous autobiography; but, to one's disappointment, it is found to consist almost exclusively of a mass of verbose revelations republished in the authoritative *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*, and forming, with the exception of the *Book of Mormon*, the most puerile and tedious reading in the world.

I suggested to a number of the leading saints that anecdotes and matters of interest connected with the prophet should be searched for and placed on record before the generation that knew him has passed away. On one of these occasions the Church librarian at Salt Lake City seconded my proposal earnestly.

'But what is the use of it, brother Campbell,' Apostle Orson Pratt replied solemnly, 'since we shall have brother Joseph among us again soon?'

The example of the Evangelists was urged by some one present. They had been told that some among them 'should not see death' before the Saviour reappeared, yet this did not deter them from writing the gospels.

'It does not follow that because they were mistaken we shall be also,' was the answer. 'No: brother Joseph will be amongst us again, at least in our children's time.'

There was a general agreement in the descriptions given me of Joseph Smith's personal appearance. He seems to have been a large man, well made, of an unusually muscular development. As a young man he was the great wrestler of the district; and he was fond of showing his strength after he rose to his sacred dignity. His complexion was singularly transparent, his eyes large and full, and very penetrating. When excited in conversation or in preaching his face became 'illuminated,' as Apostle Q. Cannon expressed it, and he would say things 'of astonishing depth.' Ord-

inarily his talk was quiet and commonplace. His manner was generally sedate, but at times he would grow 'buoyant and playful as a child.' It is said that he used sometimes to get excited with drink. It is not denied that he had a strongly sensual temperament. No one who had personally known him would allow to me that he had a specially religious or nervous organization. His was no brain 'turned by rapt and melancholy musings.' He was no religious fanatic, they insisted. 'All was calm conviction and assurance.'

In Mr. J. H. Beadle's *Life in Utah*, published in Philadelphia, 1870, one of the most moderate anti-Mormon publications, I find the following characteristic description of the prophet: 'He was full of levity, even to boyish romping, dressed like a dandy, and at times drank like a sailor, and swore like a pirate. He could, as occasion required, be exceedingly meek in his deportment, and then again rough and boisterous as a highway robber; being always able to satisfy his followers of the propriety of his conduct. He always quailed before power, and was arrogant to weakness. At times he could put on the air of a penitent, as if feeling the deepest humiliation for his sins, and suffering unutterable anguish, and indulging in the most gloomy forebodings of eternal woe. At such times he would call for the prayers of his brethren in his behalf with a wild and fearful energy and earnestness. He was full six feet high, strongly built, and uncommonly well muscled. No doubt he was as much indebted for his influence over an ignorant people to the superiority of his physical vigor as to his greater cunning and intellect.'

A large oil-painting of the prophet is carefully preserved in Brigham Young's reception-room at Salt Lake. No malicious report of his enemies is so damning to Joseph Smith's character as that portrait. The face is large; the eyes big, watery, and prominent; the cheeks puffy; the upper lip long, the lips thick and sensual. The chin is small; the cheek-bones are unpleasantly prominent; the forehead recedes in a fashion scarcely human. The prophet has long brown hair, straight, and lumped at the ears. He wears a high collar with a redundant white neck-cloth. The whole appearance of the head, bulky, awkward, ill-set, with bulbous eyes, and the horribly receding forehead, is abnormal,

and repulsive in the extreme. A conviction seizes irresistibly on the spectator that it must be the head of a criminal or of an idiot. No believer in the prophet should be suffered to see that painting.

To avoid a conflict of claims among the cities of America to the honor of having produced the modern prophet, he is careful to give us in his autobiography full information. 'I was born,' he writes, 'in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and five, on the twenty-third of December, in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont.' Like many another man who has risen to greatness by unaided genius, Joseph Smith came of mean parentage. 'As my father's worldly circumstances were very limited,' he tells us, 'we were under the necessity of laboring with our hands, hiring by day's work and otherwise, as we could get opportunity.' The lowly origin of the regenerator of modern society naturally excites the fervor of the Mormon muse. In her *Fragments of an Epic*, Miss Snow rapturously exclaims:

Was he an earthly prince—of royal blood?
Had he been bred in courts, or dandled on
The lap of luxury? Or was
His name emblazoned on the spire of Fame?
No, no! He was not of a kingly race,
Nor could he be denominated great
If balanced in the scale of worldly rank.

Scarcely perhaps—especially if the commonly repeated accounts of the family are to be credited. An affidavit of eleven of their neighbors, taken in November 1833, stigmatises the Smith family as 'a lazy, indolent set of men,' 'intemperate,' their word not to be depended on. 'They avoided honest labor,' the *New American Cyclopædia* says, 'and occupied themselves chiefly in digging for hidden treasures and in similar visionary pursuits. They were intemperate and untruthful, and were commonly suspected of sheep-stealing and other offences. Upwards of sixty of the most respectable citizens of Wayne County testified in 1833, under oath, that the Smith family were of immoral, false, and fraudulent character, and that Joseph was the worst of them.'

The history of the migrations of the family has been preserved both in prose and in stately verse:

Vermont, a land much fam'd for hills and snows,
And blooming cheeks, may boast the honor of
The prophet's birth-place.

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Ere ten summers' suns
Had bound their wreath upon his youthful brow,
His father with his family removed;
And in New York, Ontario County, since
Called Wayne, selected them a residence;
First in Palmyra, then in Manchester.

It was in the last-named spot that the youth received his call to become a 'revelator' of sacred mysteries. Mormonism springs from a Methodist revival.

'Some time in the second year after our removal to Manchester,' Joseph Smith writes, 'there was in the place where we lived an unusual excitement on the subject of religion. It commenced with the Methodists, but soon became general among all the sects in that region of country. . . .

'I was at this time in my fifteenth year. My father's family were proselyted to the Presbyterian faith.'

'During this time of great excitement my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness. . . . In process of time my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect; but so great was the confusion and strife among the different denominations,' that it was not possible to 'come to any certain conclusion who were right, and who were wrong.'

He narrates that in his perplexity a great effect was produced on his mind by the passage in the Epistle of James, 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God.' 'I reflected on it again and again,' he says, 'knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God, I did.'

He retired to the woods; 'it was on the morning of a beautiful clear day, early in the spring of 1820.' A vision appeared to him: 'I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually till it fell upon me.' Then straightway he 'saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above him in the air. One of these told him plumply that he was to join none of the churches, 'for they were all wrong; that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight, and that those professors were all corrupt.'

The boy communicated his vision to some Methodist preachers and 'professors.' They took the matter seriously, and argued against his assertions. From that moment his destiny in life as a 'revelator' was fixed. He expresses very naively the

effect produced on his boyish vanity: 'It caused me serious reflection then, and often has since, how very strange it was that an obscure boy, of a little over fourteen years of age, and one, too, who was doomed to the necessity of obtaining a scanty maintenance by his daily labor, should be thought a character of sufficient importance to attract the attention of *the great ones of the most popular sects of the day*, so as to create in them a spirit of the hottest persecution and reviling.'

The spectacle of the boy, exposed to the long arguments of the Methodist local preachers and the unbelieving ridicule of his companions, moves deeply the compassion of Miss Snow's great-souled muse:

An awful avalanche
Of persecution fell upon him, hurl'd
By the rude blast of cleric influence!
Contempt, reproach, and ridicule were poured
Like thunderbolts, in black profusion, o'er
His youthful head.

More than three years, however, passed before the proved possibility of his becoming a religious seer issued in any definite plan. During this interval he appears from his own confession to have abandoned himself freely to a variety of youthful vices. 'I was left to *all kinds of temptation*,' he writes; 'and mingling with *all kinds of society*, I frequently fell into many foolish errors, and displayed the weakness of youth, and *the corruption of human nature*; which, I am sorry to say, led me into divers temptations, *to the gratification of many appetites* offensive in the sight of God.'

I have italicised some of the expressions in this confession for a special reason. In the copy of the Autobiography in the Historian's Office, Salt Lake, from which I made these extracts, the words I have thus marked are crossed through with ink. It will be perceived that if the passage be reprinted as thus trimmed, the sense will be much modified. This is but a trivial example of the way in which piety will lend itself to fraud for the honor of religion, and is scarcely perhaps worth mentioning. If Mormonism lives, as it promises to do, the process of purifying and exalting the prophet's character will no doubt be carried to great lengths.

Joseph Smith states that throughout these three years of gaiety and self-indulgence he was 'all the time suffering severe persecution at the hands of all classes of

men,' because, he writes, 'I continued to affirm that I had seen a vision.' If neither the prophet's memory nor imagination makes a slip here, he must at this time already have learnt the lesson that immorality of life could subsist with exceptional religious pretensions.

In September, 1823, Joseph had his second vision. 'A personage appeared at my bed-side,' he says, 'standing in the air. . . . His whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning.' This was none other but Nephi, the inspired writer of the early part of the Book of Mormon, who had descended to earth to bring the young man the flattering intelligence that his name 'should be had for good and evil among all nations,' and that there existed a book 'written upon gold plates,' containing 'the fulness of the everlasting gospel,' which Joseph would be permitted to translate by means of Urim and Thummim, two stones set in silver like vast spectacles when the fulness of the appointed time was come.

The vision was repeated three times, and he was told to visit yearly a certain hill 'convenient to the village of Manchester,' until the plates should be given him. On September 22, 1827, 'the same heavenly messenger delivered them up' to him. During these three years young Smith does not appear to have risen in the public estimation. He is represented as being an idler and vagabond, with a sincere dislike of honest work, and a considerable talent for imposition, cultivated by pretences of the discovery of gold, hidden treasure, and springs of salt and of oil. These charges appear to have been made out conclusively against the young man before various justices, according to a number of 'proceedings' which have since been collected and published.

During my stay in Salt Lake permission was courteously accorded me to copy out a set of such judicial proceedings not hitherto published. I cannot doubt their genuineness. The original papers were lent me by a lady of well-known position, in whose family they had been preserved since the date of the transactions. I reproduce them here, partly to fulfil a duty of assisting to preserve a piece of information about the prophet, and partly because, while the charges are less vehement than some I might have chosen, the proceed-

ings are happily lightened by a touch of the ludicrous.

STATE OF NEW YORK v. JOSEPH SMITH.

Warrant issued upon written complaint upon oath of Peter G. Bridgeman, who informed that one Joseph Smith of Bainbridge was a disorderly person and an impostor.

Prisoner brought before Court March 20, 1826. Prisoner examined: says that he came from the town of Palmyra, and had been at the house of Josiah Stowel in Bainbridge most of time since; had small part of time been employed in looking for mines, but the major part had been employed by said Stowel on his farm, and going to school. That he had a certain stone which he had occasionally looked at to determine where hidden treasures in the bowels of the earth were; that he professed to tell in this manner where gold mines were a distance under ground, and had looked for Mr. Stowel several times, and had informed him where he could find these treasures, and Mr. Stowel had been engaged in digging for them. That at Palmyra he pretended to tell by looking at this stone where coined money was buried in Pennsylvania, and while at Palmyra had frequently ascertained in that way where lost property was of various kinds; that he had occasionally been in the habit of looking through this stone to find lost property for three years, but of late had pretty much given it up on account of its injuring his health, especially his eyes, making them sore; that he did not solicit business of this kind, and had always rather declined having anything to do with this business.

Josiah Stowel sworn: says that prisoner had been at his house something like five months; had been employed by him to work on farm part of time; that he pretended to have skill of telling where hidden treasures in the earth were by means of looking through a certain stone; that prisoner had looked for him sometimes; once to tell him about money buried in Bend Mountain in Pennsylvania, once for gold on Monument Hill, and once for a salt spring; and that he positively knew that the prisoner could tell, and did possess the art of seeing those valuable treasures through the medium of said stone; that he found the [word illegible] at Bend and Monument Hill as prisoner represented it; that prisoner had looked through said stone for Deacon Attleton for a mine, did not exactly find it, but got a p— [word unfinished] of ore which resembled gold, he thinks; that prisoner had told by means of this stone where a Mr. Bacon had buried money; that he and prisoner had been in search of it; that prisoner had said it was in a certain root of a stump five feet from surface of the earth, and with it would be found a tail feather; that said Stowel and prisoner thereupon commenced digging, found a tail feather, but money was gone; that he supposed the money moved down. That prisoner did offer his services; that he never deceived him; that prisoner looked through stone and described Josiah Stowel's house and out-houses, while at Palmyra at Simpson Stowel's, correctly; that he had told about a painted tree, with a man's head painted upon it, by means of said stone. That he had been in company with prisoner digging for gold, and had the most implicit faith in prisoner's skill.

Arad Stowel sworn: says that he went to see

whether prisoner could convince him that he possessed the skill he professed to have, upon which prisoner laid a book upon a white cloth, and proposed looking through another stone which was white and transparent, hold the stone to the candle, turn his head to book, and read. The deception appeared so palpable that witness went off disgusted.

McMaster sworn: says he went with Arad Stowel, and likewise came away disgusted. Prisoner pretended to him that he could discover objects at a distance by holding this white stone to the sun or candle; that prisoner rather declined looking into a hat at his dark colored stone, as he said that it hurt his eyes.

Jonathan Thompson says that prisoner was requested to look for chest of money; did look, and pretended to know where it was; and that prisoner, Thompson, and Yeomans went in search of it; that Smith arrived at spot first; was at night; that Smith looked in hat while there, and when very dark, and told how the chest was situated. After digging several feet, struck upon something sounding like a board or plank. Prisoner would not look again, pretending that he was alarmed on account of the circumstances relating to the trunk being buried, [which] came all fresh to his mind. That the last time he looked he discovered distinctly the two Indians who buried the trunk, that a quarrel ensued between them, and that one of said Indians was killed by the other, and thrown into the hole beside the trunk, to guard it, as he supposed. Thompson says that he believes in the prisoner's professed skill; that the board which he struck his spade upon was probably the chest, but on account of an enchantment the trunk kept settling away from under them when digging; that notwithstanding they continued constantly removing the dirt, yet the trunk kept about the same distance from them. Says prisoner said that it appeared to him that salt might be found at Bainbridge, and that he is certain that prisoner can divine things by means of said stone. That as evidence of the fact prisoner looked into his hat to tell him about some money witness lost sixteen years ago, and that he described the man that witness supposed had taken it, and the disposition of the money:

And therefore the Court find the Defendant guilty. Costs: Warrant, 19c. Complaint upon oath, 25½c. Seven witnesses, 87½c. Recognisances, 25c. Mittimus, 19c. Recognisances of witnesses, 75c. Subpcena, 18c.—\$2.68.

It was among an ignorant and credulous people of this kind, capable of believing in the necromantic virtues of a big stone held in a hat, and of treasures descending perpetually under the spades of the searchers by enchantment, a people already prepared for any bold superstition by previous indulgence in a variety of religious extravagances, that Joseph Smith found his early coadjutors and his first converts.

The work of translating the mysteriously-given golden plates lasted two full years. The first edition of the *Book of Mormon*

was published in 1830. During this period a number of contemptible quarrels occurred between the prophet and his helpers, which were all decided in the prophet's favor by verbose tautological revelations of unendurable wearisomeness. The picture given us of the prophet at work is characteristic of the whole business. He would sit behind a blanket hung across the room to screen the sacred plates from mortal eyes, and read aloud slowly his translation, made by the aid of the big spectacles, to a friend who wrote it down. Mr. Orson Pratt told me that 'brother Joseph' ceased to use the Urim and Thummim, however, 'when he became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of revelation.'

Martin Harris, afterwards an apostate, was the first transcriber; through his treachery, or that of his wife, or possibly from a desire on their part to put the prophet's pretensions to a test, the new religion came near to perishing in the birth. The earlier portion of the manuscript work was secreted by one or other of the couple. The 'Revelations' to Joseph Smith on this matter are extremely trying to the patience of a reader. A fragment from the mass will serve as a sample of the character and style of these compositions, and will show how the prophet escaped from his perplexity.

From the 'Revelation,' May, 1829.

Behold, I say unto you, that you shall not translate again those words which have gone forth out of your hands; for behold they shall not accomplish their evil designs in lying against those words. For behold, if you shall bring forth the same words, they will say that you have lied; that you have pretended to translate, but that you have contradicted yourself; and behold, they will publish this, and Satan will harden the hearts of the people, to stir them up to anger against you, that they will not believe my words. Thus Satan thinketh to overpower your testimony in this generation; but behold, here is wisdom; and because I show unto you wisdom, and give you commandments concerning these things what you shall do, show it not unto the world until you have accomplished the work of translation. . . .

And now verily I say unto you, that an account of those things that you have written, which have gone out of your hands, are engraven upon the plates of Nephi; yea, and you remember it was said in those writings that a more particular account was given of these things upon the plates of Nephi.

And now, because the account which is engraven upon the plates of Nephi is more particular concerning the things which in my wisdom I would bring to the knowledge of the people in this account, therefore you shall translate the en-

gravings which are on the plates of Nephi down even till you come to the reign of King Benjamin, or until you come to that which you have translated, which you have retained; and behold, you shall publish it as the record of Nephi, and thus will I confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil.

The result of the unbelief of Martin Harris has been to inflict on the faithful Mormon a still more unconscionable quantity of matter in his sacred book than was originally intended.

With his second amanuensis, Oliver Cowdery, who also finally apostatised, Joseph Smith had likewise much difficulty. On the whole, however, this man proved for a long time sufficiently submissive, and was rewarded by receiving, through the prophet, a number of verbose revelations of the usual tedious character.

It was this man who enjoyed the remarkable honor of being associated with Joseph Smith in receiving back to earth the long-lost powers of the apostolic priesthood. On May 15, 1829, in a certain spot in the woods, no less a personage than John the Baptist appeared to these two favored mortals, placing his hands on them, and ordaining them with these words: 'Unto you, my fellow-servants, in the name of the Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins.'

Whereupon the two went straightway to water and baptised each other, and immediately 'experienced great and glorious blessings,' and 'standing up, prophesied concerning the rise of the church, and many other things.'

A number of Smiths and others were shortly afterwards baptised, and a small church was already in existence when the new sacred book appeared in print.

The *Golden Bible*, as this book was called at first, contains an account of the early peopling of the American continent by a colony of Jews; the history of the faithful Nephites; their wars with the Lamanites, a people condemned for their sins to wear red skins, and 'become an idle people, full of mischief and subtlety,' the American Indians of our day; the visit of Christ to the Nephites after the resurrection, and the establishment among them of Christianity; the destruction of the Ne-

phites by the heathen Lamanites; the hiding away of the historical plates on the hill of Cumorah, where the final stand of the Christian forces was made, and where they were found fourteen centuries after by Joseph Smith. No fuller account of the book is necessary: it can be obtained at a small cost through any bookseller.

This poor performance, a dull and verbose imitation of the English version of the Old Testament, can scarcely be considered in its conception and execution beyond the capacity of the money-digger and his little clique of helpers. Yet it seems that so much honor is not rightly their due. The real origin of the book appears to be one of the most singular incidents ever connected with the rise of a new faith. The Mormon Bible turns out, apparently, to be a modified and diluted version of a poor historical romance, that could never find a publisher.

It seems that one Solomon Spalding, a graduate of Dartford, an unsuccessful preacher, and then a failing tradesman, a writer of unread novels, conceived the idea of writing a romance based on a notion, then somewhat popular in the States, that the red men were the descendants of the much-abused lost tribes of Israel. The work was completed, and, under the title of *The Manuscript Found*, vainly offered for publication. The widow of Solomon Spalding declares that the MSS. were placed in a printing office with which Sidney Rigdon was connected. Mr. Patterson, the printer, died in 1826; the MSS. were never recovered. 'Mr. Spalding had another copy,' Mr. Beadle says in his book already quoted; 'but in the year 1825, while residing in Ontario County, N. Y., next door to a man named Stroude, for whom Joe Smith was then digging a well, that copy also was lost. She thinks it was stolen from her trunk.' Depositions are given in the *New American Cyclopædia*, and in various other works, of a number of persons to whom Spalding had read parts of his romance, who testify to a general resemblance in the plot and style of the history, and in the names employed, with those of the *Book of Mormon*.

In their turn the Spalding party are accused by the Mormons of having invented this story to cast reproach on a holy work. It is a singular quarrel. I am not aware that any impartial and adequate examination of the alleged facts has yet been made,

but this should be done. Failing this, the Mormons or their enemies must bear the stigma of perpetrating a gross imposition, according to our estimate of the moral worth of each party, and of the probabilities of the case.

It has been suggested that the original intention of Joseph Smith and his assistants in the enterprise was simply to publish the altered romance as a commercial speculation, and that they were unfeignedly astonished themselves to find that people were ready to believe in their talked of Golden Bible. Even if this were the fact, it would scarcely add to the strangeness of the origin of this new religion. It is scarcely to be doubted, however, that Joseph Smith's earlier experiences had prepared him to play the bolder part of an inspired prophet.

The new church, established in 1830, increased rapidly in numbers. Tedious revelations, to the Whitmers, Pratts, Sidney Rigdon, and others, thicken. The first Latter-day miracle was performed by Joseph Smith on a man possessed by an unclean spirit. 'I rebuked the devil,' the prophet writes, 'and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to depart from him; when, immediately, Newel spoke out and said that he saw the devil leave him, and vanish from his sight.'

In 1831, by a revelation through Joseph Smith in Kirtland, Ohio, where there existed a flourishing Mormon Church, the mass of the converts were required to go forth through the land by twos, lifting up their voice as the voice of a trumpet, declaring the word like unto angels of God, preaching the Gospel of immersion in water for the remission of sins. In this particularly long and tedious commission, the following injunction occurs: 'Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else.' The idea of plural marriage had not yet dawned on the minds of the leaders.

In June this year a conference of priests and elders was held in Kirtland, when 'the Lord displayed his power in a manner that could not be mistaken. The Man of Sin was revealed, and the authority of the Melchisedec Priesthood was manifested, and conferred for the first time upon several of the elders.'

The preachers were started again on their mission by a revelation, while Joseph Smith, with a small party, set out in

search of a suitable spot for founding a Mormon city. The place was found beyond St. Louis, on the limits of the prairie. 'This is the land of promise,' said a revelation, 'and the place for the City of Zion. And thus saith the Lord your God: if you will receive wisdom, here is wisdom. Behold the place which is now called Independence is the centre place, and the spot for the temple is lying westward; wherefore it is wisdom that the land should be purchased by the Saints.'

A prosperous settlement was made here by the Mormons in the following year, 1832. The prophet about this time met with a gross indignity: he was tarred and feathered by a mob, on some charges of fraudulent dealing, but really through excited religious feeling. At a conference held in the beginning of 1833, the prophet began to speak in an unknown tongue, and was quickly followed in this miraculous manifestation by many other saints. He then proceeded to wash the feet of some of his followers, 'wiping them,' he writes, 'with the towel with which I was girded.' In February he 'received' the celebrated Word of Wisdom, advising, but not enjoining, an abstinence from wine, strong drinks, and tobacco.

The first expulsion of Mormons took place at the close of 1833. The ordinary settlers in Missouri appear to have disliked extremely their new neighbors, who came in ever-increasing numbers to establish 'Zion.' In a published address they made the formal statement that most of the saints were 'characterized by the profoundest ignorance, the grossest superstition, and the most abject poverty.' They expressed their fear of being 'cut off' by this people, and having their 'lands appropriated.' They said that with the increasing immigration the civil power would soon be in the hands of the Mormons, and that then existence in the place would be intolerable. In the strongest language they begged the Mormon leaders to stop the coming of their people, and to remove the settlement. It is further commonly reported that the people of Jackson County offered to buy the lands and improvements of the Mormons at valuation, 'with an hundred per cent. added thereon.'

The Mormons, not yet aware of the strength of the enmity felt against them, refused to leave; upon which mobs assembled and clamored, destroyed the *Star*

printing office, and afterwards a number of dwellings, and in November effected the expulsion of the obdurate saints.

During several years the Mormons made settlements in various parts of Ohio and Missouri, but none of these were permanent. Everywhere they managed to excite the strongest religious or political ill-will. Outrages were committed on both sides. Joseph Smith and other of the leaders were charged with treason, felony, and other offences. Smith broke from gaol. The Mormons armed against the State militia, but were overwhelmed. Expelled finally from Missouri, they found refuge in Illinois, then a scarcely-broken prairie wilderness. Here they received a friendly welcome as an unjustly persecuted people.

In the summer of 1839 Nauvoo rose 'as if by magic' in the new State. The name signifies 'in the Reformed Egyptian' *The Beautiful*. The scattered Mormons rapidly assembled here. The site of the city was determined by revelation, and happened to fall within the limits of a large tract of land of which Joseph Smith had become possessed. The city obtained a charter. Joseph Smith controlled all votes, and was elected mayor, a chief justice of the municipal court, and lieutenant-general of the Mormon militia, termed the Nauvoo Legion. When the young boy began looking into the 'dark-colored stone' in his hat, it is probable that he saw in the future no vision of dignities awaiting him like these.

From the founding of Nauvoo, or perhaps earlier, Smith had entered into equivocal relations with various female saints. His wife became violently jealous. Upon which, in July, 1843, the celebrated Revelation on Celestial Marriage was communicated in confidence by the prophet to a number of the leaders in the church. In this composition the examples of Abraham and the patriarchs, of David and Solomon, are cited in favor of the practice of polygamy; Joseph Smith is justified in his past course, and his wife is commanded to yield acquiescence. 'Let mine handmaid Emma Smith,' says the revelation, 'receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me. . . . And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and no one else. But if she will not

abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord. . . . And again, Verily, I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses . . . and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice.'

It would be interesting to discover, were it possible, to what extent Mormonism owed its early success to its professions of exceptional purity, and its promise of a moral as well as a religious reformation. It seems certain that it was esteemed too dangerous a course to let the saints generally know that plural marriage was to be allowed in the church. The new revelation, however, soon began to be talked of, and caused great scandal and disturbance both within and without the Mormon body.

It appears that a number of women, solicited by Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and others, to enter 'Celestial Marriage,' complained to their husbands, many of whom were Mormons. A Dr. Foster, with one William Law and others, who held themselves injured, hereupon began to publish in Nauvoo itself, in May, 1844, a newspaper, *The Expositor*, to expose the Mormon leaders. In the first number the affidavits of sixteen women were given, testifying to the dishonorable proposals made to them. A tumult arose. A body of Mormons sacked the *Expositor* office. Foster and Law got away to Carthage, a town eighteen miles distant, and obtained warrants against their injurers. Joseph Smith refused to obey the summons, and the constable who served it was driven from Nauvoo. The State Militia was called out on one side, the Nauvoo Legion on the other. Governor Ford hastened to the scene. Seeing the excitement of the Carthage people, he addressed them on the necessity of employing only legal measures. 'The officers and men,' he says, 'unanimously voted, with acclamation, to sustain me in a strictly legal course.' He therefore held himself justified in promising the Mormons protection from violence. He proceeded to Nauvoo, and found it 'one great military camp.' The Mormons, trusting to the Governor's promises of security, surrendered to him three cannon and two hundred and fifty stand of small arms. A number of the leaders entered into recognisances to appear for trial, but Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were

detained in Carthage Gaol on a second charge of treason. Their end had come.

The bitter quarrel between the Mormons and their enemies was intensified by political jealousies. The Mormons, always voting solidly at the dictation of their leaders, exercised an influence disproportioned to their numbers. Joseph Smith, intoxicated by a success beyond his wildest imagination, conceived the ambition of becoming the ruler of the United States, if indeed his vanity did not aspire still further. In the spring of 1844 he seriously proposed himself as a candidate for the Presidency at the approaching election. The Mormons commenced a most vigorous canvass. Their opponents became more incensed against them than ever. The celestial marriage scandals occurred at the moment to inflame the passions of the Gentile mob to madness. The Mormons deny that the specific charges of Dr. Foster were sustainable. But the revelation itself affords proof that irregularities had occurred, and were to be justified in the new faith.

On the two Smiths being committed to Carthage Gaol a guard was stationed over them for protection. The precaution was necessary, but the guard was insufficient. A mob of one or two hundred men well armed assembled in the evening of June 27, 1844, broke open the gaol, and shot down the two prisoners. John Taylor and Willard Richards, who were in the room at the time, managed to escape. The strange farce had ended in tragedy.

A just and adequate criticism of the character of this extraordinary adventurer remains to be written. He appears to have had one of those energetic natures by which ordinary people are irresistibly attracted and held in willing bondage. Men and women everywhere became his fast friends and his obedient disciples. He must have had, too, an immense power of will, and a wonderful capacity of self-assertion, to have advanced and maintained unflinchingly his preposterous pretensions.

As yet the Mormons are not all convinced that the founder of their religion was a man of blameless character and unsullied life. Brigham Young is reported to have made an admission to the contrary in the following significant language:

'That the prophet was of mean birth,

that he was wild, intemperate, even dishonest and tricky in his youth, is nothing against his mission. God can and does make use of the vilest instruments. Joseph has brought forth a religion which will save us if we abide by it. Bring anything against that if you can. I care not if he gamble, lie, swear—get drunk every day of his life, sleep with his neighbor's wife every night—for I embrace no man in my faith. 'The religion is all in all.'

But the ecclesiastical or mythical judgment of the prophet's character pronounces it great and pure. To the Mormon church of the future he will be the inspired teacher, the exalted martyr, the pure and holy founder of a new Divine revelation. The last section of the authoritative *Book of*

Doctrine and Covenants speaks of him in the following terms:

Joseph Smith, the prophet and seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world than any other man that ever lived in it. . . . He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people, and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and his work with his own blood, and so has his brother Hyrum. . . . They lived for glory; they died for glory; and glory is their eternal reward. From age to age shall their names go down to posterity as gems for the sanctified.

On this, one would think, somewhat shaky basis, a human community, famous out of all proportion to its numerical force, has managed and does manage to exist.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

AUTUMN DAYS IN STOCKHOLM.

FIFTY or sixty years ago it was not the habit of those belonging to the middle class of society to leave their homes every year for a certain time in search of novelty and change of air; a visit to some accessible watering-place in their own country once in two or three years was all that could be attempted. Now that so many facilities are offered for travelling, so many cheap arrangements can be made for trips abroad, the only difficulty is to find some spot unspoiled by the too frequent visits of tourists, unchanged by the introduction of foreign habits and manners. Switzerland, the Rhine, Belgium, Holland, and many parts of France, are well known and visited yearly; but Sweden and Norway, though beginning to be resorted to by English and Americans, still present much that is fresh and attractive to those who love whatever is true, simple, and unhackneyed.

So seldom does anything realise our expectations, that my dreams were not of a golden hue as I steamed from London to Gottenburg. In fact there was not much to make them agreeable; three days and nights of gales, with thunder and lightning, a pitching and rolling vessel, and everybody ill around me, only suggested that the sight of land of any kind would be delightful. The people on board had come from all parts of the world: Norwegians and Swedes were returning to their country; there were passengers from California, others from New York; a young girl from the Empire City particularly amused me.

She was travelling with her brother all over the world as fast as possible, and was then going to Stockholm on her way to St. Petersburg. She was sharp in appearance and sharp in everything she did; nothing escaped her observation; and she kept her eye-glass pertinaciously fixed in one eye, peering closely at everybody and everything. I could not help laughing when, on looking at her during the night, I saw that she had still the glass in her eye, though she was fast asleep.

That anybody could rest was quite astonishing, for we were in a heavy storm from the time we were fairly out at sea at midnight one Friday till the following Monday morning at ten o'clock, when we neared the shores of Sweden. Two whole nights the captain had been obliged to remain on deck, feeling rather anxious about our safety, and had said that this passage was not one to have been undertaken by ladies except in case of urgent necessity. How glad, therefore, we were to be told that Gottenburg could be seen will be readily imagined after all we had endured; yet the weather was too bad to allow us to go on deck, and we were actually in the harbor before we could get a glimpse of the city. The first thing which would strike a stranger are the bridges and the quays, which are fine, and give the idea that the city is much larger than it is in reality; there is, however, nothing to detain the traveller beyond a day or two, the churches and public buildings not being

particularly interesting. Some pretty gardens, in which a band plays every evening, are worth visiting, as well as the place of a Mr. Dickson, of a Scotch family, whose fortune is derived from timber which his grandfather cut down in Norway and Sweden, and sold some years ago. The house is built in the Italian style, the grounds are tastefully laid out, the surrounding scenery very pretty and English, and the drive thither exceedingly pleasant.

Through the kindness of a Swedish acquaintance, I was put in the way of securing my berth in the canal boat from Gottenburg to Stockholm, which is the most inexpensive as well as the most interesting mode of travelling. The journey takes about three nights and two days; but as the steamer, like all the Swedish vessels I have been in, is beautifully clean and nicely fitted up, there is no great hardship in being so long on board. The night we started I went to my cabin about ten o'clock; though the beginning of August, it was still light; but the scenery, we were informed, would be very flat for some hours. At six the next morning coffee and rusks awaited us on deck; and we were told that if we wished to breakfast before setting out for the falls of Tröllhätten we must make haste. The vessel puts to shore at any special place of interest, and the passengers have plenty of time to explore if they choose. The waterfalls of Tröllhätten are certainly very beautiful, but those who have seen the finest in Switzerland and in Wales will not, I think, remark anything grander in them. The winding path, however, by which we walked to them was lovely, and we came back in great spirits from the exercise and the enjoyment of the fresh morning, and found a second breakfast ready for us, to which we did ample justice.

Till in the course of the day we entered the lake Wener, about one hundred and fifty English miles in length, there was nothing interesting for the eye to rest on. Wenersburg, which heads it, is very picturesque, on account of its carved wooden houses—like Swiss houses, which are everywhere to be seen in Sweden. Here, and all the way to Stockholm, there is no scenery that can be called fine, no mountains, no lofty trees, but all is soft, green, and smiling; firs and weeping birches clothe the banks, and small islands start up everywhere to add to the beauty of the land-

scape and occasionally to ruffle the lake. The next day we stopped at an interesting place called Wadstena, where there is an old castle and the remains of a nunnery, founded by St. Brita; several royal personages became sisters of the order, and among them Queen Margaretha, the Semiramis of the North.

After quitting Wadstena, we rested only a few minutes occasionally at two or three small villages, charmingly nestled in the banks of the canal. The bright red-painted wooden cottages stood out in pleasant relief against the fresh green foliage, and formed quite a picture. Here the peasants came to the side of the vessel, with little baskets of fruit temptingly piled up, and with bags containing rings of something between biscuit and bread, which I observed were much liked by the Swedes, and were bought by most of the passengers. At length Sunday morning arrived, and we were informed that in less than an hour we should arrive at our destination. It may be guessed with what a throb of eager expectation we hurried on deck that we might not lose the first glimpse of the beautiful city.

I do not know how Stockholm would strike people who have seen Venice; to me it was altogether new and fascinating. Gardens everywhere sloping down to the edge of the water and filled with people, tiny steamers plying hither and thither, close at hand, not to speak of larger vessels which go to greater distances, naturally give to the whole scene a very animated aspect. From the approach to Stockholm by the river its full grandeur is seen. The principal points of interest are the city proper and the royal palace; the intersecting water fills up the whole picture. From the Baltic, it appears, if possible, to greater advantage; and a fine view of it may be obtained from the garden of the Mosebacke, which is situated on one of the loftiest hills of the Södermalm.

The public buildings are not numerous, but they are so placed as to be seen to the greatest advantage, and from this circumstance add greatly to the imposing effect of the city. The old palace, the National Museum, the Riddarhuset, where formerly the nobility held their sittings during the diets, and the Riddarholms Kyrkan, which may be called the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm, are among the most interesting;

The vaults of this old Church are lighted up once a week, and the tombs uncovered, when it ought to be visited; a few *ore** are then paid, but all other days it may be entered gratis.

Though the principal inhabitants leave Stockholm during the hottest months of summer, enough remain to make the gardens lively in the evening. The Djurgården, one of the prettiest, which has the best band, and this season, in addition, a Hungarian band of celebrated performers, is generally well filled, and to a new comer presents a very spirited scene. Waiters thread their way amidst endless marble tables, bearing aloft trays with coffee and ices, granite ice especially, and liqueurs and Swedish punch, through throngs of visitors. The people, who have been called the French of the North, do not gesticulate as in France, but a murmur of voices accompanies the music, and the language, which is almost as soft as the Italian, makes this pleasant. Gentlemen walk in and out among the groups of ladies, seeking for those they especially desire to notice, and having found them, take off their hats with a graceful sweep which hitherto I have only seen accomplished by Swedish gentlemen. As far as living out of doors, the Swedes, though inhabitants of a cold climate, resemble the southern nations, and spend very little time at home; indeed, our idea of home, from my observation, and from what I was told, is much more understood by the Danes than the Swedes, and domestic virtues are less cultivated by the latter than the former.

After the first week, which I passed in one of the principal hotels, I found it would be more agreeable to board in a Swedish family; I should in this way have society, and see the Swedes in their own homes. In the Brunkeberg's Torg I was received by a very amiable and intelligent lady, a widow, who, to increase her income, had always a few people with her. Her arrangements were very good, but the diet was certainly a trial, as, under the happiest circumstances, the cooking is so different from either English or French cooking, so bad, I must really say, that it requires a great deal of fortitude and a certain amount of health to endure it. The bread is nearly all flavored with aniseed, that is, all the softer kind of bread; there is a rye bread,

however, of which they eat a great deal, which is thin, full of holes, and hard as sailor's biscuit; this they consider good for the teeth; perhaps it is; at any rate, good teeth are required to bite it. I noticed a great many soups; for without soup no Swede would imagine he had dined, and in families who live moderately, very little in the way of substantial food comes afterwards. There were sweet fruit soups, curds-and-whey soup sweetened, many white soups with vegetables prettily cut up, and some gravy soups, that seemed as if they ought to be nice; but they were spoilt for an English palate by the introduction of some uncongenial flavor; dumplings, for example, which we think good in broth, they perfume with peach-water, or some kind of scent, and put into gravy soup.

The habits at table, even of people of good birth and education, strike an English person oddly. The great rapidity of eating, the perpetual approach of the knife to the mouth, the fork held up in the air, and the elbows thrust out, are scarcely reconcilable to our ideas of civilization. I must in justice say, however, that I noticed many persons very particular in this respect. At supper, nobody attempts to sit down, but each person takes a fork and a piece of bread, and plunges his fork into half a dozen dishes, taking a little piece from each and putting it on the same piece of bread; meat, fish, sweets, and cheese, seemed alike acceptable. I was told by one of my English acquaintances that a Swede had said to him, "that the correct behavior of English people at table fidgeted him to death."

But all those with whom I came in contact were so unaffected, so unselfish in their kindness to me, that though at first I could not speak a word of their language, I soon felt at home with them, for I saw that everybody wished to be good to me. They do not seem to care for rank and riches, but to like people for their personal qualities.

I found them generally clever and very accomplished; good musicians, for only those play who are likely to play well; good artists, and really thoroughly educated; many speak two or three languages very correctly. Simple things, I observed, appear to amuse them. It was rather chilly one evening before I left, and two or three young men in the house lighted

* An *ore* is less than a farthing.

the stove and invested some money in almonds, molasses, &c., for making hard-bake. Then, with some young girls, they busily set to work to chop almonds and prepare the sweatmeat, all the time singing merry songs and telling anecdotes. They explained to me that they frequently passed many hours in this way in the long winter evenings, as well as in dancing, music, and singing. With some friends I went to one of the many pretty places just outside Stockholm, to keep a "name's day"; it took us nearly an hour, going by the little steamer, and on reaching the rustic bridge we had a pleasant walk of almost a mile through a forest of thickly planted, though not lofty, trees; and when we emerged from this, we came in sight of a little colony of two or three wooden houses, one of which was occupied by the lady whose name's day we were going to celebrate. We found her with her friends, and her husband and children, sitting on the lawn before the house; a table was covered with fruit, with light wines and Swedish punch; the men were smoking, the women chatting, and the little children dancing and running from one to the other. Each of the gentlemen who came to visit the lady presented her with a bouquet, and we were taken into the house to see how many she had received; two tables were quite covered with them. As it grew dark, her husband brought out pretty colored Chinese lanterns and lighted up the interior of the house, the front, and the shrubbery which backed the lawn. What a magic scene this little spot appeared to us in the distance as we wended our way home through the forest, our host accompanying us, and carrying a Chinese lantern, till we came into the open space by the water side, when the moon and stars lighted us to the little bridge, whence the last steamboat left. To catch this boat we had been obliged to leave all the merry people behind to partake of the grand supper. Coming in sight of Stockholm was another Fairyland for us; myriads of lights sparkled on the face of the water, the beautiful buildings stood out in bold relief from the brightness of the summer lightning, which illuminated everything around, and music and ringing voices echoed from the gardens and filled the air.

In many persons' experience of life all that is joyous, brightest, and promising, is

nearly allied to that which is deeply tragic and pathetic. In one of the most frequented promenades, I spent part of almost every day; in the evening it was a blaze of light with colored lamps; the most brilliant overtures, the most fascinating waltzes, were performed; in the midst of this gay scene, day after day, hour after hour, for the last six years, has walked up and down a poor woman, whose history is known only by the few, and who is passed by altogether unnoticed by the multitude. Still good-looking and attractive, not much more than thirty, dressed with scrupulous care and coquetry, she paces up and down incessantly: her unearthly pallor and vague look draw the attention of the sympathetic, and those who feel for all suffering are painfully impressed as they see her continually stop the passers-by, gentlemen particularly. She talks at first excitedly, and then with utter inconsequence. This poor demented creature six years ago was beautiful and happy like many of those around her, on the point of marriage—nay, the wedding-day was not only fixed, but had arrived; but no bridegroom was forthcoming. From that day to this no tidings have ever been received of him, and she wanders forth listlessly, hour after hour, striving to find in each new face some likeness to her old old love. She is allowed to walk about unmolested, and is generally treated with respect and sympathy. Another poor afflicted woman visits some of these promenades. She, however, belongs to a lower class of society; she, too, is allowed to go freely where she likes. Her fancy is to bedizen herself with old tattered ball dresses, and to decorate her hair with flowers, while at the same time she carries a large basket filled with the rudest kitchen utensils. I did not hear her history; but she occurred to my recollection when mentioning the other poor woman.

A lively and totally different picture is to be seen in the Skeppsbron. There merchants are hurrying to and fro, and large vessels are being laden for the north of Sweden (Norrland) and St. Petersburg—a three days' journey by sea, with stoppages, from Stockholm. Opposite the Skeppsbron is Skeppsholmen, one of the pretty islands forming part of Stockholm, and in the warm weather furnishing shady seats and walks. On this side is the National Museum, in which is a fine collection

of pictures, especially of the Dutch and Swedish schools. In the same building is a curious apartment containing old armor and the wedding dresses and costumes of former kings, queens, and favorites; all this can be seen gratis, except on one or two days of the week, when only a few *ore* are paid. Of course, at Stockholm, as in all great cities, there are museums for various kinds of collections: for natural history, for minerals, for coins, &c., but these are mentioned in the guide books. I did not wish to occupy my time entirely in visiting public buildings, but rather to note the habits of the people, and such social traits as might come in my way during so short a stay.

One morning I went to call on a Swedish acquaintance and found her doctor with her. He was merely paying a complimentary visit, as his services were not required. I learned that an arrangement is made with the medical man; a small sum of £5 or £6 a year contents him, and for that he attends the whole family, however often they may happen to be ill. The difficulty seems to be to get hold of him quickly enough in an urgent case; for if he has gone on his rounds he finishes every visit before he goes to the new patient. A lady with whose relatives I was slightly acquainted had a husband who had always very delicate health, and upon one occasion, when they were staying with her, he was seized with a sharp attack connected with a heart complaint. They urged her to send at once for the doctor, but she only used some simple remedies, because she said she had just dismissed her usual medical attendant, and had made no fresh arrangement with any body else, so that she could not ask any one to come to her assistance. A poor lady while I was there lost a child from water on the brain, and she sat by it for hours in the most terrible anxiety, waiting the doctor's time for coming. To people accustomed to command prompt advice in illness, Stockholm, or, indeed, Sweden, would not seem to be a desirable place to be attacked in.

In my walks I occasionally observed some very refined-looking ladies in white aprons, those worn by English parlor-maids; they had also large white collars, with bands down the front of the dress, turning into a sash round the waist, and tying in a bow behind. These were worn

over black dresses, and intended for mourning; generally six or eight months, according to the relationship, is the time for wearing mourning in Sweden, but crape is not used. A very pretty mark of attention to a parting guest is the custom of presenting bouquets; but however inconvenient they may be to carry they must not on any account be left behind; it would give great offense. The Swedes are not a rich people; but they have a thousand ways of doing little kindnesses and paying civility, which are agreeably felt by those living among them. They have also many simple pleasures for the unsophisticated; the number of little clean steamboats, going daily for a few *ore* or a rix-dollar (1*s.* 1½*d.*) to charming spots not far from Stockholm, enable most people to make frequent and pleasant excursions; and there are so many beautiful palaces, containing fine pictures, curious china, and other interesting things, that during the warm months these boats are thronged, especially on Sunday, when the fares are considerably reduced. Ulriksdal, Drottningholm, and Gripsholm, have daily visitors. Independently of the beautiful rooms to be seen in these palaces, it is most enjoyable and heart-filling to find yourself in the midst of the lovely, soft, lakelike scenery which surrounds them. Towards the end of September, when the leaves are beginning to change rapidly previous to falling, the little islands in the river and in the lakes which it forms seem as if decorated with nosegays, so bright and vivid in hue is the decaying foliage, and in such regular clusters does the alteration of color take place. The lime tree has the most beautiful shades of pink and rose color in its varying leaves. There are other trees which from the palest yellow deepen into the richest golden shade. Nowhere except in Sweden do I remember to have seen such charming effects from this cause.

A pleasant trip I must mention can be made to Upsala by the steamboat, which starts at eight o'clock in the morning from Stockholm, and the scenery is interesting nearly all the way. Though the boat does not reach Upsala till half-past two o'clock, there is quite time to see the city and return at night by train to Stockholm—a distance of nearly fifty miles. The air of Upsala is considered more invigorating than that of Stockholm, and the walks

around it are beautiful and various. When the Cathedral and the University have been visited, it is worth while to mount a winding path by the side of the governor's residence—a very old castle—and on reaching the top of the hill to sit down and breathe the fresh heath-scented breeze. From this spot three mounds can be seen, the three burial-places of Thor, Odin, and Frey; if the walk of two or three miles were taken to reach them, no further object would be obtained. At Upsala, there are the usual pretty gardens and cafés, also good bands, which play every evening, while the students, known by their white caps, lounge about and smoke, or sit and sip liqueurs and punch.

Among the many delightful recollections I have carried away from Sweden are those connected with a visit to Wisby, in Gottland, one of the Hanse Towns, once of pure importance, and the birthplace of pure Gothic architecture. The bands of stonemasons who started from Wisby in olden time, and travelled through the different countries of Europe (journeymen—the origin of our word for superior workmen), led to the gradual formation, no doubt, of that body of men known as Freemasons. Wisby is now silent as the grave, and many of its streets are grass-grown. The still beautiful ruins of seven or eight churches give it a very picturesque appearance. Though there are altogether eighteen or nineteen ruins, most of them are only fragments of pillars and arches, and in the pretty gardens and walks at Wisby it is sad, though poetical, to find what must once have been so exquisite in design defaced and moss-grown. The larger ruins are yet in a sufficient state of preservation to make a visit to them exceedingly interesting; many of the delicate rose windows are quite perfect, and the long majestic aisles are still standing. An arch or two of the otherwise roofless St. Catherine trembles in the air, and stray branches and creepers have twined themselves round some of the pillars, adding to the beauty of the scene. The gentleman at whose house I remained while at Wisby, and by whom I was most hospitably entertained, was a direct descendant of one of the old sea-kings. His own residence was part of some ruined cloisters, and the bedroom which I occupied had the vaulted roof of a church. Most persons, he told me, feared to sleep in it because it

was said to be haunted; perhaps I was too heartily tired for a ghost to make any impression on me, but I was certainly undisturbed by one. My host had a genuine love of these wonderful ruins in his old home, and his cultivated mind and tastes made him a guide of no common order. With this gentleman and another of his guests I went to the pretty Botanical Gardens, so well situated that they command a magnificent view of the sea. Fruits and flowers will grow in Wisby out of doors which will not thrive or ripen in Stockholm, and the air is soft and balmy and recommended for the consumptive.

Close by these gardens is the Maiden's Tower, celebrated in one of Emilie Carlen's charming tales. Here a poor maiden was walled up some centuries ago for having betrayed her country to the Danes, in consequence of her great love for the Danish king. That women should punish their own sex for such delinquency would not appear surprising, but it is scarcely to be reconciled with the merciful treatment which men might be expected to show women under such trying circumstances.

The only drawback to an expedition to Wisby is the rough passage. The sea is perfectly wild, and no doubt the Vikings of old revelled in it, but in these civilised times the voyage cannot be considered at all pleasant. In winter the boats do not go this route, but start from a small place considerably south of Stockholm, when the passage occupies only four hours. The captains on the vessels are generally gentlemen by birth and education, and have frequently served in the English Navy. The sea phrases employed by the Swedish sailors are all English, and the men are very like our own Jack Tars—a frank, handsome, fine race. Sixteen hours in a gale of wind brought me back, knocked up, but safe, to Stockholm, where I resolved to rest a few weeks before starting on my journey homewards by a different route, which I settled.

My first day's journey after I quitted Stockholm took me to Jönköping, beautifully situated between two lakes, the Munk and the Wettern; here was a good hotel, and, as usual, pretty gardens and promenades. The next day I reached Malmö, and the boat started on the following for Copenhagen, the passage only lasting an hour. Here, of course, everybody stays to see Thorwaldsen's Museum, if for nothing else,

and is richly rewarded. This splendid museum does as much credit to the nation as it does to the lofty genius whose colossal productions it encloses, together with precious works of art, gifts, and collections made by the mighty sculptor himself. I, alas! had only one afternoon to spare for it; I was rapidly making my way home, and one day must be devoted to the Exposition; for who could be in Copenhagen without seeing it? Then there was Tivoli to be visited, where every sort of

amusement goes forward daily and nightly for a small sum, something like sixpence.

I went on board the steamer at night for Kiel, and after a very stormy passage I found myself travelling by rail to Hamburg. This wonderful city, which seems at every turn to speak of riches and to be peopled by Jews, was quite worth halting in. The next day brought me to Hanover and Cologne, whence I returned, through Malines and Ostend, to London.—*Temple Bar.*

LIGHT AND SIGHT.

ALL matter may be classed under two heads—the luminous and the non-luminous. The latter can only produce in us the sensation of sight when in the presence of a luminous object. Thus, every non-luminous body that we see is only seen by reflection of the light derived from some luminous body. One writer upon the subject says: 'This distinction of bodies' [into luminous and non-luminous], 'obvious as it seems, was not really fully comprehended by the ancients. According to them, vision was performed by something which emanated from the eye to the object; and the sense of sight was explained by the analogy of that of touch. In this view, then, the sensation was represented as independent of the nature of the body seen; and all objects should be visible, whether in the presence of a luminous body or not. This strange hypothesis held its ground for many centuries. The Arabian astronomer, Alhazen, who lived in the latter part of the eleventh century, seems to have been the first to refute it, and to prove that the rays which constituted vision came from the object to the eye.' The last part of this statement is not strictly true. For the poet-philosopher, Lucretius, who was born in B.C. 95, pronounced views on the subject, which, though not exactly in accordance with modern theories, show that he understood that the perception of bodies by sight was caused by something proceeding from the bodies themselves, and not from the eye. Far as he might be from the truth, his views had sufficient correctness in this respect to make him arrive at very fair results.

The Lucretian theory proceeds on the supposition that 'pictures or thin shapes are emitted from things off their surface.' A sort of film or rind is supposed to proceed from the body seen to the eye; and the philosopher supports this idea with the example of a number of people seated in a theatre under colored awnings, from which they receive the color of the canvas, and appear to be dyed with its hues.

Now, smell, smoke, heat, and such-like things stream off bodies in a diffused state, and preserve no distinctness. This is because they are produced from the interior of the body, and the films get torn in their exit. But the films that produce the impression of sight are formed of minute particles, which are on the outside of the objects, or, as Lucretius puts it, 'are ready to hand stationed in front rank.' Thus, they are not torn, but convey a distinct impression. Moreover, says he, these shapes may not only proceed from real objects, but may be also spontaneously generated, and wander about in the air; and from the very independent nature of their production, they possess the power of altering their forms into shapes of every possible kind. Which is simply an ingenious explanation of ghosts. Now, with regard to real objects, these films are supposed to be incessantly streaming off the surface, and flying through the air. When they come in contact with certain substances, such as glass, they pass readily through them; but rough stone and wood they cannot pass through; for they are so torn by the substance that they produce no impression of vision. But when an object both shining and dense, as a mirror,

is introduced, the films cannot pass through it, neither can they be torn; therefore, they stream back to us.

The whole theory is, considering the state of science at the time, very complete; it shirks no difficulties, but attempts to explain every phenomenon that was then known. We find set forth as above the difference between transparent and opaque bodies, and the theory then attacks the subject of reflection. Now, in the case of reflection, the image appears to be as far behind the mirror as the object is in front of it. This is explained, and so is the distorted appearance of objects seen by means of a concave or convex mirror.

The velocity of light is touched upon, and in this matter the view is that which has been since proved true, though not universally known, namely, that the transmission of light from object to object (otherwise sight) is not absolutely instantaneous, though of tremendous rapidity. Lucretius tries to prove the great velocity of light by the experiment of placing a tub of water in the open air at night, and seeing the stars immediately imaged therein. Next, we have an explanation of the means by which we judge the distance of an object, for the film proceeding from it drives in front of it all the air between the object and our eyes, and this air has to pass through the pupil before vision takes place; all of which occupies but an exceedingly short time. This idea is employed to show how it is that a body when reflected appears to be as far behind the mirror as it really is in front of it. Distance, too, distorts things, and all the angles of a distant body appear rounded off; for the images, through contact with the air for a considerable distance, get blunted.

Shadows, of course, and their following the motions of the body, are easily explained; for 'because the earth in certain spots successively is deprived of light wherever we intercept it in moving about, while that part of it which we have quitted is filled with light, therefore that which was the shadow of our body seems to have followed us unchanged in a direct line with us.'

So much for the very ancient notions on the subject. The first distinct step in the science was taken by Descartes, who promulgated the hypothesis of emission, as it is called: that light consisted of small particles emitted by the *luminous* body, and he tried to explain the phenomena of optics

on that supposition. But Newton first reduced this notion to mathematics, and the theory is usually looked upon as his. The difficulty of reconciling these ideas with facts, and the consequent arbitrary laws invented, were found very unsatisfactory. So, in 1664, was propounded by Hooke the wave-theory, which has now gained universal favor, and is as clearly established as such things can be.

Before stating this theory, it is necessary to explain the nature of waves. Take a cord, and attach one end to a fixed point, and hold the other in the hand. If, then, vibrations be excited by moving the hand up and down, the consequence is that a wave travels the whole length of the cord. Now, here the motion of each particle is up and down, or perpendicular to the direction of the cord, but the result is an undulation travelling *along* the cord. Thus, a wave may be looked upon as a transmission of motion, not of substance. This may easily be shown in waves of another sort. A stick on the surface of water which has been disturbed is tossed up and down by the undulations, but is not carried along with them. The theory of light is, then, that every luminous body excites vibrations or undulations of an all-pervading elastic ether; which vibrations are communicated from particle to particle of the ether, and on reaching the eye, produce that sensation which is called sight.

This theory accounts satisfactorily for the different phenomena which have come under observation; but the applications of the theory are too difficult and technical to be embodied in a popular article like the present. The only one at all suitable for this is the explanation of refraction, which I will endeavor to put as simply as possible. Every one knows what refraction is—the bending of a ray of light on entering obliquely some substance of different density from that which it leaves. The most familiar illustration is that of a stick partly immersed in water, when the part immersed seems to be bent towards the surface of the water.

Instead of a wave of light travelling from one substance to another, suppose a column of men marching obliquely towards a sharply defined piece of ground, the nature of which will retard progress, the difficult ground being on their right front. The first to reach it is the right-hand man, who will be first retarded; then the second, and

so on. Thus, when all the column is on the more difficult ground, the left will have gained on the right, and the direction of the front will be changed. If, then, they continue to march in a direction perpendicular to their front, their line of march will be altered. In just this way is a ray of light refracted in passing from air to water or glass. It is interesting to follow out the results of bending or refraction of

rays, and to trace to this cause the production of those brilliant colors which are called prismatic, and so to reach the science of spectrum analysis. But the object of this article is merely to compare modern views on the subject of light and sight with those of an ancient philosopher; and beyond this point Lucretius does not go.—*Chambers's Journal.*

DOROTHY.

A REVERIE SUGGESTED BY THE NAME UPON A PANE.

SHE, then, must once have looked, as I
Look now, across the level rye,—
Past church and manor-house, and seen,
As now I see, the village green,
The bridge, and Walton's river—she
Whose old-world name was Dorothy.

The swallows must have twittered, too,
Above her head; the roses blew
Below, no doubt,—and, sure, the South
Crept up the wall and kissed her mouth,—
That wistful mouth, which comes to me
Linked with her name of Dorothy.

What was she like? I picture her
Unmeet for uncouth worshipper;—
Soft, pensive,—far too subtly strung
To suit the sour bucolic tongue,
Whose thwarted prying could but see
"Ma'am Fine-airs" in Miss Dorothy.

How not? She liked, may be, perfume,
Soft textures, lace, a half-lit room;—
Perchance too candidly preferred
Clarissa to a gossip's word;
And, for the rest, would seem to be
Or dull, or proud—this Dorothy.

Poor child—with heart the down-lined nest
Of warmest instincts unconfest,—
Soft, callow things that vaguely felt
The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
But yet, by some obscure decree
Unwinged from birth;—poor Dorothy!

Not less I dream her mute desire
To ached churl and booby squire,
Now pale, with timorous eyes that filled
At "twice-told tales" of foxes killed;—
Now trembling when slow tongues grew free
"Twixt love and Port;—poor Dorothy!

'Twas then she'd seek this nook, and find
 Its evening landscape balmy-kind ;
 And here, where still her gentle name
 Lives on the old green glass, would frame
 Fond dreams of half-heard harmony
 'Twixt heart and heart. Poor Dorothy !

L'ENVOI.

These last I spoke. Then Florence said,
 Behind me,—“ Dreams ! Delusions, Fred !
 How strange it is you bards must go
 So far to find a subject though !
 Are there no people living, pray,
 Fit for a rhymers holiday ?—
 Besides, you make mistakes, you see ;—
 'Twas *I* who wrote that ‘ Dorothy,’ ”

—St. Paul's.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

THE Chinese marriage ceremonial, were it only for its great antiquity, is worthy of attentive consideration, and the more so, because, from the vast extent of the empire, it is a social institution common to a much larger population than that of any other country in the world. From the European point of view, the Chinese may undoubtedly be classed as a semi-civilized race; and this fact alone invests their domestic habits and customs with greater interest; and of all of them, none is more elaborate or more attractive to the general reader than the subject of the present article. Unfortunately, however, the majority of foreigners, visiting or residing at the consular ports of China, have little or no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manner in which the marriage-rites of the natives are conducted. This arises mainly from their inability, in most cases, to converse in the language of the country; and also from the fact, that they commonly live in settlements apart from the Chinese cities, properly so called, and that their intercourse is solely with the trading part of the population, who communicate with them in a jargon known as ‘pigeon (or pidgin) English,’ and who are particularly averse to giving the inquiring foreigner an accurate or trustworthy insight into the relations of their domestic life and concerns. Hence it is easy to understand that persons may pass many years in China without knowing more of

the marriages, funerals, &c., of the people among whom they dwell, than can be gathered from seeing a chance procession in the streets.

In China, as in most other countries, betrothal or engagement precedes marriage, but the parties chiefly concerned have commonly but little to do with the matter. The usual course pursued is for the parents of the man who seeks a wife to engage the services of a go-between, who is furnished with a ‘card,’ or rather an oblong piece of paper, setting forth the ancestral name and ‘eight characters’ of the intending bridegroom. These eight characters exhibit the precise time of his birth; and the exactness required by ancient superstitious observances is so great that not only are the year, moon, and day given, but even the ‘period’ of the day is stated.* In many cases, the go-between is even intrusted with the delicate duty of finding an eligible family to open negotiations with.

A suitable family having been selected, the card is handed in, and an offer of marriage is made; if the proposal be entertained, a species of soothsayer is consulted to determine whether the eight characters of both parties are sufficiently in harmony

* It may be mentioned here that the Chinese do not divide the day into twenty-four hours, but into twelve ‘periods’ of two hours, and call each by a distinct name; for example, the time from nine P.M. to eleven P.M. is called ‘Hai.’

for them to become husband and wife. Should he come to an affirmative conclusion, and the offer of marriage be accepted by the lady's parents on her behalf, the go-between takes back to his principals a 'card,' giving the same particulars, as mentioned above, with regard to the damsel. At this point a difficulty may occur, for if anything which is deemed *unlucky* should chance to happen, even though it be of such a nature as would appear most trifling and ridiculous to us, the whole affair is not unfrequently broken off.

The betrothal being now duly arranged, the intending bridegroom and his family forward various presents—such as ornaments for the hair, bracelets, food, &c.—in ratification of the engagement; and in return, the family of the bride-elect send some trifling articles. The value of the presents sent at this and other periods, of course, varies materially according to the position and wealth of the contracting parties, and furthermore, they are usually sent to various members of the two families, and are not confined to the affianced pair.

The nuptial sedan-chair is sent by the family of the bridegroom on the day before the wedding, sometimes on the day itself. It is red in color, and is borne by four men, wearing the traditional official hats or caps, which are made of felt or straw, according to the season of the year. The sedan-chair is generally accompanied by a servant bearing a bridal umbrella, which is also red, and of the same style as is used in official processions, but not in the least like the European article; others carry red lanterns and lighted torches, and there is a band of music (?) in attendance.

On the nuptial day, the bridegroom undergoes the peculiar ceremony of placing a cap on his head, and a blessing is said over him. Some say that if strict etiquette be followed, the bride-elect should weep for the ten evenings preceding the wedding, in which ceremonial observance it is customary that she should be joined by her immediate female relations, whom she is about to leave.

The bride, attired in an elaborately embroidered robe, is generally conducted to her sedan-chair early in the morning of the happy day, crackers exploding, and music playing—or rather *braying*—the while. We have heard that there are districts where a custom obtains that wheat

cakes should now be thrown up in the air and caught in a coverlet; a ceremony which cannot be considered much more absurd than the practice of throwing the slipper at home. Then the procession starts for the bride's new abode, accompanied by more crackers and more so-called music. First in order come four lanterns, two with the bridegroom's clan name painted on them, and two with the bride's. These lanterns are usually of paper, and are carried aloft in the air by their bearers at the end of poles; the characters pasted on them are red. The umbrella, torches, and *soi-disant* music are also there. Friends and relatives from both sides escort the bride; and when the procession has accomplished about half its journey, the 'receiving of the bride' takes place. At this period, the lady is supposed to assume her husband's clan name, so the lanterns bearing her clan name now disappear from the procession, as also do her relatives and friends, and she now proceeds with her husband's representatives. Having arrived at the bridegroom's house, the procession halts amidst loud explosions of crackers, &c. The bride is now assisted out of her sedan-chair, and after some curious—and, to foreigners, very ridiculous—customs have been attended to—one being, that, in some parts of the country, she has to step over a saddle placed at the doorway of her new home—she joins her husband in the worship of heaven and earth, and also of the ancestral tablets—a highly important part of the marriage ceremony in most provinces of China. The newly wedded pair kneel down and bow solemnly before a table, which is placed in a prominent position near the end of the principal apartment of the house, and towards the open air—by this action signifying that they are paying obeisance to heaven and earth; they then turn, and in a somewhat similar manner worship the ancestral tablets, which are placed on a table in the back part of the hall.

This all-important rite having been carefully observed, some slight changes are made in the bride's dress, preparatory to the nuptial meal. Some render this by the expression 'marriage supper;' but as it commonly takes place during the middle of the day or in the afternoon, the term appears to be inappropriate. A special table is set out for the bride and bride-

groom, at which they sit down and pretend to eat, and exchange cups (*chiao pei*). Without this ceremony, no marriage seems to be considered complete; and it appears, as it were, to seal the contract, being looked upon as the most indispensable part of the whole proceedings. The table spoken of is arranged in the prescribed form in the *Tung-fang*, or bridal chamber, and not in the room with the other guests, but yet so that the bride and bridegroom are in view of all; at this stage the husband, most frequently for the first time, is permitted to see his wife's face. Etiquette requires that the bride should fast, even though, during the day, it is often the case that presents of food are more than once sent to her from her own home. The guests at a later period partake of an entertainment separately; and it is customary for them to make money presents to the family, probably to assist in defraying the expenses they are put to.

The feasts and ceremonies attending a marriage usually occupy two days or more, the male relations and friends being invited on the first day, while the second is set apart for the reception of the female guests.

On the morning of the second day, the custom of 'coming out of the (nuptial) chamber' is observed, on which occasion the newly wedded husband and wife again pay their devotions to the tablets of the former's ancestors. The deities which preside over the kitchen are next propitiated by certain acts of worship. Afterwards comes a ceremonial call on the bride's family, an invitation having first been received, and sedan-chairs sent for the accommodation of the pair, who, it must be noted, occupy *different* chairs. It is arranged that the two sedan-chairs should both start and reach their destination *separately*. Their arrival is greeted by loud explosions of crackers, without which it seems that hardly any Chinese ceremony is complete. During the visit, great care is taken to use only words of good omen, and all the proceedings are regulated by etiquette, the husband and wife seeing but little of one another, even when a banquet is given in their honor. They return home separately, the husband going first. In any calls that may afterwards be made, the same routine is observed, and the wife is never actually accompanied by her spouse. It is sufficiently well known

that in endless matters the Chinese custom is the very reverse of that which prevails amongst ourselves, so the reader will perhaps not be astonished to learn that in the Middle Kingdom husbands do not, as a rule, appear in public in the company of their wives.

Theoretically, no marriage can take place during the time of mourning for the death of an Emperor; but as the full term of mourning is twenty-seven months, this would be highly inconvenient, so the restriction is practically confined to the first hundred days after his majesty's decease; and even this is probably very little observed, except by officials, and the residents in the capital and its immediate neighborhood.

It is the rule in China that persons of the same clan name shall not intermarry, and this prohibition (for it amounts to that) extends even to remote cousins, but only prevents the marriage of cousins in the first and other degrees, in case their clan name be the same. To explain the matter more clearly, we will suppose that a man, whose clan name is Tang, has four children — two sons and two daughters — all having male and female offspring. The children of the daughters may intermarry, but those of the sons may not; the son's children, however, are not debarred from marrying into their aunts' families.

One or two odd customs may here be briefly alluded to. Sometimes betrothal takes place before birth—that is to say, mothers betroth their unborn children on the chance of their turning out to be of opposite sexes! Again, if a man, after becoming engaged to a girl, should die before the marriage can be completed, it now and then happens that the affianced bride will leave her own relatives and go to his parents' house, and there become one of the family, as much as she would have done if the marriage had actually taken place; this is more especially the case, if her promised husband chance to be an only child.

Widows are rather hardly treated in the Celestial Empire in the event of their desiring to marry again, for such marriages are decidedly looked down upon, and no family of any position in the social scale will allow one of its members to enter into such a contract. Among the poorer classes of the community, however, a man occasionally marries a widow, because it

is a more economical course to pursue. Various disabilities attach to a widow in the matter of ceremonial; for example, on a second marriage she is only allowed to use a common, small sedan-chair, carried by two men, instead of the more roomy and gorgeous conveyance ordinarily employed.

In the matter of divorce, which is of rather rare occurrence, all is in the husband's favor. If he be so minded, he can

get rid of his wife for various reasons which seem absurd to us. As far as we are aware, no legal process is necessary; and the outraged or discontented husband gives his wife what may be called a bill of divorcement, which in this case is a document sealed with his private seal in the presence of witnesses, who are often the woman's own relatives!—*Chambers's Journal*.

PROFESSOR OWEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROFESSOR OWEN is one of the most eminent of the many eminent men in contemporary literature and science whose portraits the *ECLECTIC* has presented to its readers; and though his fame has been somewhat obscured of late by the more showy lights of the new scientific dispensation, he still holds rank as the greatest paleontologist and comparative anatomist that England has produced.

RICHARD OWEN was born in Lancaster, England, in 1808. While still scarcely more than a child, he entered the naval service as midshipman; but upon the conclusion of the general peace in 1815, he returned to his studies, and in 1824 attended the medical lectures at the University of Edinburgh, developing a special predilection for the study of comparative anatomy. In 1825, Owen repaired to London and became a student at St. Bartholomew's hospital, and in the year following he joined the Royal College of Surgeons. While studying at the hospital, his talents attracted the notice of the famous surgeon Abernethy, by whose assistance he procured the position of assistant curator of the Hunterian Museum, then deposited in the College of Surgeons. His work in connection with this collection brought fame to both the museum and himself, and laid the foundation for that long series of physiological investigations which extends to the present time. Even at that early period he had worked out for himself the theory of vertebrates which has so greatly widened the science of paleontology, and which enabled him by employing his knowledge of the anatomy of living animals to determine the remains of

those which no longer exist. He seems to delight in grappling with difficult subjects. He has constructed numerous families of vertebrata the existence of which had not previously been even surmised; and in instances where his provisions were founded on a footprint or a fragment of bone, subsequent researches and discoveries have amply confirmed his opinions. The science of paleontology exhibits no more remarkable results than his descriptions of the complicated structure of the cheirotherium, or of the various species of the great family of extinct colossal birds known as the *dinornidae*.

In 1836 Owen was appointed Hunterian professor at the Royal College of Surgeons, in which capacity he delivered several courses of lectures, embracing the whole animal kingdom, and containing a digest of his previous labors on the structure and classification of animals. In 1856 he was made Superintendent of the Natural History departments of the British Museum. This position he still holds, giving in connection therewith annual courses of lectures on natural history.

Besides his special scientific work, Professor Owen has taken a very active and useful share in the effort to improve the sanitary condition of large towns, and he also took a conspicuous part in the great "Exhibition of All Nations," held in London in 1851, serving as president of one of the juries. He was also president of the jury for the same class of objects for the "Universal Exposition" held at Paris in 1855, and received for his services the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The published works of Professor Owen

are very numerous—too numerous to be mentioned here—and they cover every department of animal physiology. In addition to these he has contributed many papers to the Transactions of the Royal,

Linnaean, Geological, Zoölogical, and other similar societies; and he is a Fellow or Associate of nearly all the scientific and learned societies of Europe and America.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SANTO DOMINGO, PAST AND PRESENT: With a Glance at Hayti. With maps. By Samuel Hazard. New-York: *Harper & Bros.* 1873.

One claim at least can be made for "Santo Domingo, Past and Present," and that is that it is wonderfully opportune. Much curiosity was naturally felt concerning San Domingo, from the moment its annexation assumed such a prominent place in our national politics, and this curiosity was stimulated rather than satisfied by the official reports and the correspondents' letters. Just at present, moreover, this interest has been newly aroused by the purchase of Samana Bay by an American company, and by the impression, which is very general, that no long time can elapse before the island will be in intimate association with our own country.

Much more praise, however, than that it meets a current demand, can be bestowed upon Mr. Hazard's work. He has fairly revealed to us an island which for three centuries has remained almost a *terra incognita*, but with a past as striking and dramatic, and a present as alluring in all its natural aspects as any other in the world. It is with something like wonder that we recall those half-forgotten incidents in the history of Spain, France, and England, that links them with the West Indies and especially with San Domingo; and in his very complete narrative of the past of the island, Mr. Hazard has brought to light and given a new significance to some of the most suggestive passages in the early history of the Western Hemisphere.

This historical sketch is the most valuable portion of the work, though the chapters which describe the condition of the island at present are very interesting and instructive. Mr. Hazard is an advocate of annexation, as is almost every one who visits the island, but he is not a partisan, and his sole object seems to be to make a thorough and impartial record of everything he could learn respecting the physical capabilities of San Domingo, and the customs, habits, and character of its inhabitants. The very facts which he has gathered are often the strongest arguments against his conclusions. The fairness of Mr. Hazard's mind and the honesty of his work are alike demonstrated by the fact that he has put as strong weapons as they could want in the hands of those who oppose the bringing of an alien, ignorant and corrupt people into a nation the first condition of

whose existence is the political equality of all the citizens composing it.

In the chapter on Hayti, Mr. Hazard reveals a condition of things in that Republic so utterly hopeless and disheartening that he thinks it necessary to apologise for having included it in his book, and to vindicate his motives in writing it. No apology, however, would be demanded by any reader who has followed the author thus far. The facts themselves are of such a character as to disarm criticism, and Mr. Hazard will find no one to dissent from his conclusion that something ought to be done. No such people as the Haytians, or even the San Dominicans, ought to be brought under a government whose political practice is perpetually shifting and unsettled; but it would certainly be for the good of the inhabitants and of civilization if one of the "effete despotisms" of the old world—the more despotic the better—would take the whole island in hand for fifty years or so.

For the benefit of such readers as may wish to cover the ground more thoroughly, than by the perusal of his own book, Mr. Hazard has prefixed to his work a "Bibliography of Santo Domingo and Hayti," which seems complete and will doubtless prove useful. The illustrations, of which there are a great number, are admirable in all respects, and some of them, taken from the old Spanish chronicles, have a decided historical value. The author's skill with his pencil has stood him in good stead here, and it is very seldom that we get a book of travels in which the pictures are so genuinely illustrative of the text.

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN. By Augustus J. C. Hare. New-York: *Dodd & Mead.* 1873.

Whoever is acquainted with Mr. Hare's "Walks in Rome" will be willing to accompany him wherever he may choose to lead in the capacity of guide, and he will find it especially instructive to do so when his travels extend into Spain.

There are few countries which are so little known as Spain, and it may be said with confidence that no existing work reveals her so fully and fairly as "Wanderings in Spain." Without being detailed and tiresome like a guide-book, and without pretending to the fullness of the ordinary book of travels, it gives an astonishingly vivid and coherent impression of the Peninsula and its people, and explains indirectly a good many perplexing things in the recent political his-

tory of the country. The following passage, for instance, taken from the Introduction, is suggestive in more ways than one:

Spain is *not* a beautiful country. If a traveler expects to find the soft charm and luxuriant loveliness of Italy, life in Spain will be a constant disappointment: no hope can possibly be more misplaced. Spain is not the least like Italy; it has not even the beauty of the greater part of France. Beyond the Asturias and the valleys near the Pyrenees, there is not a tree worth speaking of in the Peninsula. There is scarcely any grass; the shrubs may even be counted; except when the corn is out, which here lasts such a short time, there is hardly any vegetation at all. Those who wish to find beauty must only look for beauty of an especial kind—without verdure, or refinement, or color. But the artist will be satisfied without these, and will exult in the long lines, in the unbroken expanses of the stony, treeless, desolate sierras, while every crevice of the distant hills is distinctly visible in the transparent atmosphere, and the shadows of the clouds fall blue upon the pale yellow of the tawny desert. In the central provinces, hundreds and hundreds of miles may be traversed, and no single feature of striking natural beauty be met with; nothing more than the picturesque effects which may always be obtained by the groups of cattle, gathered around the fountains by the dusty wayside, or standing out as if embossed against the pale distances, or by the long trains of mules with their drivers in brigand-like costume and flowing *mantas* bearing merchandise from one town to another. On these plains too there is a silence which is almost ghastly, for there are no singing-birds, scarcely even any insects. Such is the character of almost all the country now traversed by the principal railways, which was formerly toiled through in diligence or on mule-back. But even here, just when the spirits begin to flag, and the wearied eye longs to refresh itself, the traveler reaches one of the grand old cities which seem to have gone to sleep for five hundred years, and to have scarcely waked up again, when you step at once out of the reign of Amadeo or Isabella II. into that of Philip II., and find the buildings, the costumes, the proverbs, the habits, the daily life, those of his time. You wonder what Spain has been doing since, and the answer is quite plain—nothing. It has not the slightest wish to do any thing more; it is quite satisfied. The Catholic sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella made a great nation of it, and filled it with glorious works. Since then it has had, well—reverses, but it has changed as little as ever it could. It has delighted in its conservatism in every thing, down to the sleepy wickedness of its Bourbon sovereigns. We said to many a Spaniard who lamented over the absence of Isabella, "Oh, but she was so dreadfully wicked." "Ah yes," was the answer, with a look of much sympathy for the exile, "she had indeed all the dear old Spanish vices."

Mr. Hare started out with the design of making a tour which had been carefully laid out beforehand, but, to the advantage of his book probably, he was switched off from it almost at the beginning, and wandered about from one place to another as chance suggested, visiting all the famous localities, and taking us to a good many others

of which we had not previously even heard the names. He is a close observer, and his descriptions are animated and suggestive, whether they are of scenery, or buildings, or people, or fêtes, or customs. Read along with Mr. John Hay's "Castilian Days," his "Wanderings" will give the reader a very fair and complete impression of Spain as she is to-day, and we commend it as one of the most entertaining of recent volumes of travel.

The illustrations contained in the volume are stiff and inartistic, and a disadvantage rather than otherwise, but fortunately the text is in no way dependent upon them for picturesqueness.

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The editor of the "Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure," though he has selected all his subjects with remarkable good judgment, has as yet offered his readers no more attractive volume than "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." It does not profess to be more than a compilation, yet it is unquestionably the best book on Central Africa—giving the clearest, most comprehensive, and most intelligent account of what has been discovered there and how the discovery was made—that has ever been published. Burton wrote a very readable and instructive narrative of his explorations; Speke's adventures were more interesting still; and Baker's book may always be read with pleasure and profit. But Mr. Taylor has taken them all together, and by placing the substantial part of their narratives side by side, has formed them into a connected and related whole, which contains the entire story of Central African exploration and adventure, and shows their chronological and geographical sequence in a way which it is difficult to catch by reading the several books in separate form.

The book is a model of its kind, and admirably illustrates the method which should be applied to a host of other works similar to those with which it deals. The literature of travel has assumed such proportions that only he who proposes to devote his whole time to it can hope to familiarize himself with all its departments by studying the original works. It is a genuine service both to science and to the reading public to do what Mr. Taylor has done in this and one or two previous volumes, namely, bring together all the explorers in any given field, and allow them to relate their adventures and explain their discoveries in their own words, eliminating all that is unimportant, and throwing upon their narratives the light of previous and subsequent explorations.

Besides the reading matter, there are numerous illustrations copied from the original plates, and an excellent map giving Burton's route, Speke and Grant's, and the route of Livingstone's last journey.

MANUAL OF THERMOMETRY, for Mothers, Nurses and all who have Charge of the Young and of the Sick. By Edward Seguin, M.D. New-York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The application of the thermometer to the management of diseases is well known in the hospitals, but has not yet entered the nursery. Physicians use it, mothers do not; and medical thermometry has to be adapted, so to speak, to family thermometry. To do this is the object of the present manual.

The mother must not expect to find in it the means of *medicating* her family, but rather repeated warnings to the contrary, and be reminded that she is ignorant of the secrets of medicine and must confine herself to what she knows or can appreciate, with the help of her thermometer or under the direction of her physician.

The author first advises her to forget the fearful names by which she has been taught to dread diseases, and confine her attention to the general appearances of sickness which are called diagnosis or signs, and which signify imperiled life. The appreciation of temperature takes the precedence of every thing else in the art of taking care of children. The instruments used to record sickly temperatures are, first the mother's hand, and second the "physiological thermometer." This latter is the name of the instrument which Dr. Seguin has so ingeniously adapted to the aid of mothers, and the use of which he has made so plain and intelligible in the book under notice.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY is the sixth volume in Harper & Bros.' new "Household Edition" of the works of Charles Dickens. Nothing is left us to say about the works themselves—the public at least has long ago made up its mind concerning them; but of the almost numberless shapes in which they have been presented to us, we think that for general use this "Household Edition" is the best. It is a large quarto, with wide columns and legible type, giving each novel in a single volume; and no other form is at once so convenient to handle and so attractive to look upon. The illustrations are all new, and have so far, except in the "Old Curiosity Shop," been very successfully done. The plan of confiding each volume to a separate artist causes variety at least in the pictures, and since the artists are all American, this edition will have a special value on this account also.

We are late in making mention of "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands, and Other Sketches," which appeared several months ago, and we have nothing to add to what we have already said as to the quality of Bret Harte's work, except that the present volume is of unusual interest to his admirers in that it contains the earlier sketches and tales with which the author first entered the world of literature. These sketches are not remarkable, but they are very fair as first work, the crudest

of them being characteristic and individual. For the rest the book contains some of Mr. Harte's best and some of his worst work, ranking among the last the opening story about "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands." (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.)

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have published Professor Tyndall's "Lectures in America," in a very neat and elegant little volume, which will have a quite exceptional value for the thousands of men and women who either heard them delivered or read them afterward in print. It contains all the lectures delivered during his visit here, and before being put into their present permanent form they were carefully revised by Professor Tyndall himself. The book is appropriately illustrated, has a preface in which the author explains the circumstances of his visit to this country, and an appendix containing the admirable speech of Professor Tyndall at the farewell banquet given in his honor.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW religious work entitled, 'A Day with Christ,' by the Rev. Samuel Cox, will be shortly published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

WE understand that Sir John Sinclair, M.P., is preparing for the press a book on the late Franco-German War. It is to be published simultaneously in English, French, and German.

THE contributions to the Strasbourg Municipal Library number twenty-five thousand volumes; and a large collection made in Paris for the library has not yet been sent. It is to be forwarded soon under French charge.

THE great Portuguese Dictionary of the Academy of Sciences, commenced nearly a century since, and frequently resumed and abandoned, has at last reached the end of letter C. The present editor is Senhor Domingos Vieira.

A REVISED, improved, and much abridged edition of the large Sanskrit Dictionary of St. Petersburg is in course of issue, in parts, by H. Grassmann, under the title of 'Werterbuch zum Rig-Veda.' The author hopes to complete it in six parts within the year.

THE Early English Text Society has made arrangements to reprint gradually all of its Texts that are out of print. It will devote to this purpose all the money received for the sale of past years' books, as well as the special subscriptions for the reprints.

THE Rev. Prof. Plumptre, with the assistance of several scholars and divines, is now engaged in the preparation of a work on an extensive scale, illustrative and explanatory of the various books of the Bible. The work will shortly be issued in a serial form by Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

THE 'Dickens Dictionary,' produced in America, and prohibited in England by the holders of the novelist's copyrights, is paralleled by a 'Dickens Concordance,' by Mr. W. F. Peacock, of Manchester, whose work, now in the press, is said to have occupied five years in its compilation.

THE study of Italian dialects still flourishes in Italy, two of the latest contributions on this subject being Prof. Giuseppe Pitre's 'Studi di Poesia Popolare,' in which a special chapter treats of the 'Canti Popolari Lombardi in Sicilia'; and Signor Remigio Rocella's 'Poesie in Lingua Vernacola Piazzese,' the *Piazzese* dialect being that of Piazza, formerly a Lombard colony.

SIGNOR FOUCARD has edited an unpublished MS. of Muratori, discovered in the Archives of Modena, entitled 'Della Fallibilità dei Pontefici nel Dominio Temporale.' Prof. Giuseppe Silinardi has also compiled a volume of extracts from works already published, referring to the 'Relations of Vittorio Amedea II. and Carlo Emanuele III. of Savoy, with Muratori,' printed at Modena.

BARON JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, of Paris, and M. Picot, the French Consul at Temesvar, are at present in London, engaged in examining the volumes of early French poetry contained in the Library of the British Museum. It is the intention of Baron Rothschild and his coadjutor to publish a bibliography of French poetry from the invention of printing to the middle of the sixteenth century, or a little later—say, the death of Henry the Second, in 1559.

MR. W. LOFTIE has in the press a little volume of rhyming Latin hymns for the Church year. It will be completed in four parts, of which the first will contain hymns for Lent and Easter. Mr. Robert Bateman has supplied a series of illustrations, somewhat in the style of the ancient French *Hore*. The hymns are all in rhyme, and are chiefly of mediæval origin, but a few modern examples, including one by Mr. Gladstone, have been added by permission.—*Athenæum*.

A CHINESE paper, the *Flying Dragon*, was carried on for some time in London under English superintendence. Now there is to be a Japanese paper, under a Japanese proprietor and editor, who will have the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Summers, the Professor of Japanese at King's College. It is named the *Tai Sei Shimbun*, or *Great Western News*, and is to be illustrated. This journal is to publish the writings of the numerous Japanese now in England and America, and thus to communicate their observations on Western proceedings to their countrymen at home. The number of these Japanese is estimated at 700, and a large proportion of them are students.

THE valuable chronicle of Gregory Bar-Hebraeus, which fills an important gap in the ecclesiastical history of the Christian churches in Asia, has at length been translated from the MS. in the British Museum, and published at Louvain by MM. A. J. B. Abbeloos and Th. G. Lamy. The work of Bar-Hebraeus was well known to scholars in Asia, especially to the learned Maronite, J. S. Assemani, who largely borrowed from it without quoting the source of his information; but it was almost a dead letter to European writers of ecclesiastical history. Thanks to the Belgian editors, the chronicle of Bar-Hebraeus is now accessible to all Western scholars who feel interested in the early struggles of the Asiatic Churches.

AN anonymous manuscript in the Minster Library at York, formerly in the collection of Archbishop Matthews, has been proved by Canon Raine, from internal evidence, to have been written in 1601, by Sir John Harington, Queen Elizabeth's godson. It mainly treats of the question of the succession to the crown, strongly advocating the cause of the King of Scotland; but it also contains much interesting court gossip. Among other new facts, it is stated that Sir John's mother was in attendance on Elizabeth before her accession and for twenty years afterwards, and was very frequently her bedfellow. Lady Harington was firmly convinced of the Queen's chastity during the whole of that time.

WE understand that for the last ten years M. Louis Vian has been preparing a new and complete edition of the works of Montesquieu. At the time when this bold writer lived the censure was touchy, not to say intolerant. Hence, the best editions of his works are full of suppressions, interpolations, and mistakes, not to be found in the MSS. Thus, in 'Les Lettres Persanes,' where initials only are given, the commentators have mistaken *les Jeux Floraux* for the French Jesuits; the Bank and the East India Company for *la Bulle et la Constitution des Jesuites, &c.* M. Vian is intent on correcting these errors, and makes an appeal to the lovers of the great French author to point out to him editions not included in the 'Bibliographie des Œuvres de Montesquieu' which he has already published.—*Athenæum*.

THE French publishers are exulting in the choice made of their illustrious *confrère*, M. Ambroise Firmin Didot, to fill a chair in the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Both as printer and publisher M. Didot is a worthy successor of the Estiennes of former days. He is an excellent Greek scholar, and, besides taking an active part in editing the 'Thesaurus Lingue Græcæ,' for which he wrote the Prolegomena, is author of the following works: 'Notes d'un Voyage dans le Levant,' 'Traduction de Thucydide,' 'Essai sur la Typographie,' 'Essai Typographique et Bibliographique sur l'Histoire de la Gravure

sur Bois,' &c. In 1861 M. Didot purchased the celebrated Missal of Jacques des Ursins, which he generously presented to the city of Paris.

We have before us a few rather interesting letters of Lord Lytton's. We may this week refer to some written at the time when his first play, 'The Duchess de La Valliere,' was brought out. When that drama was produced, we gave a short notice of the performance (*Athen.* No. 480), and announced that we should on another occasion review the work as a dramatic poem. This led Lord Lytton to address to us two or three letters, in which the following passages occur:—

"You speak of the play as an *acting* play,—I speak only of it as an *acted* play. Had I actors who could embody my conceptions with proper *finesse* and delicacy, who could preserve the ideal of the written parts, I would not have altered a word for the stage. I do not abate an iota of my own judgment that with a proper Lauzun, La Valliere, and Montespan, the play would on the stage secure the *moral* effects designed for it in the writing. The acting burlesques it in some instances, and (if I may coin the epithet) *coarsens* it in others, but this does not tell against it as a play that *might* be acted, but as a play in which the parts were not written for the actors."

In a second, he remarks:—

"I do not think he expressed the opinion of the public but he expressed one very general in the press. I believe I have the public with me—the press I never had."

In a third, he says:—

"I venture to proffer *this* request as a comment on your notice of the acting of 'La Valliere,' viz., that you will not judge the author by the actors, and, above all, that you will not consider immoral that which was intended as a satire on immorality, but which either the coarseness of representation, or the inability of an audience to transplant themselves to another time and country, or want of skill in myself rendered hostile to my own design. Perhaps, also, you will have the kindness to remember, that no sooner did I find my own intended effects misconstrued, than I directed every part so misconstrued to be omitted. I trust you will excuse the liberty I take, which I should not dream of doing, if the review I allude to had confined itself to my want of talents, and not (pardon me for saying as I think, judging *merely* from the stage-effect of the first night) mistaken what I trust a perusal would allow to be the moral of the play."

—We need hardly add that Lord Lytton proved mistaken in supposing he had the public with him. The original cast was as follows:—Louis the Fourteenth, Mr. Vandenhoff; Brageleone, Mr. Macready; Lauzun, Mr. Farren; Marquis de Montespan, Mr. Webster; La Valliere, Miss Faucit.—*Athenaeum*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INHERITED INSTINCT.—The following correspondence is taken from a recent number of *Nature*. It was addressed to the Editor of that paper:—The following letter seems to me so valuable, and the accuracy of the statements vouched for by so high an authority, that I have obtained permission from Dr. Huggins to send it for publication. No one who has attended to animals either in a state of nature or domestication will doubt that many special fears, tastes, &c., which must have been acquired at a remote period, are

now strictly inherited. This has been clearly proved to be the case by Mr. Spalding with chickens and turkeys just born, in his admirable article recently published in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is probable that most inherited or instinctive feelings were originally acquired by slow degrees through habit and the experience of their utility, for instance the fear of man, which, as I showed many years ago, is gained very slowly by birds on oceanic islands. It is, however, almost certain that many of the most wonderful instincts have been acquired independently of habit, through the preservation of useful variations of pre-existing instincts. Other instincts may have arisen suddenly in an individual and then been transmitted to its offspring, independently both of selection and serviceable experience, though subsequently strengthened by habit. The tumbler-pigeon is a case in point, for no one would have thought of teaching a pigeon to turn head over heels in the air; and until some bird exhibited a tendency in this direction, there could have been no selection. In the following case we see a specialised feeling of antipathy transmitted through three generations of dogs, as well as to some collateral members of the same family, and which must have been acquired within a very recent period. Unfortunately it is not known how the feeling first arose in the grandfather of Dr. Huggins's dog. We may suspect that it was due to some ill-treatment; but it may have originated without any assignable cause, as with certain animals in the Zoological Gardens, which, as I am assured by Mr. Bartlett, have taken a strong hatred to him and others without any provocation. As far as it can be ascertained, the great-grandfather of Dr. Huggins's dog did not evince the feeling of antipathy described in the following letter.

CHARLES DARWIN.

"I wish to communicate to you a curious case of inherited mental peculiarity. I possess an English mastiff, by name Kepler, a son of the celebrated Turk out of Venus. I brought the dog, when six weeks old, from the stable in which he was born. The first time I took him out he started back in alarm at the first butcher's shop he had ever seen. I soon found he had a violent antipathy to butchers and butchers' shops. When six months old, a servant took him with her on an errand. At a short distance before coming to the house, she had to pass a butcher's shop; the dog threw himself down (being led with a string), and neither coaxing nor threats would make him pass the shop. The dog was too heavy to be carried; and as a crowd collected, the servant had to return with the dog more than a mile, and then go without him. This occurred about two years ago. The antipathy still continues, but the dog will pass nearer to a shop than he formerly would. About two months ago, in a little book on dogs published by Dean, I discovered that the same strange antipathy is shown by the father, Turk. I then wrote to Mr. Nichols, the former owner of

Turk, to ask him for any information he might have on the point. He replied—'I can say that the same antipathy exists in King, the sire of Turk, in Turk, in Punch (son of Turk, out of Meg) and in Paris (son of Turk, out of Juno). Paris has the greatest antipathy, as he would hardly go into a street where a butcher's shop is, and would run away after passing it. When a cart with a butcher's man came into the place where the dogs were kept, although they could not see him, they all were ready to break their chains. A master-butcher, dressed privately, called one evening on Paris's master to see the dog. He had hardly entered the house before the dog (though shut in) was so much excited that he had to be put into a shed, and the butcher was forced to leave without seeing the dog. The same dog at Hastings made a spring at a gentleman who came into the hotel. The owner caught the dog and apologised, and said he never knew him to do so before, except when a butcher came to his house. The gentleman at once said that was his business. So you see that they inherit these antipathies, and show a great deal of breed.' WILLIAM HUGGINS."

A DROLLERY IN MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Ever since the detection of 'Scratching Fanny,' who ingeniously imposed upon all and sundry as the 'Cock-Lane Ghost,' the skill of young females in playing off tricks, and simulating maladies, out of a spirit of mere mischief, often to their own detriment, has been a well-recognised fact in the medical profession. In such performances, boys fall far behind. Miraculous wounds, or miraculous cures, do not suit the boyish nature. Girls possess the true inventive faculty and power of endurance for some secret purpose. Yet, with a full knowledge of these qualities in the young female patient, physicians are constantly imposed on; and for that matter, magistrates too, as, for example, when, as has occurred, some young lady sustains a fanciful complaint of being improperly treated in a railway-carriage.

Long ago, when almost everything unusual was ascribed to supernatural interference, clever young females, with a relish for deception, resorted to a very pretty knack of astonishing simple-minded people, by making mysterious noises, scratchings, tumbling about articles of household furniture, throwing stones at windows, deranging flower-pots, and performing other outrageous antics. In that delightfully amusing old book, *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, we have a variety of incidents, all assumedly supernatural, and very perplexing to the ecclesiastical authorities of the period, but which a sharp London detective would now have at once traced to some clever but very innocent-looking girl, who enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of throwing a whole neighborhood into that state of utter consternation which results in an appeal to prayers and exorcisms. A love of deception by such freaks sometimes exceeds all imaginable bounds. Self-accusation, and even

self-torture, are well-known phases of this curious disorder of the female mind, for such it really is.

A story is told of a lady patient who was in the habit of thrusting needles into her foot, and then submitting to a surgical operation for their removal. But this instance of self-inflicted torture was far outdone in a curious case which occurred at the Carlisle Infirmary, and is mentioned by Dr. Priestley in a lecture delivered at the Middlesex Hospital. We popularise it as follows:

One day a young woman applied at the infirmary to be treated for an ulcer having a very ugly appearance, and which was spreading at a great rate. Suspecting that the patient was secretly causing the irritation, the doctor in attendance caused the part to be covered in such a way that she could not get at it. The result was that, by a course of simple treatment, the sore was speedily healed. The girl did not like getting well. In a short time she tried a new trick. This was the contrivance of a gathering at the end of her finger, leading to the bone—a seemingly bad case, necessitating a surgical operation. To this she would on no account consent, and left the infirmary. She afterwards, however, went to Liverpool, and there submitted to an amputation of part of the finger. Taking care that the wound should not heal, the case became so bad that the hand had to be amputated. This did not satisfy the morbid desire for suffering. Still she kept the wound in a state of irritation, and amputation above the elbow was resorted to. With the stump nearly healed, she quitted Liverpool, and returned to Carlisle, where by-and-by the wound ulcerated, and she was again admitted to the infirmary. Again an amputation—this time, the arm off by the shoulder-blade. The poor wretch was still unsatisfied. After being a little time at home, she presented herself with the wound in a bad way; at the same time producing two pieces of bone as having come away, but which the doctor saw were only two pieces of bone that had been taken from a leg of mutton. To prevent any fresh manœuvre, she was placed in bed with her remaining arm tied to her side, and in three weeks the shoulder was perfectly healed. Now about to be discharged, she fell on a new device. Her left eye appeared to be badly swollen, and on inspection it was found that she had picked a piece of lime plaster from the wall, and placed it under the eyelid! Dismissed from the infirmary, she afterwards affected a new malady, but was looked on with suspicion, and died without admitting her deceptions to any one. The girl who perpetrated these oddities is not spoken of as having been insane, and the medical man who relates the case says that her motives for self-torture are not to be divined. The only rational conjecture is, that she derived a pleasure in successfully playing off these ridiculous tricks on her medical attendants.—*Chambers's Journal*.

BRAIN STIMULANTS.—In the excellent little fortnightly journal entitled "Hygiene," just start-

ed by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, we find the following good suggestions: A prominent clergyman in a neighboring city writes us, that for many years he has been in the habit of limiting his use of tea and coffee, and his "occasional cigar," to the latter part of the week, and, as he fancies, with the result of being able to compose with less effort than when he has either abstained entirely from their use, or when, as once or twice, he has indulged in them continuously for a brief period.

Herein is a valuable suggestion to brain-workers in any profession the exigencies of which call for occasionally increased and severe efforts. Tea, coffee, tobacco, and alcohol, by retarding the changes in the tissues of the body, which is their physiological action, are supposed to allow the energy thus conserved to manifest itself in the higher form of cerebral activity—in simpler language, they are stimulants to the nervous system; and, in the proper dose, there can be no question that they do exalt and stimulate brain-action. But there is equally no question that the retarded tissue-changes are at the expense of vitality generally—the vitality of the body, that is, its health and strength, being ever in relation to the newness of the atoms which compose the body—and these tissue-changes, the work of waste and repair, must be accelerated in some manner, and to a corresponding extent, in order to preserve the balance.

The obvious lesson to be gained from these facts is, that during periods of intense and unusual mental activity—a lawyer in trying an engrossing case, a banker during a financial stress, a company officer at periods of increased responsibility, an editor or political leader carrying through an important measure—that at such times brain-work may be done with more facility and at less expense, by a judicious use of this class of agents. Provided, however—provided that the balance be struck at once when the necessity for them is obviated.

The means of restoring the balance include first, abstinence from the agents themselves; second, comparative rest for the brain; and lastly, and quite as importantly as the preceding, those measures which accelerate tissue-changes and of which the essential ones are physical exercise and bathing—notably, the Turkish bath—and nutritious, easily assimilated food, by the first of which, the breaking down of the older particles, and the excretion of poisonous waste-matter are facilitated, and so tissue-change in the interest of waste is promoted, while the last furnishes material for renewal and growth.

With such a regimen, based on an intelligent application of means to ends, we would have fewer cases of men prematurely breaking down under efforts they might make with ease did they only know when and how to open the throttle-valve or to put on the brakes. This view of the subject must not be construed into an argument for a mere sensual indulgence. It is intended for men as

they are, and with regard to conditions as they exist. These agents are used, and probably always will be. They have their uses; and knowledge of these will do more to prevent their abuse than the wholesale condemnation which frequently arises from ignorance.

TIDES AND RAINFALL.—The history of our globe, as narrated by geologists, embodies many 'catastrophes,' which often excite a reader's curiosity as belonging to a past state of things. But a catastrophe has taken place on the further side of the North Sea, as if to show to the present generation that destruction and renovation on a great scale are still part of nature's method. Under unusual atmospheric phenomena, the Baltic rose from four to eleven feet above its ordinary level, and flooded for miles inland a great part of the low shores of Denmark. Throughout large districts the whole of the fertile soil has been swept away, and nothing remains but sand or gravel. A peninsula and islands on which dwelt prosperous families, who cultivated their farms, have disappeared, and are now under the water. In some instances the whole population perished with their land, and the details of havoc are such as to excite the deepest pity. In former days the terrified survivors could only wonder at the occasion of the calamitous phenomena; but now science steps in and promises us a full and clear explanation. Certain members of the Royal Danish Academy of Sciences have already commenced the investigation.

The British Islands, too, have had their share of disastrous weather. It seems as if the rainy spell which hung over the south of Europe in the summer had crept northwards, to spend its autumn in cooler latitudes, as demonstrated by rainfall within every twenty-four hours for more than a hundred successive days. In the last of previous wet seasons, 1860, there fell thirty-five inches of rain; in 1872 the quantity was nearly fifty inches; and as one inch of rain gives 10,000 tons of water to an acre, any one may calculate the prodigious quantity which must have fallen over the whole of England, about 57,000 square miles! No wonder that landslips occur; that cliffs at Dover and elsewhere fall into the sea, and that under such a weight of water much of the land is washed away into the ocean.

MR. BESSEMER'S SHIPS.—We mentioned some months ago that Mr. Bessemer had designed a ship's cabin which would retain a steady, upright position in a vessel rolling in a rough sea, and thus preserve passengers from sea-sickness. This design he has since produced in a large working model, which, in the opinion of shipbuilders and engineers, fully realises the inventor's intention. Hydraulic machinery, which already contributes so much to the working power of the realm, is the means, in this instance, by which the requisite steadiness is maintained. And we are informed

that steamers three hundred feet long, and drawing so little water that they will enter the shallow harbors on each side of the Channel, are to be built to test the question. In each of these steamers there is to be a well-ventilated saloon seventy feet long and twenty feet high, which will neither roll nor pitch, however rough may be the sea. If this can be accomplished during next summer, we may anticipate that numbers of timid people will venture to cross the Channel who have never hitherto trusted themselves on the unstable element; and Mr. Bessemer will be regarded as the special benefactor of tourists and travellers. Another scheme for crossing the channel in double steamboats that are to travel swiftly and without rolling is on foot; and next spring will probably settle the question by experiment. Meanwhile, certain naval architects dispute the views of the projectors; and Mr. Merrifield, Principal of the Royal School of Naval Architecture, says that double steamers will be slow, that they will steer badly, and consequently will be dangerous in rough weather.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SWINE.—The *Athenæum* gives the following description of a striking picture recently on exhibition in London:—"The picture by Mr. Val. Prinsep, representing the destruction of the possessed swine, gives a view of gigantic cliffs rising from a calm sea, at early evening in summer, with a warm shadow lying on the water and the foreground, and broken on the horizon by a gleam of white light which appears in the sky and on the sea. The cliffs are of vertical strata, with deep water at their feet. A little way from the front a lofty detached rock raises its spire-like form, separating the forepart of the view from the distant sky. Close to the front, and on our left of the picture, are the black swine, every pig like ink, and in various stages of distress and terror. The head of a cliff has long ago fallen into the sea, leaving half its height to be filled by a *talus debris*. On the crumbling slope without, a parapet, far too steep to permit return, far too loose to allow of their standing still, are the swine. A few have already taken the plunge: black, fat, and helpless, down they go; some, squatting on the very brink, contemplate for a moment the deep green water; others slide and slide; others, urged by the weight of those behind, go in the mass downwards only too surely."

CEMENT.—To produce a hard, durable, and quickly setting cement, W. McKay, of Ottawa, Canada, makes a compound of marl or oyster shells, clay, road dust, wood or coal ashes (or equivalent alkalis), sand, soluble or other glass, or any one or more of the silicious ingredients, any one or more of the metallic oxides, carbonate of magnesia, or calcined magnesian rock. All the above-mentioned ingredients, with the exception of soluble glass, and ashes or alkalis, are mixed together with water and ground to a powder in a mortar mill

or by any convenient process, after which the whole is brought to a liquid state by the addition of water. The compound is then run into tanks and left to precipitate. When the precipitation has taken place, the excess of water is withdrawn, and the ashes or alkalis are added and thoroughly mixed and incorporated with the compound. The whole is then dried either by artificial heat or in the open air, after which it is thoroughly calcined and ground to an impalpable powder in a flour mill or by any other process. The soluble glass, previously powdered, is then added and incorporated with the compound, which is ready for use in the same manner as other hydraulic or plastic cements.

NEW ANÆSTHETICS.—Of devising anæsthetics, as of writing books, there is no end. Dr. B. W. Richardson has just introduced to the profession a methylene ether, consisting of the compound radical ethyl combined with bichloride of methylene. It has a fluid density of 1.000, and its boiling point is 80° F. Lighter than chloroform, it is more readily expelled from the system, and in the dental and ophthalmic cases in which it has been successfully employed it has left no injurious effects behind.—Another new ether, says the *Lancet*, is that just discovered by Mr. George Archbold. Of the two thousand and odd ethers, it is the lightest known. Its specific gravity is .680—little more than half that of water—and its boiling point is 73° F. *Par excellence*, the "light ether," as it is called, consists of four atoms of carbon, ten of hydrogen, and one of oxygen. As compared with hydrogen, its vapor density is 36. From its highly light, volatile, and inflammable nature, caution is required in its manufacture. The temperature of the human body suffices to make it boil violently, as may easily be tested by putting a small quantity of it on the head. It has been tried in several surgical cases, and with the most gratifying results.

THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.—A curious cause is assigned by M. Collas for the blue color of the sky. In opposition to M. Lallemand, who attributes the color to a fluorescent phenomenon—a reduction of refrangibility in the actinic rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum—M. Collas maintains that the color is due to the presence of hydrated silica in a very finely-divided state, carried into the atmosphere with the aqueous vapor. The blue color of the lake of Geneva is referred to a similar cause.

DISCOVERY OF SKULLS.—Two skulls and a number of other human remains have been found in the löess near Nagysap, in Hungary. The löess is similar to that which is widely spread over the district, and has yielded mammoth remains at several localities. A Commission was appointed by the Hungarian Geological Society to examine accurately the circumstances under which the remains were found. According to M. von

Hantken, it is placed beyond doubt that the human bones were truly contemporaneous with the liëss in which they were imbedded. It is notable that one of the skulls has been measured and found to be brachycephalic, while the skulls hitherto known from similar deposits have been dolichocephalic.

SIGNS OF DEATH.—The Academy of Sciences of Paris, in 1870, offered a prize of 20,000*fr.* for some simple and positive sign of death, which any non-professional person could understand and apply. The most practical and satisfactory one given (says the *Medical Press and Circular*) is mentioned in a late number of Virchow's *Archiv*. It depends upon the fact that no matter how profound the syncope or how deathlike the person may appear, if the circulation continues, however feebly, the person is not dead. All that is necessary, therefore, is to tie a string firmly around the finger of the supposed corpse: if the blood circulate in the least, the whole finger, from the string to the tip, will swell and generally turn a bluish-red. This test is exceedingly simple and conclusive.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—Professor Bous-singault, in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique* for August, records a series of experiments, founded on the old experiment of the Florentine Academicians of bursting an iron vessel by the freezing of water, which fully prove that if the vessel in which the water is inclosed be strong enough to resist the expansive force of the water in the act of congelation, the water will remain fluid at the lowest temperatures to which it may be exposed.

VARIETIES.

ANCIENT BURNING OF ROME.

BY W. H. BIDWELL.

ROME was the capital of the Roman Empire. It might almost be called the capital of the ancient world. It was a city of superlative grandeur and magnificence. Its gorgeous palaces and numerous temples were unsurpassed. No language is adequate to convey an accurate impression of its imperial splendor, in the full blaze of its ancient glories, which have since faded and gone forever. We have walked its streets and admired even its classic and modern ruins. We have aimed imperfectly to describe what Rome was in the days of its imperial splendor—as it was when that monster and bloody tyrant Nero burnt it by his own order, as some historians inform us. A brief historic sketch of that dreadful calamity can hardly be devoid of interest to the reader.

The burning of Rome took place in the eleventh year of Nero's reign, and in the year 64 A.D., May 1st. Nero was charged with this dreadful crime, not by direct and distinct proof. The fire began among certain shops or stores in which were kept such goods as were very combustible, and

suited to feed the flames when once kindled. The fire spread with such amazing rapidity and fury that it reached distant streets before any adequate means could be used to stop its progress. Numerous common buildings were soon consumed, and then the noble monuments of antiquity, —all the stately temples and palaces and porticoes, goods, riches, and furniture, and merchandise of immense value fell a prey to the devouring flames. The fire raged in the lower parts of the city, and then mounted to the upper portions with such fury that no means nor efforts could check it. The shrieks of the women—the efforts to save the young and tender, attempts of some to assist the aged and infirm, and the hurry of others to save themselves, created universal confusion, and hindered or retarded the escape of all. While many rushed from the devouring fire behind them, they suddenly met the flames before them and on each side. If they escaped into adjoining quarters or into more remote parts of the city, they met the same deadly foe. At length, not knowing whither to fly, or where to find a sanctuary, they abandoned the city, and repaired to the open fields; some in despair for the loss of all their substance, others for the destruction of their children and relatives, whom they were unable to snatch from the flames, perished with them when within reach of escape. No man dared to attempt to stop the flames. Those were present who had no other business than to prevent by menaces all efforts to stay its progress. Others were seen publicly to throw lighted firebrands into the houses, loudly declaring that they were authorized to do so. Nero was not far away, but did not offer to return to the city till he heard the fire was advancing on his own palace, and on his arrival it was too late, and in spite of all efforts it was burnt to the ground, and all the houses near it. Nero affected some compassion for the suffering multitudes, and opened the field of Mars and all the great edifices which Agrippa had erected, and even his own gardens, for the relief of the inhabitants. But he gained no credit for his bounty, because a report was spread abroad that during the time of the conflagration he mounted the domestic stage and sang the destruction of Troy, comparing it with the present calamity. At length, on the sixth of May, having burnt, according to historians, six days and seven nights, the fury of the flames was stopped at the foot of Mount Esquiline, for want of fuel in that direction. Scarcely had the alarm and the fire ceased, when the flames burst out anew with fresh fury and burnt three days more, and other temples were destroyed, and, according to the ancient inscriptions near St. Peter's Church in Rome, the fire burned nine days. Of the fourteen quarters into which the city was divided, four remained entire, three were laid in ashes, and in the other seven there remained only here and there a few houses miserably shattered and half-consumed. Such is the account which Tacitus gives us of this

dreadful calamity. Both fires were ascribed to Nero, whose motive was to destroy the *old* city in order to have the glory of building a *new* one and calling it by his own name. Suetonius says that some one observed to Nero, "When I am dead, let the world be burnt." "Nay," he replied, "let it be burnt while I am alive." Though in this barbarous conflagration, continues Suetonius, "the palaces of our ancient commanders, adorned with rich spoils, the temples formerly consecrated by our kings, and all the stately and noble monuments of antiquity, were consumed by the devouring flames, yet Nero was so far from being touched with sorrow or compassion that he beheld the fire the whole time from the tower of Mæcenæ, and seemed highly pleased with the sight. He would not allow one to attempt to stop or extinguish the fire, promising to remove at his own charge the rubbish and dead bodies." Tacitus informs us that the temple dedicated to the moon, the temple of Hercules, and the temple of Vesta were destroyed, with the tutelary gods of Rome in it. Inestimable treasures, the works of the best painters and sculptors of Greece, and the ancient writings of celebrated authors, were all destroyed.

LORD LYTTON.—A leading London journal makes the following estimate of the late Lord Lytton:—When Charles Dickens died, he left no Englishman behind him whose name was known to so large a number of persons throughout the world as that of "Bulwer." Lord Lytton was the Dumas of English literature, whose novels were conned with eager interest by the clever boys and girls of France, Germany, Russia, and America; whose audience, more than that of perhaps any Englishman since Byron, was the whole reading world. We hesitate to say that his popularity was more widely extended than that of Dickens, but this hesitation is perhaps overstrained; for there is an intensely English character about the works of Dickens—an insular flavor, a smack even of Cockneyism—which tends to confine his popularity, immense as it was, to the English-speaking race. "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice," "Rienzi," have the essential requirements of universal popularity—splendid description, dramatic situation, sentimental pathos, burning passion, and brilliant eloquence; and hot heads and warm hearts can be agitated by them just as well in Moscow or Santiago, as within the sound of Bow Bells.

The question which this enormous popularity, as possessed by the novelist who has just departed, ought, in our opinion, first of all to suggest, is whether it was, on the whole, productive of good or of evil. To this question we must return a qualified—a somewhat *severely* qualified—answer. The later novels of Lord Lytton we except from censure on the score of immorality—their deepest inspiration is sympathy with the home-bred feelings and simple sanctities of English life. His historical novels we also except;

their virtue is perhaps too stogy, and it is at best the grim virtue of the battle-field; but they have a manly, vigorous tone, and their influence on the whole would not, we think, be unwholesome. But the romantic novels, the novels which are unmitigably sensational, the novels which young men and young women gloat over, the novels, in one word, by which Lord Lytton won his widest popularity, are tainted with subtle and *perilous immorality*. They are essentially sensual, and yet their sensuality is so delicately masked—they are *poisonous*, but their poison is an aroma breathing from flowers so beautiful and pleasant—that we know no books which we would pronounce more harmful. We could name at least one romantic novel by Lord Lytton in which it might be difficult to find an objectionable phrase, but which will do incomparably more to unfix the moral principles of youth than the flashy indecencies of Swinburne. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is, we think, one of those maxims in which the world embodies a maudlin and dishonest pathos; we hold that of the dead as of the living, what ought to be spoken is the truth.

Of Lord Lytton there is much good that can with perfect sincerity be spoken. He was not only a marvel of intellectual power and comprehensiveness, but exemplary in many respects as a literary man. His industry was as remarkable as his versatility. No doubt he did not attain supreme and solitary excellence in any one department; but if versatility was, as we believe it to have been, essentially characteristic of his genius, his duty was to make the most of that versatility; and the most of it he emphatically made. He shrank from no toil in perfecting his command of his instruments; he would stoop laboriously over a stanza in Horace or Schiller, of which he was executing a translation, polishing and polishing until the last touch which he could give it had been given; it may be doubted whether, although he was certainly one of the most rapid literary producers that ever lived, he has left one carelessly-written sentence. If he did not succeed supremely in anything, what man can be named who has succeeded so well in so many departments? Mr. Disraeli is versatile, but he failed miserably in the drama. Lord Lytton's dramatic writing is so good that, if he had confined himself to this field, he might have brought back to the theatre some considerable portion of that cultivated, intelligent, sober-minded audience which mere spectacle and triviality have driven away. Having produced a few brilliantly-successful dramas, he passed on, as his manner was, into other provinces of exertion. He tried an epic, the subject being King Arthur. The critics tell you with furious acclamation that it is a failure, and it certainly is not Tennysonian; but we venture to say that few readers will tire of it. Not only are the diction and versification superb, but there is a vein of real fun in the poem. At the same time the influence of Byron is oppressively

perceptible; you feel that it is incomparably clever rhetoric rather than poetry; and you finally admit that the spiteful critics were not wholly in the wrong when they hailed Lord Lytton as the inventor of the beautiful with the big B. As a politician he was a maker of successful speeches, but he never became a political power in the country. To our thinking, the historical novel, "Harold," and the novels of domestic life, "The Caxtons," and one or two others, are his best works, but we do not pretend to have read all the books of a writer who has produced a small library.

CAROLLING.—"Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the treptop," my mother used to sing to me; and I remember the dawn of intelligence in which I began to object to the bad rhyme which followed—"when the wind blows, the cradle will rock." But the Christmas winds must blow rudely, and warp the waters askance indeed, which rock our English cradles now. Mendelssohn's song without words have been, I believe, lately popular in musical circles. We shall, perhaps, require cradle-songs with very few words, and Christmas carols with very sad ones, before long; in fact, it seems to me, we are fast losing our old skill in carolling. There is a different tone in Chaucer's notion of it (though this carol of his is in spring-time, indeed, not at Christmas):—

Then went I forth on my right hand,
Down by a little path I found,
Of Mintis full, and Fennel green.

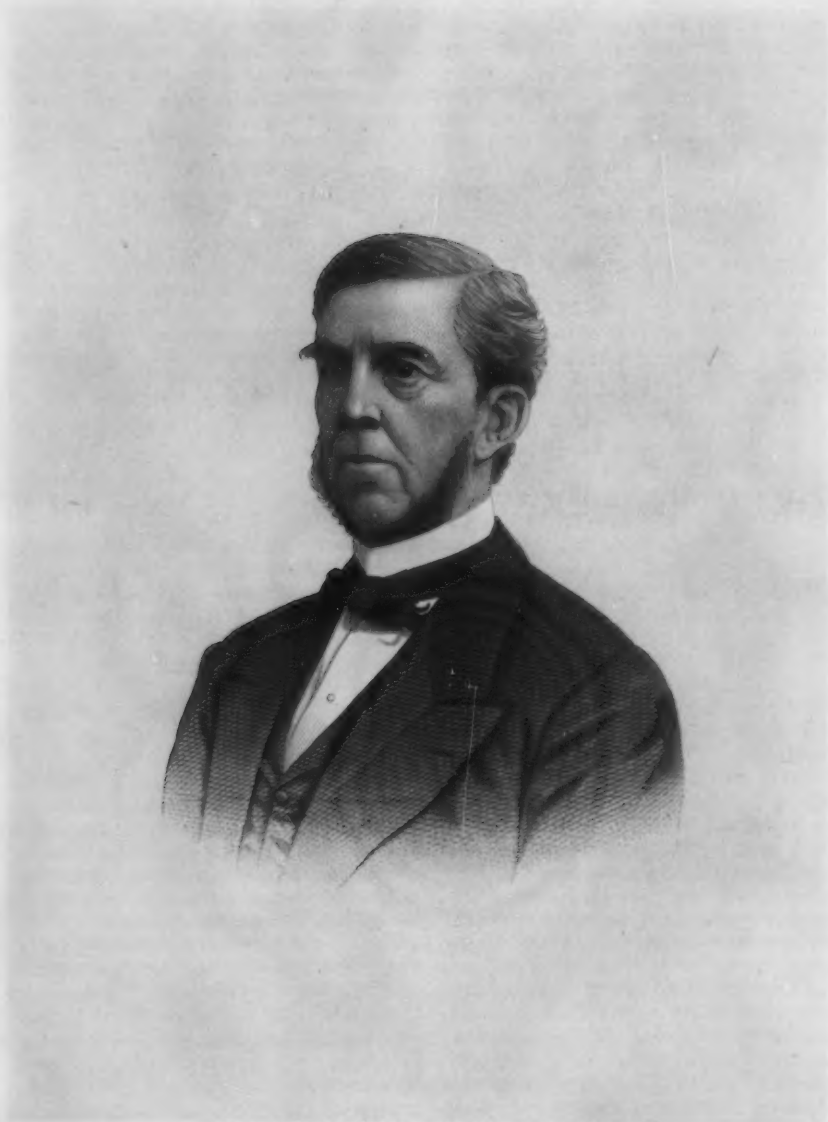
* * *
Sir Mirth I found, and right anon
Unto Sir Mirth gan I gone,
There, where he was, him to solace:
And with him, in that happy place,
So fair folke and so fresh, had he,
That when I saw, I wondered me
From whence such folke might come,
So fair were they, all and some;
For they were like, as in my sight
To angels, that be feathered bright.
These folk, of which I tell you so,
Upon a karole wenten tho,
A Ladie karoled them, that hight
Gladnesse, blisful and light.
She could make in song such refraining
It sate her wonder well to sing,
Her voice full clear was, and full sweet,
She was not rude, nor unmeet,
But couth enough for such doing,
As longeth unto karolling;
For she was wont, in every place,
To singen first, men to solace.
For singen most she gave her to,
No craft had she so lefe to do.

Mr. Stuart Mill would have set her to another craft, I fancy (not but that singing is a lucrative one, now-a-day, if it be shrill enough); but you will not get your wives to sing thus for nothing, if you send them out to earn their dinners (instead of earning them yourselves for them), and put their babies summarily to sleep.—*Mr. Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera."*

HOMER AND THE HOMERIC AGE.—Homer is a very high historical authority in a certain sense.

We have no doubt that his heroic age is a real age. It is drawn with all the simplicity and artlessness of a picture taken from the life. Homer describes the sort of scenes which he had seen himself and had heard of from his father. No doubt he describes the heroic life in its best colors, but it is still a real life and not an imaginary one. In a conscious and reflecting age a writer may, by a combination of antiquarian knowledge and poetical genius, produce a vivid picture of a long-past age. But such a picture smells of the lamp; it needs an historical student either to produce or thoroughly to enter into it. Or again, a great poet may produce a grand picture out of an utterly fictitious tale, with no reproduction of any age in particular. The former has been at least the aim of writers like Scott and Bulwer. The latter we see in Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Now nothing is plainer than that the *Iliad* belongs to neither of these classes. In Homer we cannot talk of either knowledge or ignorance. He simply sets before us the life which he himself lived, described doubtless in its fairest and noblest aspect, but still essentially the real life of his own time. For all points of archaeology, all customs, forms of government, modes of religious belief, we refer to Homer with unshaken faith. And, if we accept him as an authority at all, it clearly follows that we must, with Mr. Gladstone, accept him as a paramount authority, differing in kind from all others. For he alone is a direct witness; every one else speaks at second hand. But this is quite another matter from following Mr. Gladstone in his whole length of accepting Homer, as he really seems to do, as strictly an historical authority, if not on the level of Thucydides, at any rate on that of Herodotus.—*From "Historical Essays," Second Series, by Edward A. Freeman, M.A.*

ABUSE OF PRAISE AND BLAME.—Praise is the current coin with which society rewards the services rendered to it. He, therefore, who misapplies words of praise does his best to depreciate this coin, and render it valueless. Censure is the punishment which society inflicts upon those who do it disservice. To misapply words of censure is therefore the way to make this punishment disregarded. The misapplication of praise and blame is one of the worst symptoms of social decay. The classical reader will remember the observations which Thucydides in the 82nd chapter of the third book makes on the deterioration of Greece, indicated by the perversion of terms of praise and of blame. Amongst ourselves, this abuse of language, often from party feeling, is but too common. Thus, the absence of moral fear is sometimes called courage, and recklessness decision; a minister who backs up the misdeeds of his subordinates is praised as one "who stands by his friends." Nothing more clearly marks the low state of commercial morality in America than the fact that a successful rogue there is commended, and called a "cute chap!" This is truly



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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"to put sweet for bitter, and darkness for light." One of the commonest misapplications of blame amongst ourselves is the false charge of "close-fistedness" often brought against individuals. A man who denies himself gratifications and comforts for some good purpose, known perhaps only to himself, is likely to incur this imputation. Of the frequent falsehood of this charge a notable instance was given by the example of Turner, the great painter. Having no family to maintain, he chose to live by himself in the simplest manner, with little but the bare necessities of life. At the same time he was known to receive large prices for his wonderful paintings; and the inference was that he was avaricious and a miser. Many, however, of his finest works he *refused* to sell—and one of them in particular he grimly declared was to be his winding-sheet! This trait was put down to eccentricity. It was not till after his death that the meaning of his saving habits, and of his refusal to part with some of his best works came out; and it was then discovered that he was neither a miser in saving his money nor eccentric in retaining his pictures. He left his money for the support of poor artists, and his pictures to the National Gallery; and thus proved himself to have been at the same time charitable, of princely munificence, and of sound mind!—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

ROMAN LONDON.—Eighteen feet below the level of Cheapside lies hidden Roman London, and deeper even than that is buried the earlier London of those savage charioteers who, long ages ago, bravely confronted the legions of Rome. In nearly all parts of the city there have been discovered tessellated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, ornaments, weapons, coins, and statues of the ancient Roman gods. So the present has grown up upon the ashes of the past. Trees that are to live long grow slowly. Slow and stately as an oak London grew and grew, till now nearly four million souls represent its leaves. Our London is very old. Centuries before Christ there probably came the first few half-naked fishermen and hunters, who reared, with flint axes and such rude tools, some miserable huts on the rising ground that, forming the north bank of the Thames, slopes to the river some sixty miles from where it joins the sea. According to some, the river spread out like a vast lake between the Surrey and the Essex hills in those times when the half-savage first settlers found the low slopes of the future London places of health and defence amid a vast and dismal region of fen, swamp, and forest. The heroism and the cruelties, the hopes and fears of those poor barbarians, darkness never to be removed has hidden from us for ever. In later days, monkish historians whom Milton afterwards followed, ignored these poor early relations of ours, and invented, as a more fitting ancestor of Englishmen, Brute, a fugitive nephew of Æneas of Troy. But, stroll on

where we will, the pertinacious savage, with his limbs stained blue and his flint axe red with blood, is a ghost not easily to be exorcised from the banks of the Thames, and in some Welsh veins his blood no doubt flows at this very day. The founder of London had no historian to record his hopes—a place where big salmon were to be found, and plenty of wild boars were to be met with, was probably his highest ambition. How he bartered with Phœnicians or Gauls for amber or iron no Druid has recorded. How he slew the foraging Belgæ, or was slain by them and dispossessed, no bard has sung. Whether he was generous and heroic as the New Zealander, or apeline and thievish as the Bushman, no ethnologist has yet proved. The very ashes of the founder of London have long since turned to earth, air, and water.—*From Cassell's Old and New London*.

DWELLINGS "OF OUR ANCESTORS."—There is a bare mountain, fronting the stormy Irish Sea, where the steep cliffs, some seven hundred feet high, with strange contortions of strata, are pierced and worried by the fierce contending tides water. In front, a long ragged edge of black reef runs far out among the waves, over which the boiling surf dashes, and there is a dangerous race. The rough mountain side, sloping to the south, is covered in autumn with a beautiful velvet diaper of bright pink and purple heather, golden gorse and green fern, through which pierce the sharp-edged crags. Here, just below the highest point, backed behind to the north by the inaccessible cliffs, and with a sort of terrace-wall of defence in front—looking out to the wide lonely sea and the distant mountain range to the right,—and commanding all approach by land, are a number of rude circles of stone and earth, the remains of the huts of some of our earliest ancestors. The village, if so it can be called, seems to have been a considerable one: above fifty huts can be easily made out, and there are traces of more. Some stand singly, some are in clusters, but without any plan. They are built of unhewn stones, with double walls filled in with sods to keep out the wind, which would otherwise have whistled through the dry masonry. These in the memory of man were breast-high. The circles are about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter, and with the opening always to the south or south-west. The roofs seem to have been made of poles gathered to a point, like a tent, and covered with turf, or "stepped over," each stone projecting beyond its neighbor till all meet in the centre. Very perfect specimens of these "bee-hive huts" are still to be found in a little rocky island, one of the Skelligs, off the coast of Kerry, where they have been preserved as the holy abodes of anchorites. Circular dwellings seem almost universal among savage tribes, and Dr. Livingstone describes how vainly he tried to teach his African natives to build a square hut; the moment his back was turned they reverted to their old practice.—*Good Words*.